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ART. I. — *Correspondance inédite, de Mabillon et de Montfaucon, avec l'Italie.* Par M. VALLÉY. Paris: 1846.

MIDDLETON and Gibbon rendered a real, however undesigned, a service to Christianity by attempting to prove that the rapid extension of the Primitive Church was merely the natural result of natural causes. For what better proof could be given of the divine origin of any religion than by showing that it had at once over-spread the civilised world, by the expansive power of an inherent aptitude to the nature and to the wants of mankind? By entering on a still wider range of inquiry, those great but disingenuous writers might have added much to the evidence of the fact they alleged, although at a still greater prejudice to the conclusion at which they aimed.

It is not predicted in the Old Testament that the progress of the Gospel should, to any great extent, be the result of any agency preternatural and opposed to ordinary experience; nor is any such fact alleged in any of the apostolical writings as having actually occurred. There is, indeed, no good reason to suppose that such miraculous though transient disturbances of the laws of the material or the moral world, would have long or powerfully controlled either the belief or the affections of mankind. The heavenly husbandman selected the kindest soil and the most propitious season for sowing the grain of mustard seed; and so, as time rolled on, the adaptation of our faith to the character and the exigencies of our race was continually made manifest, though under new and ever varying forms.

Thus the Church was at first Congregational, that by the agitation of the lowest strata of society the superincumbent mass of corruption, idolatry, and mental servitude might be broken up — then Synodal or Presbyterian, that the tendency of separate societies to heresy and schism might be counteracted — then Episcopal, that, in ages of extreme difficulty and peril, the whole body might act in concert and with decision — then Papal, that it might oppose a visible unity to the armies of the Crescent and the barbarians of the North — then Monastic, that learning, art, and piety might be preserved in impregnable retreats amidst the deluge of ignorance and of feudal oppression — then Scholastic, that the human mind might be educated for a return to a sounder knowledge, and to primitive doctrine — then Protestant, that the soul might be emancipated from error, superstition, and spiritual despotism — then *partially* Reformed, in the very bosom of the papacy, lest that emancipation should hurry the whole of Christendom into precipitate change and lawless anarchy — and then at length Philosophical, to prove that as there are no depths of sin or misery to which the healing of the Gospel cannot reach, so there are no heights of speculation to which the wisdom of the Gospel cannot ascend.

Believing thus in the Perpetuity as well as on the Catholicity of the Church, and judging that she is still the same in spirit throughout all ages, although, in her external developments, flexible to the varying necessities of all, we have ventured on some former occasions, and are again about, to assert, for ‘the pure and reformed branches’ of it in England and in Scotland, an alliance with the heroes of the faith in remote times, and in less enlightened countries; esteeming that to be the best Protestantism, which, while it frankly condemns the errors of other Christian societies, yet claims fellowship with the piety, the wisdom, and the love, which, in the midst of those errors, have attested the divine original of them all.

If, according to the advice which on some of those occasions we have presumed to offer to those who are studious of such subjects, there be among us any scholar meditating a Protestant history of the Monastic Orders, he will find materials for a curious chapter in this correspondence of the French Benedictines of the reign of Louis the XIV. In that fraternity light and darkness succeeded each other by a law the reverse of that which obtained in Europe at large. From the promulgation of their rule in the sixth century, their monasteries were comparatively illuminated amidst the general gloom of the dark ages. But when the sun arose on the outer world, its beams scarcely penetrated their cloisters; nor did they hail the return-

ing dawn of literature and science until the day was glowing all around them in meridian splendour. Then, however, passing at one vault from the haze of twilight to the radiance of noon, they won the wreath of superior learning, even in the times of Tillemont and Du Cange — though resigning the palm of genius to Bourdaloue, Bossuet, and Pascal. Thus the three great epochs of their annals are denoted by the growth, the obscuration, and the revival of their intellectual eminence. M. Valéry's volumes illustrate the third and last stage of this progress, which cannot, however, be understood without a rapid glance at each of the two preceding stages.

'But why,' it may be asked, 'direct the eye at all to the 'mouldering records of monastic superstition, self-indulgence, and hypocrisy?' Why indeed? From contemplating the mere debasement of any of the great families of man, no images can be gathered to delight the fancy, nor any examples to move or to invigorate the heart. And doubtless he who seeks for such knowledge, may find in the chronicles of the convent a fearful disclosure of the depths of sin and folly into which multitudes of our brethren have plunged, under the pretence of more than human sanctity. But the same legends will supply some better lessons, to him who reads books that he may learn to love, and to benefit his fellow men. They will teach him that, as in Judaea, the temple, so, in Christendom, the monastery, was the ark, freighted during the deluge, with the destinies of the Church and of the world, — that there our own spiritual and intellectual ancestry found shelter amidst the tempest, — that there were matured those powers of mind which gradually infused harmony and order into the warring elements of the European Commonwealth, — and that there many of the noblest ornaments of our common Christianity were trained, to instruct, to govern, and to bless the nations of the West.

Guided by the maxim 'that whatever any one saint records 'of any other saint must be true,' we glide easily over the enchanted land along which *Domnus Johannes Mabillon* conducts the readers of the earlier parts of his wonderful compilations; receiving submissively the assurance that St. Benedict sang eucharistic hymns in his mother's womb — raised a dead child to life — caused his pupil Maurus to tread the water dry-shod — untied by a word the knotted cords with which an Arian Goth (*Zalla* by name) had bound an honest rustic — cast out of one monk a demon, who had assumed the disguise of a farrier — rendered visible to another a concealed dragon, who was secretly tempting him to desertion — and by laying a consecrated wafer on the bosom of a third, enabled him to repose in a grave which

till then had continually cast him out;—for all these facts the great annalist relates of his patriarch St. Benedict, on the authority of the pontiff (first of that name) St. Gregory. If, however, the record had contained no better things than these, the memorial of Benedict would long since have perished with him.

His authentic biography is comprised in a very few words. He was born towards the end of the fifth century, at Nursia, in the duchy of Spoleto. His mother died in giving him birth. He was sent to Rome for his education by his father, a member of the Anician family, which Claudian has celebrated; but was driven from the city by the invasions of Odoacer and Theodoric to the Mons Subiacus, where, while yet a beardless youth, he took up his abode as a hermit. Like Jerome, he was haunted in his solitude by the too vivid remembrance of a Roman lady; and subdued his voluptuous imagination by rolling his naked body among the thorns. The fame of such premature sanctity recommended him to the monks of the neighbouring monastery as their abbot; but scarcely had he assumed the office when, disgusted by the rigours of his discipline, the electors attempted to get rid of him by poison. Returning to his hermitage, he soon found himself in the centre of several rude huts, erected in his vicinity by other fugitives from the world, who acknowledged him as the superior of this monastic village. But their misconduct compelled him again to seek a new retirement; which he found at Monte Casino, on the frontiers of the Abbruzzi. There, attended by some of his pupils and former associates, he passed the remainder of his life—composing his rule, and establishing the Order which, at the distance of thirteen centuries, still retains his name and acknowledges his authority. He died in the year 543, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

To the intercourse of Benedict with the refractory monks of Subiaco, may perhaps be traced the basis of his system. It probably revealed to him the fact that Indolence, Self-will, and Selfishness are the three archdæmons of the cloister; and suggested the inference that Industry, Obedience, and Community of goods are the antagonist powers which ought to govern there. But the comprehensiveness of thought with which he so exhausted the science of monastic polity, that all subsequent rules have been nothing more than modifications of his own,—the prescience with which he reconciled conventual franchises with abbatial dominion,—the skill with which he at once concentrated and diffused power among the different members of his order, according as the objects in view were general or local,—and the deep insight into the human heart by which he rendered myriads of men and women, during more than thirty successive

generations, the spontaneous instruments of his purposes, — these all unite to prove that profound genius, extensive knowledge, and earnest meditation, had raised him to the very first rank of uninspired legislators. His disciples, indeed, find in his legislative wisdom a conclusive proof that he wrote and acted under a divine impulse. Even to those who reject this solution it is still a phænomenon affording ample exercise for a liberal curiosity.

That the Benedictine statutes remain to this day a living code, written in the hearts of multitudes in every province of the Christian world, is chiefly perhaps to be ascribed to the inflexible rigour with which they annihilated the cares and responsibilities of freedom. To the baser sort no yoke is so galling as that of self-control; no deliverance so welcome as that of being handsomely rid of free agency. With such men mental slavery readily becomes a habit, a fashion, and a pride. To the abject many, the abdication of self-government is a willing sacrifice. It is reserved for the nobler few to rise to the arduous virtues of using wisely the gifts which God bestows, and walking courageously, though responsibly, in the light which God vouchsafes.

And by the abject many, though often under the guidance of the nobler few, were peopled the cells of Monte Casino and her affiliated convents. Their gates were thrown open to men of every rank, in whom the abbot or prior of the house could discover the marks of a genuine vocation. To exclude any such candidate, though a pauper or a slave, would have been condemned by Benedict, in the words and spirit of Augustine, as *grave delictum*. In those sacred enclosures, therefore, many poor and illiterate brethren found a refuge. But they were distinguished from the rest as *conversi*, — that is, as persons destined neither for the priesthood nor the tonsure, but bound to labour for the society as husbandmen, shepherds, artizans, or domestic servants.

In the whirl and uproar of the handicrafts of our own day, it is difficult to imagine the noiseless spectacle which in those ages so often caught the eye, as it gazed on the secluded abbey and the adjacent grange. In black tunics, the mementos of death, and in leathern girdles, the emblems of chastity, might then be seen carters silently yoking their bullocks to the team, and driving them in silence to the field, — or shepherds interchanging some inevitable whispers while they watched their flocks, — or vine-dressers pruning the fruit of which they might neither taste nor speak, — or wheelwrights, carpenters, and masons plying their trades like the inmates of some deaf and dumb asylum, —

and all pausing from their labours as the convent bell, sounding the hours of primes or nones or vespers, summoned them to join in spirit, even when they could not repair in person, to those sacred offices. Around the monastic workshop might be observed the belt of cultivated land continually encroaching on the adjacent forest; and the passer by might trace to the toils of these mute workmen the opening of roads, the draining of marshes, the herds grazing, and the harvests waving in security, under the shelter of ecclesiastical privileges which even the Vandal and the Ostrogoth regarded with respect. Our own annual agricultural meetings, with their implements and their prizes, their short horns and their long speeches, must carry back their economic genealogy, to those husbandmen who, with dismal aspect, brawny arms, and compressed lips, first taught the conquerors of Rome the science in which Columella and Virgil had instructed the ancient Romans.

A similar pedigree must be assigned to our academies of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music. The fine arts are merely imitative in their infancy; though as they become mature, they also become symbolical. And this maturity is first attained by the architect, because he ministers to a want more urgent than the rest,—because, in the order of time, the edifice must precede the works designed for its embellishment,—and because finding in nature no models, except for the details of his performance, he must, from the first, be inventive in the composition of it. Thus the children of Benedict, when contemplating their lofty avenues sacred to meditation—and the mellowed lights streaming through the foliage—and the flowers clustering in the conventual garden—and the pendulous stalactites of the neighbouring grottoes,—conceived of a Christian Temple in which objects resembling these, though hewn out of imperishable stone, and carved into enduring forms, might be combined and grouped together into one glorious whole. With a ritual addressed to the eye rather than to the ear—a sacred pantomime, of which the sacrifice of the mass was the action, the priests the actors, and the high altar the stage,—nothing more was requisite to the solemn exhibition but the cathedral as its appropriate theatre. It arose, therefore, not the servile representation of any one natural object, but the majestic combination of the forms of many; and full of mystic significance, in the cruciform plan, the lofty arch, the oriel windows, the lateral chapels, and the central elevation. Not a groining, a mullion, or a tracery, was there, in which the initiated eye did not read some masonic enigma, some ghostly counsel, or some inarticulate summons to confession, to penitence or to prayer.

Every niche without, and every shrine within these sanctuaries, was adorned with images of their tutelary saints; and especially of Her who is supreme among the demigods of this celestial hierarchy. But, instead of rising to the impersonation of holiness, beauty, or power in these human forms, the monkish sculptors were content to copy the indifferent models of humanity within their reach; and the statues, busts, and reliefs which, in subsequent times, fell beneath the blows of Protestant Iconoclasts had little if any value but that which belonged to their peculiar locality and their accidental associations. In painting also, whether encaustic, in fresco, or on wood, the performances of the early Benedictine artists were equally humble. In order to give out their visible poetry, the chisel and the pencil must be guided by minds conversant with the cares and the enjoyments of life; for it is by such minds only that the living soul which animates mute nature can ever be perceived; or can be expressed in the delineation of realities, whether animated or inanimate. In ecclesiastical and conventual architecture, and in that art alone, the monks exhausted their creative imagination; covering Europe with monuments of their science in statics and dynamics, and with monuments of that plastic genius, which from an infinity of elaborate, incongruous, and often worthless, details, knew how to evoke one sublime and harmonious whole. In those august shrines, if any where on earth, the spirit of criticism is silenced by the belief that the adorations of men are mingling in blessed accord with the hallelujahs of heaven.

To animate that belief, the Benedictine musicians produced those chants which, when long afterwards combined by Palestrina into the Mass of Pope Marcellus, were hailed with rapture by the Roman Conclave and the Fathers of Trent, as the golden links which bind together in an indissoluble union the supplications of the Militant Church and the thanksgivings of the Church Triumphant.

‘Lusts of the imagination!’ exclaimed, and may yet exclaim, the indignant pulpits of Scotland and Geneva — ‘lusts as hostile to the purity of the Christian Faith as the grosser lusts of the flesh or the emptiest vanities of life.’ Hard words these for our restorers of church architecture in mediæval splendour! Let the Camden Society, the Lord of Wilton, and the benchers of the Temple look to it; while we, all innocent of any such sumptuous designs — her Majesty’s Church Building Commissioners themselves not more so — refer to these Benedictine prodigies only as illustrating a memorable passage in Benedictine history.

But art was regarded by the fathers of that order rather as

the delight than as the serious occupation of their brotherhood. With a self-reliance as just as that of the great philosopher, if not as sublime, they took to themselves all knowledge as their proper province. Their rule assigned an eminent rank among monastic virtues to the guardianship and multiplication of valuable manuscripts. It taught the copyist of a holy book to think of himself as at once a pupil and a teacher,—as a missionary while seated at his desk—using each finger as a tongue—inflicting on the Spirit of Evil a deadly wound at each successive line—and as baffling, with the pen, the dread enemy, who smiles at the impotent hostility of every other weapon grasped by the hand of mortal man. In each Benedictine monastery a chamber was set apart for the discharge of this sacred office. In this *Scriptorium*, some of the monks plied their pens assiduously, and in profound silence, to produce faultless transcripts of the best originals. To others was committed the care of revising the text of such works as were then held in the highest esteem. Charlemagne himself assigned to the Benedictine Alcuin the high office of preparing, from the various sources within his reach, a perfect Codex of the Holy Scriptures. For what remains to us of Pliny, Sallust, and Macrobius, and for the orations against Verres, we are indebted to their literary zeal. A tribute of writing materials at the commencement of each novitiate, and another of books at its close, with an annual import of manuscripts from the inferior houses, were continually augmenting the libraries of their greater convents. How extensive and how valuable such collections became, may be inferred from the directions given by the Benedictine Cassiodorus for the guidance of his brethren in their studies. He had collected, and he enjoins them to read, the Greek and Latin fathers, the Church historians, the geographers and grammarians whose works were then extant and in repute, with various medical books, for the assistance of those monks to whom the care of the infirmary was confided. Whoever will consult the ‘*Historia Rei Literariæ Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*,’ by their historiographer Magnoaldus Zeigelbauer, may rapidly accumulate the most conclusive proofs, that by their Order were either laid or preserved the foundations of all the eminent schools of learning of Modern Europe.

The greatness of the Benedictines did not, however, consist either in their agricultural skill, their prodigies of architecture, or their priceless libraries; but in their parentage of countless men and women, illustrious for active piety—for wisdom in the government of mankind—for profound learning—and for that contemplative spirit, which discovers within the soul itself

things beyond the limits of the perceptible creation. Such, indeed, is the number of these worthies, that, if every page at our disposal were a volume, and every such volume as ponderous as our old acquaintance, Scapula, space would fail us to render justice to the achievements of the half of them. We cannot, however, pass by this goodly fellowship without a transient glance at one normal type, at the least, of each of these various forms of Benedictine heroism. For that purpose we need scarcely wander from the annals of our own land.

In the Benedictine abbey of Nutsall, near Winchester, Poetry, History, Rhetoric, and the Holy Scriptures were taught, in the beginning of the eighth century, by a monk whom his fellow countrymen called Winfred, but whom the Church honours under the name of Boniface. He was born at Crediton, in Devonshire, of noble and wealthy parents, who had reluctantly yielded to his wish to embrace the monastic state. Hardly, however, had he reached middle life, when his associates at Nutsall discovered that he was dissatisfied with the pursuits by which their own thoughts were engrossed. As, in his evening meditations, he paced the long conventual avenue of lime trees, or as, in the night-watches, he knelt before the crucifix suspended in his cell, he was still conscious of a voice, audible though inarticulate, which repeated to him the Divine injunction, 'to go and preach the Gospel to all nations.' Then, in mental vision, was seen stretching out before him the land of his German ancestry; where, beneath the veil of the customs described by Tacitus, was concealed an idolatry of which the historian had neither depicted, nor probably conjectured the abominations. To encounter Satan in this stronghold, became successively the day dream, the passion, and the fixed resolve of Boniface; until, at length, abandoning, for this holy war, the studious repose for which he had already abandoned the world, he appeared, in his thirty-sixth year, a solitary and unbefriended missionary, traversing the marshy sands and the primæval forests of Friesland. But Charles Martel was already there,—the leader in a far different contest; nor, while the Christian Mayor of the Palace was striking down the Pagans with his battle-axe, could the pathetic entreaties of the Benedictine Monk induce them to bow down to the banner of the Cross. He therefore returned to Nutsall, not with diminished zeal, but with increased knowledge. He had now learnt that his success must depend on the conduct of the secular and spiritual rulers of mankind, and on his own connexion with them.

The chapter of his monastery chose him as their abbot: but, at his own request, the Bishop of Winchester annulled the

election. Then, quitting for ever his native England, Boniface pursued his way to Rome, to solicit the aid of Pope Gregory the Second, in his efforts for the conversion of the German people.

Armed with a papal commission, a papal blessing, and a good store of relics, Boniface again appeared in Friesland, where Charles Martel was now the undisputed master. Victory had rendered him devout, and he gladly countenanced the labours of the monk, to bring his new subjects within the fold of the Christian Church. So ardent, indeed, was his zeal for this great work, that the destined author of it was soon compelled to migrate into Saxony, as the only means of escaping the unwelcome command of the conqueror to fix his residence in Friesland, and there to assume the coadjutorship and succession to the Bishop of Utrecht.

The missionary labours of Boniface, interrupted only by three short visits to Rome, were prolonged over a period of more than thirty-six years; and were extended over all the territories between the Elbe, the Rhine, and the Ocean. At Rome he sought and found all the support which papal authority, zeal, and wisdom could afford him. Gregory the Second consecrated him a bishop, though without a diocese. Gregory the Third raised him to be the Archbishop and Primate of all Germany; with power to establish bishoprics there at his discretion. The same pontiff afterwards nominated him Legate of the Holy Sec, in Germany and France. To these distinctions Pope Zachary added the Archbishopric of Mentz, then first constituted the metropolis of the German churches. Last of all was bestowed on him the singular privilege of appointing his own successor in his primacy.

There have been churchmen to whom such a memento of the vanity of even the highest ecclesiastical dignities would have afforded but an equivocal satisfaction. To Boniface the remembrance of the shortness of life was not only familiar, but welcome. The treatise of Ambrose on the advantages of death was his constant companion. It had taught him to regard his successive promotions but as the means of preparing his mind for the joyful resignation of them all. His seventy-fourth year was now completed. For the spiritual care of his converts he had established seven new bishoprics, and had built and endowed many monasteries for the advancement of piety and learning among them. At last abdicating his own mitre in favour of Lullus, a monk of Malmesbury, he solemnly devoted his remaining days to that office of a missionary, which he justly esteemed as far nobler than any symbolised by the crosier, the purple, or the tiara. Girding round him his black Benedictine

habit, and depositing his Ambrose ‘*De Bono Mortis*’ in the folds of it, he once more travelled to Friesland ; and pitching his tent on the banks of a small rivulet, awaited there the arrival of a body of neophytes, whom he had summoned to receive at his hands the rite of confirmation.

Ere long a multitude appeared in the distance ; advancing towards the tent, not however with the lowly demeanour of Christian converts drawing near to their bishop, but carrying deadly weapons, and announcing by their cries and gestures that they were Pagans, sworn to avenge their injured deities against the arch-enemy of their worship. The servants of Boniface drew their swords in his defence ; but calmly, and even cheerfully awaiting the approach of his enemies, and forbidding all resistance, he fell beneath their blows — a martyr to the faith which he had so long lived, and so bravely died, to propagate. His copy of Ambrose, ‘*De Bono Mortis*,’ covered with his blood, was exhibited, during many succeeding centuries, at Fulda as a relic. It was contemplated there by many who regarded as superstitious and heretical some of the tenets of Boniface. But no Christian, whatever might be his own peculiar creed, ever looked upon that blood-stained memorial of him without the profoundest veneration.

For, since the Apostolic Age, no greater benefactor of our race has arisen among men than the Monk of Nutsall, — unless it be that other Monk of Wittenberg who, at the distance of seven centuries, appeared to reform and reconstruct the churches founded by the holy Benedictine. To Boniface the north and west of Germany, and Holland, still look back as their spiritual progenitor ; nor did any uninspired man ever add to the permanent dominion of our faith provinces of such extent and value.

If, in accomplishing that great work, Boniface relied more on human authority than is consistent with the practice, or, rather, with the theory, of our Protestant churches, his still extant letters will show that he rebuked, with indignant energy, the vices of the great on whom he was dependent. In placing the crown of Childeric on the head of Pepin, he may have been guilty of some worldly compliance with the usurper. Yet it is not to be forgotten that the pope himself had favoured the cause of the Mayor of the Palace, by his Delphic response, ‘*Melius esse illum vocari regem apud quem summa potestas consisteret.*’

The guides of our own missionary enterprises will, probably, accuse Boniface of undue promptitude in admitting within the pale any one who chose to submit himself to the mere outward form of baptism. His facility is indisputable ; but what Protestant will venture to condemn the measures which brought

within the precincts of the Christian Church the native lands of Luther, of Grotius, and of Melancthon?

On a single occasion we find him wearing a garb at least resembling that of an inquisitor. Within his spiritual jurisdiction came a Frenchman, working miracles, and selling as relics the cuttings of his own hair and the parings of his own nails. This worthy had an associate in one Vincent, a Scotchman, a sort of premature Knox—a teacher, it is said, of heresies—but certainly a stout opponent of all the laws and canons of the Church. Moved by Boniface, the secular arm lodged them both in close prison; and, all things considered, one must doubt their claim to any better lodgings.

Peace be, however, to the faults of Boniface! whatever they may have been. Among the heroes of active piety, the world has few greater to revere; as the disciples of Benedict have assuredly none greater to boast.

They boast, however, in Lanfranc, another primate, to whose far-seeing wisdom in the government of mankind may not obscurely be traced much of the vital spirit of those venerable institutions which are still the glory of the Anglo-Saxon race, in our own islands and in the North American continent. In his romance of ‘Harold,’ Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton solving, with equal erudition and creative fancy, the great problem of his art (the problem how to produce the greatest amount of dramatic effect at the least expense of historical truth), has produced a living portrait of Lanfranc, the subtle Italian, who, armed with homilies for the devout, jests for the facetious, austerities for the superstitious, learning for the inquisitive, and obsequiousness for the great, renders the weakness and the strength of each in turn tributary to his own ambition; and ascends the throne of Canterbury, not merely by the aid of the meek old Abbot Herduin, but on the shoulders of the imperious William and the imperial Hildebrand. Our great master of historico-romantic portraiture would have destroyed the picturesque unity of his beautiful sketch if, by advancing further, he had taught us (and who could have taught us so powerfully?) how vast is the debt of gratitude which England owes to her great primates Lanfranc, Anselm, Langton, and Beckett,—or rather to that benign Providence which raised them up in that barbarous age. Whatever may have been their personal motives, and whatever their demerits, they, and they alone, wrestled successfully with the despotism of the Conqueror and his descendants to the fourth generation; maintaining among us, even in those evil days, the balanced power, the control of public opinion, and the influence of moral, over physical, force which from their times passed as a

birthright to the parliaments of Henry the Third and his successors; and which at this day remains the inheritance of England, and of all the free communities with which she has covered, and is still peopling, the globe. The thunders and reproaches of Rome are sufficiently encountered, by such reverberated thunders and reproaches as they provoke. To those who deplore alike the necessity and the rancour of the conflict, it may yet be permitted to render a due and therefore a reverent homage to the ancient prelates of the Roman Church. Unchecked by the keen wisdom, the ecclesiastical policy, and the Roman sympathies of the Benedictine Lanfranc, the fierce Conqueror would have acquired and transmitted to his posterity on the English throne, a power absolute and arbitrary, beneath the withering influence of which every germ of the future liberties and greatness of England must have prematurely perished.

When, in the mind of William Rufus, the fear of death had prevailed over the thirst for the revenues of Canterbury, he placed the mitre of Lanfranc on the head of the Benedictine Anselm; anticipating, probably, a less effective assertion of the rights of the Church by the retired and gentle student, than had been made by his insinuating and worldly-wise predecessor. In the great controversy of investitures, however, Anselm showed that nothing is so inflexible as meekness, sustained and animated by the firm conviction of right. Yet at the very moment of success, he turned aside from these agitations, to revolve the mysterious enigmas which it was at once the purpose and the delight of his existence to unravel. Those boundless realms of thought over which, in the solitude of his library, he enjoyed a princely but unenvied dominion, were in his eyes of incomparably higher value, than either his primacy of the Church of England, or his triumph in maintaining the prerogatives of the Church of Rome. In our days, indeed, his speculations are forgotten; and the very subjects of them have fallen into disesteem. Yet, except perhaps the writings of Erigena, those of Anselm on the 'Will of God,' on 'Truth,' on 'Free-will,' and on the 'Divine Prescience,' are not only the earliest in point of time, but, in the order of invention, are the earliest models, of those scholastic works, which exhibit, in such intimate and curious union, the prostration and the aspirings of the mind of man—prostrating itself to the most absurd of human dogmas— aspiring to penetrate the loftiest and the most obscure of the Divine attributes.

Truth may have concealed herself from most of these inquirers; but their researches formed no unimportant part of the education which was gradually preparing the intellect of Europe

for admission into her sanctuary. Among the followers of Anselm are to be reckoned not merely the Doctors—Venerable, Invincible, Irrefragable, Angelical, and Seraphic,—but a far greater than they, even Des Cartes himself—who, as may be learnt from Brucker, borrowed from the Benedictine philosopher his proof of the Being of a God. Anselm taught that the abstract idea of Deity was the fountal principle of all knowledge—that as God himself is the primæval source of all existence in the outer world, so the Idea of God precedes, and conducts us to, all other ideas in the world within us—and that, until we have risen to that remotest spring of all our thoughts, we cannot conceive rightly of the correspondence of our own perceptions with the realities amidst which we exist.

If these speculations are not very intelligible, they are at least curious. They show that the metaphysicians who lived when Westminster Hall was rising from its foundations, and those who lived when the first stone of our Edinburgh University was laid, beat themselves very much in the same manner against the bars of their mental prison-house.

Philosophy may thrive in other places than conventual cells. But there is a literature which scarcely flourishes elsewhere. The peculiar and spontaneous product of the monastery is mystic devotion. If the Benedictines had been cursed with barrenness in yielding this fruit, they would have resembled a Dutch garden in which it was impossible to cultivate the tulip. But no such reproach clings to the sons and daughters of Benedict. It must, however, be admitted that our own land has been singularly destitute of fertility in this the most delicate of all the plants cultivated in monastic seclusion. We produced schoolmen to satiety. Erigena, Hales, Duns Scotus, and Occam were our own. But we must pass over to Spain and Germany to find a type of Benedictine greatness, in that impalpable, though gorgeous world, which in later times was inhabited by Molino and by Fénelon.

In those more fortunate regions, many are the half-inspired rhapsodists whom we encounter—chiefly ladies,—and, what is worthy of notice, ladies who from their childhood had scarcely ever strayed beyond the convent garden. Nevertheless, the indestructible peculiarity of our national character (whether it be shyness or dryness,—high aims or low aims,—the fear of irreverence for what is holy, or the fear of being laughed at for what is absurd),—that character which forbade the public utterance in these islands of the impassioned communings of the soul with its Maker and with itself, forbids us to make any report to our fellow countrymen of the sublime ‘Canticles’ of St. Ger-

trade or of St. Theresa. Lest, however, our hasty sketch of Benedictine intellectual greatness should be defective, without some specimen of their super-terrestrial poetry, we venture to remind our readers of one passage of which M. de Malan (one of Mabillon's biographers) has reminded us ourselves, in which the author of the '*De Imitatione Christi*' (himself a Benedictine, if Mabillon may be trusted) has sung to his Æolian harp a more than earthly strain. It is, indeed, an excellent example of a style of which we have no model in our own language,—except perhaps in occasional passages of Archbishop Leighton.

'My son, let not the sayings of men move thee, however beautiful or ingenious they may be: for the Kingdom of God consisteth not in words but in power.

'Weigh well my words, for they kindle the heart, illuminate the mind, quicken compunction, and supply abundant springs of consolation.

'Read not the Word of God in order that thou mayest appear more learned or more wise.

'When thou shalt have read and known many things, then return to the one beginning and principle of all things.

'I am he that teacheth man knowledge, and to little children I impart an understanding more clear than man can teach.

'He to whom I speak shall quickly be wise, and in spirit shall profit largely.

'Woe be to them that search out many curious things, and take little thought how they may serve me.

'I am he who, in one instant, raise up the humble in mind to understand eternal truth better than if he had studied many years in the schools.

'I teach without noise of words, without confusion of opinions, without ambition of honour, without the shock of arguments.

'To some men I speak common things, to others things rare; to some I appear sweetly by signs; to some, with much light, I discover mysteries.

'The voice of books is, indeed, one; but it is a voice which instructs not all alike. I am he who teaches the truth concealed within the voice. I the searcher of the heart, the discoverer of the thoughts, promoting holy actions, distributing to each one as I will.'

If, as the Benedictines maintained, this sacred chant was really sung by a poet of their own fraternity about the beginning of the fourteenth century, it may be looked upon as a kind of threnody, designed to intimate the approaching obscuration of

their order. For already might be observed, in a state of morbid activity among them, those principles of decay which were pointed out so indignantly by Benedict himself to Dante, when, under the guidance of Beatrice, the poet had ascended to his presence in the seventh heaven:—

‘ * * My rule
Is left a profitless stain upon the leaves ;
The walls, for abbeys reared, turned into dens ;
The cowls, to sacks choked up with-musty meal.
Foul usury doth not more lift itself
Against God’s pleasure, than that fruit which makes
The hearts of monks so wanton.’

Curey’s Dante, canto xxii., ‘Il Paradiso.’

In the lapse of more than seven centuries, the state of society had undergone vast changes ; but the institutes of Benedict had not been changed to meet them. The new exigencies of life demanded reformations in the religious state which Francis, Dominic, and Loyola, successively established. They combined a more mature policy with a younger enthusiasm. Exhibiting ascetic self-mortifications, till then unknown among any of the monastic communities of the West, they, also, formed relations equally new with the laity in all their offices—domestic, political, military, and commercial. Having, at the same time, obtained possession of nearly all the pulpits of the Latin Church, the imagination, the interests, and the consciences of mankind fell much under the control of these new fraternities, that their influence was felt throughout all the ramifications of society.

While the spiritual dominion of the earlier monasticism was continually narrowed by this formidable competition, the Benedictines were no less constantly becoming more and more entangled in the cares and enjoyments of the world. They established an ill-omened alliance with the Templars, with the Knights of Calatrava and Alcantara, and with five other orders of chivalry—an unhallowed companionship, which, by familiarising the monks with the military, and dissolute manners of these new brethren, gradually contaminated their own.

Wealth and temporal prosperity were no less prolific of evil in the order of St. Benedict than in other societies in which their enervating influence has been felt. But on the monks riches inflicted a peculiar disaster. For, riches tempted the chief sovereigns of Europe to usurp the patronage of the religious houses ; and to transfer the government of them from abbots elected by the chapters, to abbots appointed by the king.

The grant of these conventual benefices in *commendam*, was one of those abuses in the Church, which yielded to no reform

until the Church herself and her abuses were swept away together, by the torrent of the French revolution. It was, however, a practice in favour of which the most venerable antiquity might be alleged. From the earliest times churches had been placed under a kind of tutelage, between the death of the incumbent and the appointment of his successor. But it not rarely happened that when the period of this spiritual guardianship was over, the tutor had become too much enamoured of his ward, and possessed too much influence with the great, to acquiesce in a separation from her. In such cases the commendatory, aided by some ill-fed stipendiary curate, assumed all the privileges and immunities of a sinecurist.

Yet it was not necessary to rely on any vulgar names in defence or in extenuation of this usage. The great Athanasius himself held a bishopric in commendam, in addition to his see of Alexandria. Neither were they vulgar names by whom it was condemned. Hildebrand, Innocent III., and the Fathers of Trent, rivalled each other in denunciations of the abuse; and were cordially seconded by Philippe Auguste, by St. Louis, and even by Francis I. Papal, synodal, and royal decrees, proved, however, too feeble to check an abuse so tempting to royal and sacerdotal cupidity. The French kings converted the splendid monastery of Fontverault into an appanage for a long succession of royal or noble ladies. The abbey of St. Germain des Prés also was given in commendam by Louis the Debonnaire, to a bishop of Poitiers; by Eudes to his brother Robert, a layman; and at length, by Louis XIII., to a widow of the Duke of Lorraine—which is much as though the mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, had been given to the widow of the Elector Palatine.

During the progress of this decay, there was no lack of reformers, or of reforms of the Benedictine Order. But the corrupting proved too strong for the renovating power; and their decline proceeded without any real check until, in the year 1614, Dom Nicholas Benard became a member of the congregation of St. Maur.

Benard was one of those reformers to whom it is given to innovate, at once in the spirit of the institution which they desire to improve, and in the spirit of the age in which the improvement is to be made. His object was to bring back his order to the dutifulness, the industry, and the self-renunciation enjoined by Benedict. His remedial process consisted in conducting them, by exhortation and by his own example, to the culture of those studies which were held in highest esteem in France in the reigns of the 13th and of the 14th Louis. In those times no seeds of science or literature could be sown in that favoured

land without yielding an abundant increase. The reason of this redundant fertility at that particular era, no historian can explain and no psychologist can conjecture. But, like the other promoters of learning in his age, Benard soon found himself followed and surrounded by a band of scholars, who joined with him in the successful culture of all historical, antiquarian, and critical knowledge. With their aid, he restored one of the chief households of the great Benedictine race to even more than their pristine glory.

During the 17th century one hundred and five writers in the congregation of St. Maur (then established at St. Germain des Prés) divided among them this harvest of literary renown. A complete collection of their works would form a large and very valuable library; as may indeed be inferred from a bare enumeration of the books of the earlier and later fathers, which they republished. Among them are the best editions which the world has seen of the writings of St. Gregory the Great, of Lanfranc, Basil, Bernard, Anselm, Augustine, Cassiodorus, Ambrose, Hilary, Jerome, Athanasius, Gregory of Tours, Irenæus, Chrysostom, Cyril of Alexandria, Tertullian, Justin, and Origen; to which must be added their edition of Josephus.

But it would be as easy to form an image of the Grecian Camp from the catalogue of the ships, as to conceive aright of the Benedictines of St. Maur from an enumeration of their publications and the names of them. To exhibit some slight sketch of that great seminary as it existed in its days of splendour, it is necessary to confine our attention to the Achilles of their host — to him whom all the rest revered as their great example, and acknowledged by acclamation as their head.

The life of Mabillon has been written by Ruinart, his affectionate pupil; by Dom Filipe le Cerf, the historiographer of the congregation; and more recently by M. Chavin de Malan. To the last of those biographers we are largely indebted for much valuable information. But a companion at once more instructive and provoking, or a guide less worthy of confidence, never offered himself at the outset of any literary journey. It is the pleasure of M. de Malan to qualify the speculative propensities of our own age, by the blindest credulity of the middle ages. He is at the same moment a rhetorician and an antiquarian (as a dervish dances while he prays), and is never satisfied with investigating truth, unless he can also embellish and adorn it. Happily, however, we are not dependent on his guidance. All that is most interesting respecting Mabillon may be gathered from his own letters and his works. For to write was the very law of his existence; and from youth to old age his pen un-

ceasingly plied those happy tasks, of which the interest never fails and the tranquillity can never be disturbed.

Jean Mabillon was born at the village of St. Pierre Mont, in Champagne, on the 23d of November, 1632. His mother did not long survive his birth; but Ruinart congratulates himself on having seen Etienne, the father of Jean, at the age of 105, in the full enjoyment of all his mental and bodily powers. Jean himself was sent by his paternal uncle, the curé of a parish near Rheims, to a college in that city, which, on his return homewards from the Council of Trent, the celebrated Cardinal of Lorraine had founded there for the education of clergymen. The habits of the place well became its origin. Except while addressing their teachers, the pupils passed in profound silence every hour of the day save that of noon; when they amused themselves in a garden, where, as we read, it was their custom, many hundred times a day, to salute a conspicuous image of the Virgin, with assurances of their veneration and their love.

Whatever may have been the effects of this discipline on the characters of his fellow students, it moulded the meek and quiet nature of Mabillon into the exact form which the authors of it regarded as the most perfect. He surrendered up his will to theirs; and yielding his whole soul to the divine offices of his college chapel, became so familiar with them, that when, after an absence of more than fifty years, Ruinart knelt beside him there, he heard the then aged man repeat, from memory, with unerring exactness, every prayer, every ceremonial, and every sacred melody in which he had been accustomed to offer up the devotions of his youth.

In the year 1653, and (to use the chronology of the cloister and of Oxford) on the feast of the Decollation of St. John the Baptist, Mabillon was received as a Postulant at the Benedictine monastery then attached to the cathedral church of St. Remy. In that sublime edifice his imagination had long before been entranced by the anticipated delights of a life of devotional retirement. It had been his single indulgence, while at college, to wander thither that he might listen to the choral strains as they rose, and floated, and died away through the recesses of those long-drawn aisles; and there had he often proposed to himself the question, whether this world had any thing to offer so peaceful and so pure as an habitual ministration at those hallowed altars, and an unbroken ascent of the heart heavenwards, on the wings of those unearthly psalmodes?

To this inquiry his judgment, or his feelings, still returned the same answer; and, at the end of his novitiate, he gladly pronounced those irrevocable vows which were to exclude him for

ever from all delights less elevated than those of a devotional life. He had not, however, long to await the proof that the exclusive use of this ethereal dietary is unfriendly to the health both of these gross bodies of ours, and of the sluggish minds by which they are informed. The flesh revolted; and, to subdue the rebellion, ascetic rigours were required. Then (alas for the bathos!) that base and unfortunate viscus, the stomach, racked his head with insufferable pains. Compelled at length to fly for relief to a Benedictine convent at Nogent, he there soothed his aching brows by traversing, and mourning over, the ruins which the impious ravages of the Huguenots had brought upon the monastic buildings. Then passing, for relief, to another monastery at Corbie, he recovered his health; through the intercession of St. Adelhard, the patron saint of the place, as he piously believed; though a less perfect faith might have been tempted to ascribe the cure to the active employments in the open air in which the abbot of Corbie compelled him to engage.

With restored health, Mabillon was next transferred, by the commands of his superior, to the royal abbey of St. Denys; there to act as curator of the treasures which the profaneness of a later age has scattered to the winds. This was no light trust. Amidst countless monuments of the illustrious dead, and of the greatness of the French monarchy, the collection contained one of the arms in which the aged Simeon had raised the infant Jesus in the Temple; and the very hand which the sceptical Thomas had stretched out to touch the wounded side of his risen Lord!

It was just one year before the birth of Mabillon, that the congregation of St. Maur had taken possession of the monastery of St. Germain des Près at Paris. At the time of his arrival at St. Denys, Dom Luc d'Achery, a Benedictine monk, was engaged at St. Germain's, in one of those gigantic undertakings to which Benard had invited his fraternity. It was a compilation from the libraries of France of the more rare and valuable letters, poems, charters, and chronicles relating to ecclesiastical affairs, which had been deposited in them either in later or remoter ages. These gleanings (for they were published under the name of *Spicilegium*), extend over thirteen quarto volumes. Such, however, were the bodily infirmities of the compiler, that, during forty-five years, he had never been able to quit the infirmary. There he soothed his occasional intermissions of pain and study, by weaving chaplets of flowers for the embellishment of the altars of the church of St. Germain's.

For the relief of this venerable scholar, Mabillon, then in his thirty-fifth year, was withdrawn from his charge of St. Denys

to St. Germain's; where he passed the whole of his remaining life in the execution of that series of works which have placed his name at the head of the competitors for the palm of erudition in what was once the most erudite nation of the world, at the period of her greatest eminence in learning. The commencement of his fame was laid in a demeanour still more admirable for self-denial, humility, and loving kindness. To mitigate the sufferings of D'Achery and to advance his honour, had become the devoted purpose of his affectionate assistant. Taking his seat at the feet of the old man, Mabillon humoured his weakness, stole away his lassitude, and became at once his servant, his secretary, his friend, and his confessor. From the resources of his far deeper knowledge, guided by his much larger capacity, he enabled D'Achery to complete his *Spicilegium*,—generously leaving him in possession of the undivided honour of that contribution to the literary wealth of France.

Nor was this the greatest of his self-sacrifices in thus gratifying the feelings of the aged antiquarian. Benard and the other brethren of the congregation had, from their first settlement at St. Germain, meditated a complete history of their Order. During forty successive years they had accumulated for the purpose a body of materials of such variety and magnitude as to extinguish the hopes and baffle the exertions of all ordinary men. Having found at length in Mabillon one fitted to 'grapple with 'whole libraries,' they committed to him the Titanic labour of hewing out of those rude masses, an enduring monument to the glory of Benedict and of his spiritual progeny. He undertook the task, in the spirit of obedience and of love. In the printed circular letters with which he solicited the aid of the learned, he joined the name of D'Achery to his own; and kept alive the same friendly fiction, by uniting their names in the title-page of every volume of the *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*, which appeared in D'Achery's lifetime.

The literary annals of France, though abounding in prodigies, record nothing more marvellous than the composition of that book by a single man, in the midst of other labours of almost equal magnitude. From the title alone it might be inferred that it was a mere collection of religious biographies; and, if such had been the fact, they who are the deepest read in Roman Catholic hagiology would probably prefer the perusal of the writers of ordinary romance; since, with less irreverence for sacred things, they are usually more entertaining, and not less authentic. For in recording the lives of those whom it is the pleasure of the Church to honour, her zealous children regard every incident redounding to their glory, as resting on so firm and broad a

basis of antecedent probability, as to supersede the necessity for any positive evidence;—nay, as to render impious the questioning of such testimonies as may be cited, even when most suspicious and equivocal. This argument from probability is especially insisted on, when any occurrences are alleged as miraculous—that is, as improbable—for, if probable, they cease to be miracles. Of these probable improbabilities, few writers are better persuaded or more profuse than Mabillon.

But apart from the extravagancies of his monkish legends, and in despite of them all, Mabillon's book will live in perpetual honour and remembrance as the great and inexhaustible reservoir of knowledge respecting the ecclesiastical, religious, and monastic history of the middle ages; and, therefore, though incidentally, respecting the secular condition and intellectual character of mankind during that period. In those nine folios lie, in orderly method and chronological arrangement, vast accumulations of authentic facts, of curious documents, and of learned disquisitions; like some rich geological deposit, from which the Genius of history may hereafter raise up and irradiate the materials of a philosophical survey of the institutions, habits, and opinions which have been transmitted from those remote generations to our own. Thence also may be readily disinterred picturesque narratives without end; and inexhaustible disclosures both of the strength and of the weakness of the human heart.

Nor will this knowledge be found in the state of rude and unorganised matter. Mabillon was not a mere compiler; but was also a learned theologian, and a critic and scholar of the first order. When emancipated from the shackles of human authority, he knew how to take a wide survey of the affairs of men, and could sketch their progress from age to age with a free and powerful hand. To each volume which he lived to complete, he attached a prefatory review of the epoch to which it referred; and those *Prolegomena*, if republished in a detached form, would constitute such a review of the ecclesiastical history of that perplexing period, as no other writer has yet given to the world. It would, indeed, be a review based throughout upon assumptions which the Protestant Churches with one voice contradict. But if, for the immediate purpose, those assumptions were conceded, the reader of such a work would find himself in possession of all the great controversies which agitated the Christian world during several centuries; and of the best solutions of which they are apparently susceptible. Nor is it an insignificant addition to their other merits, that the Latin in which these ponderous Tomes are written, is often such

as Cicero would have rejected, is yet better adapted than the purest Ciceronian style, for the easy and unambiguous communication of thought in modern times—the phraseology and the grammar, those of the Court of Augustus; the idioms and structure of the sentences, not seldom those of the Court of Louis Quatorze.

In the reign of that most orthodox Prince, to have given assent to any fact on which the Church had not set the seal of her infallibility, was hazardous; much more so to dissent from any fact which her authority had sanctioned. Yet even this heavy charge was preferred against Mabillon by some of his Benedictine brethren, before a general chapter of the Order. Among the saints of whom the fraternity boasted, there were some whose relation to the Order he had disputed; some whose claims to having lived and died in the odour of sanctity he had rejected; some whose very existence he had denied. So at least we understand the accusation. His antagonists maintained that it was culpable, thus to sacrifice the edification of the faithful to a fastidious regard for historical evidence; and injurious, so to abandon a part of the glories of their society, which, by mere silence, might have been maintained inviolate. Among those who invoked the censure of their superiors on the reckless audacity of Mabillon's critical inquiries, the foremost was Dom Philippe Bastide; and to him Mabillon addressed a defence, in every line of which his meekness and his love of truth beautifully balance and sustain each other.

‘I have ever been persuaded,’ he says, ‘that in claiming for their order honours not justly due to it, monastic men offend against the modesty of the Gospel as grievously as any person who arrogates to himself individually a merit to which he is not really entitled. To pretend that this is allowable because the praise is desired, not for the monk himself, but for his order, seems to me no better than a specious pretext for the disguise of vanity. Though disposed to many faults, I must declare that I have ever had an insuperable aversion to this; and that therefore I have been scrupulous in inquiring who are the saints really belonging to my own order.’ It is certain that some have been erroneously attributed to it, either from the almost universal desire of extolling, without bounds, the brotherhood of which we are members, or on account of some obscurity in the relations which have been already published. The most upright of our writers have made this acknowledgment; nor have the Fathers Yebez and Menard hesitated to reduce the number of our saints by omitting those whom they thought inadmissible. I thought myself also entitled to make a reasonable use of this freedom; though with all the caution which could be reconciled with reverence for truth. I commit the defence of my work to the Divine Providence. It was not of my own will that I engaged on it. My brethren did

me the honour to assign the task to me ; and if they think it right, I shall cheerfully resign the completion of it to any one whose zeal may be at once more ardent and more enlightened than my own.'

In the Benedictine conclave the cause of historical fidelity triumphed, though not without a long and painful discussion. In proof of the touching candour which Mabillon exhibited as a controversialist, we are told that he spontaneously published one of the many dissertations against his book, to manifest his esteem and affection for the author of it. But before subscribing to this eulogium, one would wish to examine the arrow which he thus winged for a flight against his own bosom. Recluse as he was, he was a Frenchman still ; and may have quietly enjoyed a little pleasantry even at the expense of a friend — for he was a man of a social spirit, and not altogether unskilled in those arts by which society is amused and animated.

The sick chamber of D'Achery was, however, the only *Salon* in which he could exert these talents. There, for the gratification of his aged friend, and, doubtless, for his own, he was accustomed on certain evenings to entertain a circle of scholars devoted, like themselves, to antiquarian researches. The hotels of Paris in his day were thronged with more brilliant assemblies, — even as, in our own times, *Réunions* of greater aristocratic dignity have adorned that Faubourg of St. Germain in which these gatherings of the learned took place. But neither the Bourbon Lilies nor the Imperial Eagles ever protected a society more distinguished by the extent and depth of the knowledge they were able to interchange. In that ill-furnished dormitory of the decrepid monk, might be seen Du Cange, reposing for a moment from his scrutiny into all the languages and histories of mankind ; and Baluze, rich in inexhaustible stores of feudal and ecclesiastical learning ; and D'Herbelot, unrivalled in oriental literature ; and Fleury, in whom the Church of Rome reveres the most perfect of her annalists ; and Adrian de Valois, whose superlative skill in decyphering the remains of the first dynasties of France was so amusingly combined with almost equal skill in finding fault with his own generation, as to provoke an occasional smile even in the most thoughtful of those grave countenances ; and, more eminent than all these, Fénelon, then basking in the noon of royal favour, and Bossuet, in the meridian of his genius, who both, if not habitual guests at the monastery, lived in an affectionate confidence with Mabillon, which they were unable to maintain with each other.

Nor were these the only relations which he had formed with the world beyond his convent walls. The Jesuits, the Bollandists of Antwerp, and the chroniclers of the Carthusian and Cis-

tercian fraternities, solicited his aid in their various literary pursuits. Leibnitz applied to him for intelligence regarding the House of Brunswick; and even Madame de la Valliere sued for his interest to procure for one of her kindred advancement in that world from which she had herself retired to penitential solitude. Like other luminaries in the same literary firmament, he was now followed by his attendant satellites; nor was his orbit seldom disturbed by the too close vicinity of the bodies amidst which he was constrained to pass.

The theological, or rather the conventual, world was at that time agitated by a controversy, in which the great eulogist of the Benedictine Saints could not have declined to interfere without some loss of honour and some abandonment of the cause of which he had become the illustrious advocate. It related to the authorship of the treatise '*De Imitatione Christi*,'—of all uninspired writings incomparably the most popular, if the popularity of books may be inferred from the continuance and extent of their circulation. That it was written, either in the fourteenth, or at the commencement of the fifteenth, century, was a well-ascertained fact; and that the author was a monk might be confidently inferred from internal evidence. But was he Thomas à Kempis, one of the regular canons of Mont St. Agnes, near Zwol? or was he the Benedictine Jean Gersen? This was the point at issue; and with what learning, zeal, and perseverance it was debated, is well known to all the curious in such matters; and may be learned by others from the notice prefixed by Thuilliers to his edition of the posthumous works of Mabillon. It is only so far as his pen was diverted from its Cyclopean toils by this protracted warfare, that we are concerned with it at present.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, a Flemish printer then living at Paris (Joducus Badius Ascensius was his Latinised name), published two editions of the *De Imitatione*, in which Thomas, of the village of Kemp, in the diocese of Cologne, was, for the first time, announced as the author. Francis de Tol, or Tob, a German, in two other editions, followed this example; and was himself followed by Sommatius, a Jesuit,—in reliance, as he said, on certain manuscripts of the work in the handwriting of Thomas à Kempis, then to be seen at Antwerp and Louvain.

But in the year 1616, Constantine Cajitano, a Benedictine monk, published at Rome another edition, in the title-page of which Gersen was declared to be the author; partly on the authority of a manuscript at the Jesuits' College at Arona, and partly in deference to the judgment of Cardinal Bellarmine.

Round Cajitano rallied all the champions of the Gersesian cause. The partisans of Thomas à Kempis found an equally zealous leader in the person of Rosweid, a Jesuit. Bellarmine, himself a member of the same company, was, as the Kempists maintained, induced by Rosweid to abandon the Gersesian standard. The Benedictines, on the contrary, assert that the Cardinal gave in his adhesion to their adversaries only by pronouncing the words, 'As you will,' in order to silence the importunities with which the anxious Kempists were disturbing his dying bed.

Whatever the fact may be regarding Bellarmine's latest opinion, the next chieftain who appears on this battle-field is Francis Waldegrave; who, with true English pertinacity and party spirit, traversed the continent, to bring up to Cajitano a vast reinforcement of manuscripts, pictures, and other proofs collected from all the German, Swiss, and Italian abbeys. Missiles from either side darkened the air; when, between the combatants, appeared the majestic form of Richelieu himself, who, having employed the royal press at the Louvre to print off a new edition of the *De Imitatione*, enjoyed the honour of being solicited by the disputants on either side for his authoritative suffrage; and had the pleasure of disappointing both, by maintaining to the last a dignified neutrality.

On the death of Rosweid, the commander of the Kempists, his Bâton passed to Fronteau, a regular canon, who signalled his accession to the command by a work called 'Thomas Vindi-catus.' This, for the first time, drew into the field the congregation of St. Maur, who, by their champion, Dom Quatremaire, threw down the gauntlet in the form of a pamphlet entitled 'Gersen Assertus.' It was taken up by the Jesuit, George Hieser, the author of what he called 'Dioptra Kempensis.' That blow was parried by Quatremaire, in a publication to which he gave the title of 'Gersen iterum Assertus.' And then the literary combatants were both surprised and alarmed to learn that the Prévôt of Paris considered their feud as dangerous to the peace of that most excitable of cities; and that they could no longer be permitted to shed ink with impunity in the cause of either claimant!

Thus the controversy was transferred to the safe arbitrement of Harlay, the archbishop of that see; who, having no other qualification for the task than the dignity he derived from his mitre, convened at his palace a solemn council of the learned, which, under his own presidency, was to investigate the pretensions of Thomas and of Gersen. Of this conclave Mabillon was a member; and, after much deliberation, they pronounced a sen-

tence which affirmed the title of Gersen to the honour of having written this ever-memorable treatise.

An ultimate appeal to public opinion lies against all adjudications, let who will be the author of them; and in due season the Father Testelette made that appeal against the decision of the archiepiscopal palace, in the form of a book entitled 'Vindiciæ Kempenses,' which drew from Mabillon his 'Animadversiones' on the argument of Testelette. A truce of ten years followed; after which another council was held, under the presidency of Du Cange; and although they pronounced no formal sentence, yet the general inclination and tendency of their opinions appears to have been hostile to the claims of Gersen, — which have ever since been regarded by the best judges with suspicion, if not with disfavour.

Agitated by this vehement dispute, and mourning the silence of her infallible head, the Roman Catholic Church were at length rejoiced to repose in the oracular dictum of St. Francis de Sales, who declared that the authorship was to be ascribed neither to Thomas à Kempis nor to Gersen, but to Him by whose inspiration the Scriptures themselves had been written!

It is probably on account of the darkness of the regions through which they pass, that the pens of antiquarians, philologists, and theologians are so much used as belligerent weapons. Though the most peaceful of mankind, Mabillon, while waging war with the Kempists on one flank, was engaged in a contest not less arduous with the Bollandists on the other. Papebroch, one of the most learned of that learned body, had published a book on the art of verifying the charters and other ancient public acts deposited in the various archives of Europe. In 1681 Mabillon answered him in a treatise 'De Re Diplomaticâ.' After laying down rules for distinguishing the false instruments from the true, — rules derived from the form of the character, the colour of the ink, the nature of the penmanship, the style and orthography of the instrument, the dates, seals, and subscriptions, — he proceeded to show, *by more than 200 examples*, how his laws might be applied as a test; and how, by the application of that test, the manuscripts on which Papebroch chiefly relied might be shown to be valueless. Whatever may be thought of the interest of this dispute (which, however, involves questions of the very highest practical importance), no one probably will read with indifference the answer of Papebroch to his formidable antagonist: —

'I assure you,' he says, 'that the only satisfaction which I retain in having written at all on this subject is, that it has induced you to write so consummate a work. I confess that I

‘felt some pain when I first read it, at finding myself refuted
 ‘in a manner so conclusive. But the utility and the beauty of
 ‘your treatise have at length got the better of my weakness;
 ‘and in the joy of contemplating the truth exhibited in a light
 ‘so transparent, I called on my fellow student here to partake
 ‘of my own admiration. You need have no difficulty, there-
 ‘fore, in stating publicly, whenever it may fall in your way,
 ‘that I entirely adopt and concur in your opinions.’

While Papebroch, thus gracefully lowering his lance, retired from the lists, they were entered by Father Germon, another Jesuit; who, armed with two duodecimo volumes, undertook to subvert the new Benedictine science. His main assault was aimed at the assumption pervading Mabillon’s book, that the authenticity and the authority of an ancient charter were the same. He suggested that forgery was a very wide-spread art, and had probably flourished with peculiar vigour in remote and ignorant ages. Mabillon was content to reply that throughout his extensive researches, he had never found a proof of any such imposture. His disciples assailed the sceptical Germon by far more elaborate hostilities. In one form or another the dispute has descended to our own times. At the commencement of it, in the seventeenth century, in France, it yielded (as what French dispute will not yield?) some choice entertainment. The Jesuit, Hardouin, anticipating our contemporary, Strauss, resolved all these ancient instruments, and with them a large part of the remains of antiquity, into so many monkish and mythical inventions. Thus, he declared that the odes of Horace were written in some Benedictine monastery; and that Lalage herself was nothing more than a monkish poetical symbol of the Christian faith. Whither such theories tended Hardouin clearly enough perceived; but he sheltered himself by offering up his thanks to God that he had been denied all human faith, in order (as he said) that the total want of it might improve and strengthen his divine faith. Boileau’s remark on the occasion was still better: ‘I have no great fancy for monks,’ he said, ‘yet I should be glad to have known Brother Horace and Dom Virgil.’

Father Anacreon might have been recognised by the great satirist in the person of the reverend Armand Jean le Bouthillier de Rancé, who, having been appointed, at the age of ten, to a canonry at Notre Dame, became, in less than three years afterwards, the author of a new edition of the Anacreontic Odes, — a work of undoubted merit in its way; though it must not be concealed that the young canon was happy in the possession of a learned tutor, as well as of powerful patrons; for Richelieu

was his godfather and kinsman, Bossuet his friend, Maric de Medicis his protector, Francis de Harlay (afterwards archbishop of Paris) the associate of his youthful revels, and De Retz his instructor in intrigue and politics. Eminent alike in the field and at the Sorbonne, De Rancé would occasionally throw aside his hunting frock for his cassock, — saying to Harlay, ‘*Je vais ce matin prêcher comme un ange, ce soir chasser comme un diable.*’ The pupil of the coadjutor was, of course, however, an eyesore and an offence to Mazarin; and being banished by him to Verret, this venerable archdeacon and doctor in divinity (such were then his dignities) converted his chateau there into so luxurious a retreat, that the cardinal himself might have looked with envy on the exile.

The spirit of this extraordinary churchman was, however, destined to undergo a change, immediate, final, and complete. De la Roque relates that having hurried to an interview with a lady of whom he was enamoured, he found her stretched in her shroud — a disfigured corpse. Marsollier’s story is, that his life was saved by the rebound of a musket-ball from a pouch attached to his shooting belt. It is agreed on all sides that, under the deep emotion excited by some such startling occurrence, he retired from the world, and became first the founder, and then the Abbé, of the monastery of La Trappe, of the Cistercian Order, where he remained till his death. During the forty intervening years, he was engaged in solving the problem — what are the Maxima of self-inflicted mortifications which, in the transit through this world to the next, it is possible to combine with the Minima of innocent self-gratifications?

While occupied in this rueful inquiry, it happened that De Rancé lighted on a treatise which Mabillon had recently published under the title of ‘*Traité des Etudes monastiques.*’ To M. de la Trappe, it appeared that the book was designed as an indirect attack on himself and his community; and he made his appeal to the world he had abandoned, in a publication, entitled ‘*Réponse au Traité des Etudes monastiques.*’ In reluctant obedience to the commands of his spiritual superiors, Mabillon published ‘*Reflexions sur la Réponse de M. l’Abbé de la Trappe,*’ which drew from De Rancé another volume, entitled ‘*Eclaircissements sur la Réponse,*’ &c., and there the controversy ended.

When one of two disputants plants his foot on the terra firma of intelligible utility, and the other is upborne by the shifting, dark and shapeless clouds of mysticism, it is impossible for any witness of the conflict to trace distinctly either the progress of it or the result. It may, however, be in general reported of

this debate that, according to the Benedictine arguments, he best employs the leisure of a religious state, who most successfully devotes it to the diffusion among mankind of divine and human knowledge: while, according to the Trappist, such labours are at best but the fulfilment of the written, positive, and categorical commands of Scripture or of the Church, — an obedience of incomparably less excellency than that which is due from those communities, or from those individuals, who are called to the state of sinless perfection; for to them it is given, not merely or chiefly to conform to absolute rules of duty, but to listen to those inarticulate suggestions which, from the sanctuary of the Divine presence, descend into the sanctuary of the human heart, and to dwell amidst those elevations of soul to which such heaven-born impulses are designed to conduct them.

They who thus contended could never come within the reach of each other's weapons. But Mabillon and De Rancé could never get beyond the reach of each other's love. After the close of the debate they met at La Trappe; and separated—not without much unreserved and affectionate intercourse,—each in possession of his own opinion, and of his antagonist's esteem. The sentences of Innocent XII. and Clement XI., awarded the victory to the author of '*Les Etudes monastiques*;' and without the gift of infallibility, the same result might with safety have been predicted, from the different tempers in which the controversialists had encountered each other. Mabillon descended to the contest in the panoply of a humble, truth loving spirit. De Rancé (if we may rely on those who knew him well) was not emancipated, even in his retreat, from that enervating thirst for human sympathy which had distinguished him in the world. His disputations and his self-tormentings, are both supposed to have been deeply tinged by his constitutional vanity; and it was believed that he would have been far less assiduous in digging his grave and macerating his flesh, if the pilgrimage to La Trappe had not become a rage at Paris; and if the *salons* there had not been so curious for descriptions of that living sepulchre, that the very votaries of pleasure were sometimes irretrievably drawn, by a kind of suicidal fascination, within those gates impervious to all sublunary delights, and scarcely visited by the light of day.

From the depths of his humility Mabillon gathered courage. In his days the altars of the Church were every where hallowed by the relics of saints and martyrs; of which the catacombs at Rome afforded an inexhaustible supply. To watch over this precious deposit, and to discriminate the spurious article from the true, was the peculiar office of a congregation selected for

that purpose from the sacred college. But though the skill and the integrity of cardinals were remote from all suspicion, who could answer for the good faith of their subordinate agents, and what was the security that the *Dulia* appropriate to the bones of the blessed, might not be actually rendered to the skeletons of the ungodly?

When teaching the art of discriminating between the osseous remains of different mammalia, Cuvier never displayed a more edifying seriousness, than was exhibited by Mabillon in laying down the laws which determine whether any given bone belonged of yore to a sinner or a saint. The miracle-working criterion, though apparently the best of all, being rejected silently, and not without very good reasons, Eusebius Rōmanus (such was his incognito on this occasion) addressed to Theophilus Gallus a letter ‘*De Cultu ignotorum Sanctorum*,’ in which he discussed the sufficiency of three other tests. First, he inquired, are we sure of the sanctity of a bone extracted from a sepulchre on which an anagram of the name of Christ is sculptured in the midst of palms and laurels? The answer is discouraging; because it is a well ascertained fact, that the body of one Flavia Jovina was found in this precise predicament, and yet she was a simple neophyte. Then, secondly, are we safe if a vase stained with blood be also found in the tomb? Nothing more secure—if only we could be quite certain that the stain was sanguineous, and was not produced by the perfumes which the ancients were accustomed to heap up in such vessels. But thirdly, what if the word ‘Martyr’ be engraven on the stone? In that case, all doubt would be at an end, were it not for a sophistical doctrine of *equivalents* which the relic dealers have propagated. Thus, for example, at the abbey of St. Martin, at Pontoise, the devout had long been honouring the corpse of one Ursinus, in the quiet belief that the words of his sepulchral inscription were *equivalent* to a declaration of martyrdom, whereas, on inquiry, it turned out that they were really as follows: ‘Here lies Ursinus, who died ‘on the 1st of June, after living with his wife Leontia 20 years ‘and 6 months, and in the world 49 years, 4 months, and 3 ‘days.’ Thus his only recorded martyrdom was the endurance of Leontia’s conjugal society for twenty years and upwards.

Abandoning then all these guides, whither are we to look for assurance as to the title of a relic to the veneration of the faithful? To this grave inquiry, the learned Benedictine gravely answers as follows: Be sure that the alleged saint has been authentically proved to have been a saint. Be sure that his sanctity was established, not merely by baptism, but by some illustrious deeds, attested either by tradition or by certain proofs.

Above all, be sure that the apostolic see has ordained that homage be rendered to his remains. Admirable canons, doubtless. Yet, to an unenlightened Protestant, it would seem that they afford no solution of the problem—Did this jawbone before which we are kneeling, sustain, while yet in life and action, the teeth of a martyr, or the teeth of one of those by whom martyrs were slain, or the teeth of any one else?

To assert that any such question was debateable at all before the tribunal of human reason, was, however, an overt act of liberalism; which Mabillon was of course required to expiate. Long and anxious were the debates in the congregation of the Index, whether the book should not be condemned, and the temerity of the author rebuked; nor would that censure have been averted, but for the interference of the Pope in person; who made himself sponsor for the willingness of Eusebius to explain in a new edition whatever might be thought objectionable in the first. The pledge was redeemed accordingly; and then the letter '*De Cultu sanctorum Ignotorum*' was not only acquitted of reproach by that sacred College, but even honoured with their emphatic approbation.

Mabillon gave a yet more decisive proof that he was not blinded to truth by any extravagant scepticism. In his days, as in our own, there was living a M. Thiers, a man of singular talents, and of no less remarkable courage; who had accused the Benedictine fathers of Vendôme of an egregious imposture, in exhibiting at their convent one of those tears which fell from the eyes of Jesus when he wept at the grave of Lazarus. An angel (such was the legend) had treasured it up, and given it to Mary, the sister of the deceased. It passed some centuries afterwards to the treasury of relics at Constantinople; and was bestowed by *some* Greek emperor upon *some* German mercenaries in reward for *some* services to his crown. They placed it in the abbey of Frisingen, whence it was conveyed by the emperor Henry III., who transferred it to his mother-in-law, Agnes of Anjou, the foundress of the monastery of Vendôme, where she deposited it. Mabillon threw the shield of his boundless learning round this tradition; maintaining that the genuineness of the relic might at least be reasonably presumed from the admitted facts of the case; that it had a prescriptive claim to the honours it received; and that his brethren ought to be left in peaceable enjoyment of the advantages they derived from the exhibition in their church at Vendôme of the Holy Tear of Bethany.

Passing from fables too puerile for the nursery, to inquiries which have hitherto perplexed the senate, Mabillon undertook to explain the right principles of Prison Discipline, in a work

entitled 'Réflexions sur les Prisons des Ordres Religieux.' He insisted, that, by a judicious alternation and mixture of solitude, labour, silence, and devotion, it was practicable to render the gaol a school for the improvement of its unhappy inmates, in social arts and in moral character. After discussing to what extent solitary confinement would be consistent with the mental and bodily health of the sufferers, and how far the rigour of punishment ought to be mitigated by exercise and active employments, he concludes as follows:—

'To return to the prison of St. Jean Climacque. A similar place might be established for the reception of penitents. There should be in such a place several cells like those of the Chartreux, with a workshop, in which the prisoners might be employed at some useful work. To each cell also might be attached a little garden, to be thrown open to the prisoner at certain hours, for the benefit of labour, and exercise in the open air. They should attend public worship, at first in a separate lodge or compartment, and afterwards in the choir with the congregation at large, so soon as they should have passed the earlier stages of penal discipline, and given proofs of penitence. Their diet should be coarse and poor, and their fasts frequent. They should receive frequent exhortation, and the master of the gaol, either in person or by deputy, should from time to time see them in private, at once to console and to strengthen them. Strangers should not be permitted to enter the place, from which all external society should be strictly excluded. Once establish this, and so far from such a retirement appearing horrible and insupportable, I am convinced that the greater number of the prisoners would scarcely regret their confinement, even if it were for life. I am aware that all this will be considered as a vision of some new Atlantis; but let the world say or think what it may, it would be easy to render prisons more tolerable and more useful, if men were but disposed to make the attempt.'

So wrote a Benedictine monk in the age and kingdom of Louis XIV. The honour which one of his biographers, M. de Malan, challenges for him, of being the very earliest of those who have addressed themselves to this difficult subject in the spirit of philanthropy and wisdom, is strictly his due. To the enlightened reformer of prisons may be cheerfully forgiven his sacred osteology, and even his defence of the Holy Tear of Vendôme. Though in bondage to the prejudices of his own age, he was able to break through the bonds which have shackled so many powerful minds, in later and more enlightened times.

In the midst of these and similar employments, Mabillon had

reached his sixty-second year, but the great project of his life was still unfinished and unattempted. In the belief that the end of his days was drawing near, he desired to consecrate them to a devout preparation for death. But being roused to the task by the instances of Renaudôt and Baluze, and his affectionate pupil Ruinart, he engaged, with all the ardour of youth, in collecting materials for his long-meditated history of the Benedictine Order. In studying and methodising the vast collections at his disposal, the aged scholar displayed, though without a shade of scepticism, an acuteness which the subtlest sceptic might have envied, and, without a tinge of philosophy, a luminousness of mind worthy of the most illustrious philosopher.

At that period the more ardent sons of the Church regarded her as no less infallible when she asserted historical facts, than when she proclaimed dogmatic truths. On the other hand, the Centuriators of Magdeburgh, Du Pin, Richard Simon, and even the great Arnould, had presumed to interrogate ecclesiastical traditions, and to controvert the authority of popes and synods, fathers and saints, whenever it touched on topics beyond the articles of the Christian faith. This audacious freedom was rebuked by the contemptuous and withering eloquence of Bossuet; and Mabillon presented himself as the great living model of an historian, employing the most profound and varied knowledge, under the severe restraints of this intellectual docility. By day and by night he laboured, during the last fourteen years of his life, on the annals of his Order; without so much as a solitary departure from the implicit submission which he yielded to the Church, as to all matters of fact attested either by her own authoritative voice, or by the decision of her accredited doctors. The result was, that, instead of a history of what had actually occurred, he produced a chronicle, from which it may be learnt what are the occurrences, the belief of which the Church has sanctioned, or has silently left to the investigation of her obedient annalists.

It is, however, a book which irresistible evidence establishes, and which without such evidence could not be believed, to be the work of a single man between his sixty-second and seventy-sixth years. It comprises a biography of the Benedictine saints in a form more compendious than that of his *Acta Sanctorum*. It contains an account of every other illustrious member of the Order. It includes a careful review of every book written by any eminent Benedictine author. All the grants and charters under which the property and privileges of their monasteries were held, are recapitulated and abridged in it. Finally, it

embraces a description of all their sepulchral and other ancient monuments.

Five folio volumes of this vast compilation were finished, and the last was about to appear, when the life and labours of Mabillon were brought to a painful and a sudden, though not an immature termination. Ruinart meditated, though in vain, the completion of the work. He lifted (perhaps unwisely) the veil which would otherwise have concealed the last fearful agonies of its great author. He has, however, shown, with the most artless and genuine pathos, how the tortures of the body were soothed and dignified by the faith, the hope, and the serenity of soul of the sufferer. With no domestic ties and no worldly ambition to bind him to earth, and with no anxious forebodings to overcast the prospect before him, he entertained the last enemy as a messenger of good tidings, and a herald of approaching joy and freedom; and then breathed out his spirit in an unhesitating affiance on Him, whom, beneath the shade of many superstitions and the burthen of many errors, he had loved and trusted, and obeyed from childhood to the grave.

Mabillon was a perfect model of monastic perfection; and however much inferior the produce of the conservatory may be to those hardier plants which germinate amidst the frosts and the scorchings of the unsheltered day, yet they have a value and a delicacy peculiarly their own. He had quitted the world without a sigh, and probably never breathed a sigh to return to it. If compelled to revisit and to tread the highways of mankind, he would have resembled the lifelong prisoner of an aviary, driven out to the bleak uplands for shelter. Meekly bowing his head to 'Holy Obedience,' he yielded himself without reluctance, to be moulded into whatever form the 'Genius of the place' might prescribe. Nor was this a painful sacrifice. The graces of the cloister, — docility, devotion, and self-discipline, — were his by an autenatal predestination. Mabillon lived and died in an uninterrupted subjection to positive laws and forms of man's devising. Even in his interior life, rule and habit exercised an inflexible dominion over him. He worshipped indeed with fervent piety; but with such a mechanical exactness of ceremonial, time, and place, as might seem, to a careless self-observer, fatal to the life of spiritual exercises. To his daily routine of divine offices were added other forms of private worship, scarcely less immutable; of which some were appropriate to his entrance on any literary work, — some to the arrival of the first proof sheet from the press, — and some to the commencement of the studies of each succeeding day.

To this constitutional and acquired acquiescence in the will

of his superiors and the rules of his convent, was added, the most profound lowliness of spirit. 'Permit me, Sire,' said Le Tellier, the archbishop of Rheims, to Louis XIV., 'to present to your Majesty Dom Mabillon, the most learned man in your Majesty's dominions.' 'Sire,' rejoined Bossuet, who stood by, 'the archbishop might also have said the most humble man in France.' It is supposed that the plumage of the eagle of Meaux was not a little ruffled by the superlative adjective which derogated from his own claims to the first place among men of learning. But the applauses both of the archbishop and of the bishop, in whatever temper given, were perfectly just. The proofs of Mabillon's learning are, at this moment, among the noblest monuments of the age of Louis XIV. The proofs which his eulogists adduce of his humility have not been very judiciously selected.

A humble man is one who, thinking of himself neither more highly nor more lowly than he ought to think, passes a true judgment on his own character. But the great Benedictine neither entertained nor suggested a truth, when among titled men, and learned men, and superficial pretenders to knowledge; he bore himself as if he had been undeserving of their notice, and unworthy to communicate with them on equal terms. There is no genuine self-abasement apart from a lofty conception of our own destiny, powers, and responsibilities; and one of the most excellent of human virtues is but poorly expressed by an abject carriage. Torpid passions, a languid temperament, and a feeble nature, may easily produce that false imitation of humility; which, however, in its genuine state, will ever impart elevation to the soul and dignity to the demeanour. This part of Mabillon's portrait has been ill drawn; because the artists drew rather from a false image in their own minds, than from the great original.

In the conventual merit of bodily self-discipline, so far as it could be reconciled with his studious habits, Mabillon was emulous of the Trappists. His food, sleep, clothing, warmth, social intercourse, and other personal gratifications, were measured by the indispensable exigencies of nature; and his admirers describe his austere mortifications of the flesh with the fond delight of a Hindoo recounting his sacred legends of the spontaneous endurance of more than human sufferings. 'Holy Obedience' dictated to her favourite child abasements and self-denials, which it is difficult to reconcile with decorum or with sincerity. If she had been wise, she would have summoned him to the nobler office of asserting that intellectual rank, and those claims to the reverence of mankind, which, like all the other

good gifts of Providence, are designed for noble uses by the wise and gracious Author of them all.

Although the virtues of the convent, even in the person of Mabillon, excite but a reluctant admiration, and a still colder sympathy, yet his simple tastes, his devout spirit, and his affectionate nature, would, under a more genial discipline, have rendered his character as lovely, as his diligence, his critical sagacity, and the extent of his knowledge, were wonderful. For, soaring, in these respects, immeasurably above vulgar ascetics, he obeyed to the letter the command of his great patriarch Benedict, and devoted every moment of his life to some useful and energetic occupation.

In these pursuits Mabillon was not merely an indefatigable student, but a laborious traveller. In his time the treasures of which he was insatiably covetous, were not accumulated in the Royal Library of Paris, but dispersed in the conventual, episcopal, and other public archives of France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy. The journeys necessary for examining them had all the terrors of an exploration of the Nile, to one whom (all Frenchman as he was) not even the enchanted gardens and terraces of Versailles had, during a period of twenty years, been able to seduce, for a single morning, from his seclusion at St. Germain des Près. But what antiquarian worthy of the name would be arrested by the Loire, the Meuse, the Rhine, or the Alps, when beyond these distant barriers a whole harem of virgin manuscripts wooed his embrace, glowing, like so many hours, with immortal youth, and rich in charms which increased with each revolving century? Sometimes alone, but more commonly attended by a Benedictine brother, he accomplished several *Capitulary* or *Diplomatic* tours through Flanders, Burgundy, Switzerland, the south of Germany, and the whole of the Italian peninsula. The earlier of those expeditions were made on foot, at the cost of his Order; the later with the equipages becoming an agent of the Grand Monarque, employed by Colbert to collect or to transcribe manuscripts for his royal master. The results of these expeditions were various learned itineraries (such as his '*Iter Burgundicum*' and his '*Museum Italicum*'), and a prodigious accession to the wealth of the royal library. His services were rewarded by Louis with a seat in the Academy of Belles Lettres and Inscriptions. But the whole republic of letters united to confer on the learned traveller honours far exceeding any at the disposal of the greatest of the kings of the earth.

His journeys, especially his Italian journey, resembled royal progresses rather than the unostentatious movements of a humble

monk. Monasteries contended for the honour of entertaining him as their guest. Fêtes celebrated his arrival in the greater cities of Italy. His society and correspondence were courted by the learned, the great, and the fair. The Pope, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Cardinals, and Queen Christina, vied in rendering courtesies to their illustrious visitor. At the Catacombs, at Loretto, at Clairvaux, and, above all, at Monte Casino, the devout assembled to witness and to partake of his devotions. All libraries flew open at his approach; nor did the revolutionary *scavans* of France traverse the same regions, or examine the same repositories, with an authority comparable to that of the poor Benedictine, as he moved from one Italian state to another, — powerless except in the lustre of his reputation, the singleness of heart with which he pursued his object, and the love with which he was regarded by all his associates.

In M. Valéry's three volumes will be found an ample and curious diary of Mabillon's Italian expedition. He commenced it on the 1st of April, 1685, having selected as his companion Dom Michel Germain, another member of the congregation of St. Maur. Germain had himself written some essays on monastic history; but his chief title to literary honours was derived from his having ministered to the production of the '*Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*,' and of the treatise '*De Re Diplomaticâ*.'

The travellers had engaged to maintain a correspondence with four of their monastic associates. One of these was the faithful and affectionate Ruinart, of whom we already know something. Placide Porcheron, the next, seems to have been a member of the Dryasdust family, so celebrated by Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle; his two great performances being a commentary on an obscure geographical book of the 7th century, and notes on a treatise on Education written by Basil the Macedonian, who, two hundred years later, had been Emperor of the Greeks. Claude Bretagne, the third of the Committee of Correspondence at Paris, was the author of some devotional works, but was more eminent as the intimate friend of Nicole, and as a companion of infinite grace and wit, and of the most captivating discourse. The last, Charles Bulteau, was not a monk, but '*Doyen des Secrétares du Roi*,' and was famous for having, in that capacity, vindicated, with great learning, the supremacy of the King of France over the sovereigns of the Spanish monarchies.

When devout men, profound scholars, or still more profound antiquaries, engage in a prolonged epistolary intercourse, the reader is not without preconceptions of the mental aliment

awaiting him. He has probably gone through some volumes in which Protestant divines interchange their religious experiences. The style in which Salmasius, Budæus, and Scaliger entertained their friends is not wholly unknown to him; and how the Spelmans of old, and the Whitakers of recent times, wrote their letters, may be learnt at the expense of a transient fatigue. But let no one address himself to M. Valery's volumes, with the hope or the fear of being involved in any topics more sacred, more crabbed, or more antiquated than befits an easy chair, a winter's evening, and a fireside. Reading more pleasant, or of easier digestion, is hardly to be met with in the Parisian epistles of Grimm, Diderot, or La Harpe.

Our pilgrims first take up the pen at Venice. They had ransacked the Ambrosian Library, examined the Temple of Venus at Brescia, admired the amphitheatre at Verona, and visited the monastery of their order at Vicenza; though, observes Germain, 'Ni là ni ailleurs, nos moines ne nous ont pas fait goûter de leur vin.' Some gentlemen of the city having conducted them over it, 'On ne saurait,' adds he, 'faire attention sur le mérite et les manières honnêtes de ces messieurs, sans réfléchir sur nos moines et admirer leur insensibilité. Aussi n'étudient ils pas; ils disent matins avant souper; ils mangent gras; portent du linge, pour ne rien dire du *peculium*, et de leur sortie seuls.' In short, there is already peeping out, from behind our good Germain's cowl, one of those Parisian countenances on the quick movable lines of which flashes of subacid merriment are continually playing.

On reaching Florence, the migratory antiquarians form a new acquaintance, alike singular and useful, in the person of Magliabechi, the librarian of the Grand Duke. Another man at once so book-learned, so dirty, and so ill-favoured, could not have been found in the whole of Christendom. The Medicæan Library was his study, his refectory, and his dormitory; though, except in the depth of winter, he saved the time of dressing and undressing, by sleeping in his clothes and on his chair; his bed serving the while as an auxiliary book-stand. Fruit and salads were his fare; and when sometimes an anchovy was served up with them, the worthy librarian, in an absent mood, would not unfrequently mistake, and use it for sealing-wax. Partly from want of time, and partly from the consciousness that an accurate likeness of him would be a caricature on humanity at large, he would never allow his portrait to be taken; though what the pencil was not permitted to do, the pens of his acquaintance have so attempted, that he would have judged better in allowing the painter to do his worst. Michel Germain describes him, as

‘Varillas multiplied by three.’ Now Menage tells us that happening once to say that every man was hit off by some passage or other in Martial, and having been challenged to prove it with respect to Varillas, he immediately quoted ‘*Dimidiasque nates Gallica palla tegit.*’ Short indeed, then, must have been the skirts of Magliabechi, according to Germain’s arithmetic.

His bibliographical appetite and digestion formed, however, a psychological phenomenon absolutely prodigious. Mabillon called him ‘*Museum inambulans, et viva quedam bibliotheca.*’ Father Finardi, with greater felicity, said of him, ‘*Is unus bibliotheca magna,*’ that being the anagram of his Latinized name Antonius Magliabechius.

Having established a correspondence with this most learned savage, the Benedictines proceeded to Rome, where they were welcomed by Claude Estiennot, the procurator of their Order at the Papal court. He also devoted his pen to their entertainment. Light labour for such a pen! Within eleven years he had collected and transcribed forty-five bulky folios, at the various libraries of his society in the several dioceses of France, adding to them, says Dom Le Cerf, ‘*réflexions très sensées et judicieuses;*’ a praise which probably no other mortal was ever able to gainsay or to affirm.

Germain found Rome agitated with the affair of the Quietists. His account of the dispute is rather facetious than theological. Just then a Spaniard had been sent to the gallies, and a priest to the gallows; the first for talking, the second for writing scandals, while the great Quietist Molinos was in the custody of the Inquisition. Marforio, says Germain, is asked by Pasquin why are you leaving Rome, and answers ‘*Chi parla è mandato in galera; chi scrive è impiccato; chi sta quieto va al sant’ officio.*’ Marforio had good cause for his hurry; for the scandal which (as Germain pleasantly has it) ‘broke the priest’s neck’ was merely his having said that ‘the mare had knocked the snail out of its shell;’ in allusion to the fact of the pope’s having been forced out of his darling seclusion and repose, to be present at a certain festival, at which a mare or palfrey was also an indispensable attendant. ‘The rogues continue to repeat the jest notwithstanding,’ observes the reverend looker on.

He gathered other pleasant stories, at the expense of his holiness, and these heretical aspirants after a devotional repose of the soul. Some of them are not quite manageable in our more fastidious times, without the aid of a thicker veil than he chose to employ. For example, he tells of a Quietist bishop who, to escape an imaginary pursuit of the police, scaled the roof of his mansion in his night-dress, and so, running along the tops of the

adjacent houses, unluckily made his descent through one of them into which he could not have entered, even in full canonicals and in broad day, without a grievous damage to his reputation. Then follows a fine buffo catastrophe, and when (says Germain) 'the whole reaches the ears of Nostro Signore, the holy man has a good laugh and orders the bishop to quit Rome without delay.' Yet Germain himself breaks out into hot resentment against 'the wretched and abandoned Molinos,' and proposes to Magliabechi (in seeming seriousness) to arrest the progress of the evil, by publishing a manuscript discovered in their Italian tour, from which it would appear that the bones of a wicked Bohemian lady, of the name of Guillemine, who, three centuries ago, propagated nearly the same enormities, were at length taken, with public execration, out of her grave, and scattered to the winds.

Molinos, however, was strong in the protection of Christina, who then dwelt at Rome. Her abandonment of the faith of her illustrious father, was accepted there, not only as a cover for a multitude of sins, but as an apology for the assumption of an independent authority beneath the very shadow of the Vatican. Mabillon, accompanied by Germain, presented to her his book 'De Liturgiâ Gallicanâ,' in which, to her exceeding discontent, she found herself described as 'Serenissima.' 'My name,' she exclaimed, 'is Christina. That is eulogy enough. Never again call me, and admonish your Parisians never to call me, Serenissima.' Germain left her with the fullest conviction that the epithet was altogether out of place; but 'after all,' he says, 'she gave us free access to her library, — the best thing she could do for us.' So great were her privileges, or such the weakness of the lazy Innocent XI., that, as we learn from these letters, an offender on his way to prison, having laid hold on the bars of one of her windows as a sanctuary, was violently rescued by her servants, whereupon they were tried and sentenced to be hanged. Christina wrote to the judge to inform him, that if her servants died any other than a natural death, *they should not die alone*. The judge complained to the pope; but his holiness laughed at the affair, and terminated it by sending her Majesty a peace-offering, which she contemptuously handed over to the complainant.

Germain looked upon the religious observances of Rome with the eye of a French encyclopediste. He declares that the Romans burn before the Madonna and in their Churches, more oil than the Parisians both burn and swallow. 'Long live St. Anthony!' he exclaims, as he describes the horses, asses, and mules, all going, on the saint's festival, to be sprinkled with holy water and to receive the benediction of a reverend father. 'All

'would go to ruin, say the Romans, if this act of piety were omitted. So nobody escapes paying toll on this occasion, not *Nostro Signore himself*.' Then follows an account of a procession to St. Peter's on the reception of certain new converts, which is compressed into a single paragraph purposely long, intricate, and obscure; 'a sentence,' says Germain, 'which I have drawn out to this length to imitate the ceremony itself.' Soon after we meet him at the cemetery of Pontianus, 'where,' he observes, with all the mock gravity of Bayle, 'there lie 50,263 martyrs, without counting the women and children. Each of us was allowed to carry off one of these holy bodies. That which fell to my share had been too big for the hole in which it was found. I had infinite trouble in disinterring it, for it was quite wet, and the holy bones were all squeezed and jammed together. I am still knocked up with the labour.'

The pope himself fares no better than the ceremonies and relics of his church. 'If I should attempt,' he says, 'to give you an exact account of the health of his holiness, I must begin with Ovid, "*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas.*" At ten he is sick, at fifteen well again, at eighteen eating as much as four men, at twenty-four dropsical. They say he has vowed never to leave his room. If so, M. Struse declares that he can never get a dispensation, not even from himself, as his confinement will be, *de jure divino*. The unpleasant part of the affair is, that they say he has given up all thoughts of creating new cardinals, forgetting in his restored health the scruples he felt when sick; like other great sinners.'

Indolent and hypochondriacal as he was, Innocent XI. had signalised himself, not only by the virtues which Burnet ascribes to him in his travels, but by two remarkable edicts. One of them, which could not be decorously quoted, regulated the appearance on the stage of certain classes of singers; the other, (under the penalties of six days' excommunication, and of incapacity for absolution, even in the article of death, save from the pope himself,) commanded all ladies to wear up to their chins, and down to their wrists, draperies *not* transparent. 'The Queen of Spain,' says our facetious Benedictine, 'immediately had a new dress made, and sent it to her nuncio at Rome, to ascertain whether it tallied exactly with the ordinance, for' he continues (the inference is not very clear), 'one must allow that Spanish ladies have not as much delicacy as our own.'

He has another story for the exhilaration of St. Germain des Près, at the expense of both pope and cardinals. A party of the sacred college were astounded, after dinner, by the appearance of an austere capuchin, who, as an unexpected addition

to their dessert, rebuked their indolence and luxury, and their talkativeness even during High Mass. Then, passing onwards to an inner chamber, the preacher addressed his holiness himself, on the sin of an inordinate solicitude about health—no inappropriate theme; for he was lying in the centre of four fires, and beneath the load of seven coverlets, having recently sustained a surgical operation; on which Germain remarks, that if it had taken place in summer, ‘it would have been all-up with the holy man.’

The Jesuits of course take their turn. At the table of the Cardinal Estrées, Mabillon and Germain meet the Father Couplet, who had passed thirty years in China. ‘I do not know,’ says Germain, ‘whether he was mandarin and mathematical apostle at the same time; but he told us that one of his brethren was so eminent an astrologer as to have been created a mandarin of the third class. He said that another of them was raising himself by contemplation to the third heaven, before actually going there. I have my doubts about his success. However, Father Couplet told us that he had a very numerous *Chretienité*. “My *Chretienité*,” he frequently said, “consists of more than 30,000 souls.” Do you believe his story, that there are forty millions of inhabitants in Pekin, and from two to three hundred millions in China at large? I do not.’

This keen observer is not silent on the cold reception at Rome of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The claims of Louis XIV. on behalf of the Gallican Church had abated much of the enthusiasm with which the measure would otherwise have been hailed. ‘Well,’ observes Germain (one can see the rising of his shoulders as he writes), ‘a hundred years ago they took a very different tone about the Huguenots. They not only offered public thanksgiving on their massacre by Charles IX., but hung the walls of the royal hall in the Vatican with pictures of the murder of Coligny and of the butcheries of St. Bartholomew. They still form its chief ornaments.’

Even when accompanying Mabillon on a pilgrimage to the cradle of their Order at Monte Casino, Germain looks about him with the same esprit fort. ‘At the foot of the mountain,’ he says, ‘we found an inn, where we learned to fast, as we got nothing but some cabbages which I could not eat, some nuts, and one apple for our supper. Then we paid thirty francs for a wretched bed, which we divided between us, in the midst of bugs and fleas.’ On the next day they luckily fell in with the vicar-general of the Barnabites, a Frenchman, from whom (he says) ‘we got some cheese and preserves, and, finally,

‘ a glass of Lachryma ; as he told us, to strengthen the stomach.
‘ Reaching at length the mansion of the abbé of Monte Casino,
‘ he made a fête for us, and bore witness to our excellent
‘ appetites.’

Mabillon’s devotion at the tomb of his patriarch is described as deep, fervent, and protracted. Germain sends to their friend Porcheron a picturesque account of the dress and aspect of the monks, an enthusiastic description of the library, a very pretty sketch of the adjacent country, with a graphic representation of the church and the ceremonial observed in it ; and promises his correspondent ‘ to say a mass for him at the foot of Benedict’s ‘ tomb.’ With the exception of that assurance (whether grave or gay it is not easy to determine), the whole letter might have been written by Miss Martineau, and would have done no discredit even to her powers of converting her readers into her fellow travellers.

Such of the letters comprised in this collection as are written by Mabillon himself, relate exclusively to the duties of his mission ; and are grave and simple, though perhaps too elaborately courteous. In the last volume are some contributions from Quesnel, whose singular fate it is to have been censured by the Pope, Clement XI., and eulogised by De Rancé the Trappist, by La Chaise the Jesuit, by Voltaire the Wit, and by Cousin the Philosopher. The pleasantries of Michel Germain and the freedoms of Estiennot are far from being the best things in M. Valéry’s book. We have selected them rather as being the most apposite to our immediate purpose.

In this correspondence three of the most eminent of the congregation of St. Maur transmit from Italy such intelligence and remarks as appear to them best adapted to interest other three of the most eminent of their brotherhood at Paris. If the table-talk of the refectory at St. Germain des Près was of the same general character, the monks there had no better title to the praise of an ascetic social intercourse, than the students or the barristers in the halls of Christ Church, or of Lincoln’s Inn. It would be difficult to suppose an appetite for gossip more keen, or more luxuriously gratified.

The writers and the receivers of these letters were all men devoted by the most sacred vows to the duties of the Christian priesthood ; yet in a confidential epistolary intercourse, extending through eighteen successive months, no one of them utters a sentiment, or discusses a question, from which it could be gathered that he sustained any religious office, or seriously entertained any religious belief whatever. It may be that our Protestant divines occasionally transgress the limits within

which modesty should confine the disclosure, even to the most intimate friends, of the interior movements of a devout spirit. But all hail to our Doddridges and Howes, to our Venns and Newtons! whose familiar letters, if sometimes chargeable with a failure in that graceful reserve, yet always glow with a holy unction, and can at least never be charged with the frigid indifference which these learned Benedictines exhibit on the subjects to which they had all most solemnly devoted their talents and their lives.

Visiting, for the first time, the places which they regard as the centre of Christian unity, as the seat of apostolic dominion, as the temple towards which all the churches of the earth should worship, as the ever salient fountain of truth, and as the abode of him who impersonates to his brother men the Divine Redeemer of mankind, not a solitary word of awe or of tenderness falls from their pens—not a fold of those dark tunics is heaved by any throb of grateful remembrance or of exulting hope. They could not have traversed Moscow or Amsterdam with a more imperturbable phlegm; nor have sauntered along the banks of the Seine or the courts of the Louvre in a temper more perfectly debonnaire.

Protestant zeal may be sometimes rude, bitter, and contumelious in denouncing Roman Catholic superstitions. It is a fault to be sternly rebuked. But how adequately censure these reverend members of that communion, who, without one passing sigh, or one indignant phrase, depict the shameful abuses of the holiest offices of their Church, with cold sarcasms and heartless unconcern.

Rome combated her Protestant antagonists by the aid of the Jesuits in the world, and of the Benedictines in the closet. Yet to those alliances she owes much of the silent revolt against her authority which has characterised the last hundred years; and of which the progress is daily becoming more apparent. The Jesuits involved her in their own too well merited disesteem. The Benedictines have armed the philosophy both of France and Germany with some of the keenest weapons by which she has been assailed. It was an ill day for the papacy, when the congregation of St. Maur, at the instance of Benard, called the attention of their fellow countrymen to the mediæval history of the Church, and invited the most enlightened generation of men whom Europe had ever seen, to study and believe a mass of fables of which the most audacious Grecian mythologist would have been ashamed, and at which the credulity of a whole college of augurs would have staggered.

It was but a too prolific soil on which this seed was scattered.

At the moment when, in the integrity of his heart, Mabillon was propagating these legends, the walls of his monastery were often passed by a youth, whose falcon eye illuminated with ceaseless change one of the most expressive countenances in which the human soul had ever found a mirror. If the venerable old man had foreseen how that eye would one day traverse his Benedictine annals, in a too successful search for the materials of the most overwhelming ridicule of all which he held holy, he would cheerfully have consigned his unfinished volumes, and with them his own honoured name, to oblivion. Not so would Michel Germain, Claude Estiennot, and the brethren for whose amusement they wrote, have contemplated, if they could have foreknown, the approaching career of the young Alouet. Though they clung to the Church of Rome with all the ardour of partisans, and though their attachment to her was probably sincere, their convictions must have been faint, unripe, and wavering. The mists of doubt, though insufficient to deprive them of their faith in Christianity, had struck a damp and abiding chill into their hearts. If they had lived long enough to know the patriarch of Ferney, they would have been conscious of the close affinity between his spirit and their own.

How could it have been otherwise? From disinterring legends and traditions revolting to their hearts and understandings, they passed to Rome, there to disinter foul masses of holy bones, to contemplate sacred processions of mules and asses, to find a corpulent self-indulgent valetudinarian sustaining the character of the vicar of Christ, and to discover that the basest motives of worldly interest dictated to the papal court the decisions for which they dared to claim a divine impulse and a divine infallibility. From such follies and such pretensions these learned persons turned away with immeasurable contempt. The freedom of thought which unveiled to them these frauds, left them disgusted with error, but did not carry them forward to the pursuit of truth. Without the imbecility to respect such extravagances, they were also without the courage to denounce and repudiate them. Their superior light taught them to expose and ridicule religious error;—it did not teach them to embrace unwelcome truth. In that book which is ‘the religion of Protestants,’ they might have read that ‘the light is the life of men,’—that is, of men who obey and follow its guidance. There also they might have learned that ‘the light which is in us may be darkness,’—that is, may at once illuminate the inquisitive intellect, and darken the insensible heart. The letters which they have bequeathed to us, interesting as they are in other respects, afford melancholy proof how deeply the

younger Benedictines of the congregation of St. Maur were already imbued with the spirit of that disastrous philosophy, which was destined, before the lapse of another century, to subvert the ancient institutions of their native land, and, with them, the venerable fabric of their own illustrious Order.

ART. II.—1. *The Patent Journal.* Nos. 1.—100. London: 1846–7–8.

2. *The Mechanic's Magazine.* Vols. XLVII. and XLVIII. London: 1846–7–8.

PROSAIC and business-like as the contents of these volumes appear, there are perhaps few works that would be found upon examination to contain more of the elements of tragedy. Not the 'rejected addresses' of suitors for royal favours—not the scrolls which despairing lovers hung in the temple of Leucadia before they took the all-curing leap—could exhibit a more melancholy record of profitless labours and disappointed hopes! And to arrive at this conclusion, there is little need to inquire into the subsequent history of the inventions, or the inventors. The simple perusal of their own specifications, aided by a very moderate degree of scientific knowledge, will suffice to prove that, nine times out of ten, all the labour and expense that have been lavished upon the production of these cunningly devised engines could result in nothing but total failure. Nor do the inventors appear to profit by example. In spite of the abundant warnings held out to them in the fate of their predecessors, they persist in adopting the same inefficient means, the same defective constructions; or in hopeless attempts to extort from some natural agent the performance of tasks for which it is manifestly unfitted. Nay, the identical mechanism, that has broken down a dozen times in other hands, is once more made the subject of new patents, by men who are not only ignorant of the simple scientific principles which would have taught them their folly, but who do not know the fact that the selfsame ideas have long since been worked out, and abandoned as impracticable. Without skill to shape their own course, they cannot perceive the scattered debris that might warn them of impending shipwreck. Is it credible that ingenious men, who have seen or heard of the suspension tunnel, and the electric telegraph, should still waste years in a search for the perpetual motion? Yet such is the fact; and one such machine, at least, may even now be seen in London, by those who have more faith than knowledge, pursuing its eternal revolutions.

In the majority of instances, we apprehend that these inventors are but little acquainted with the practical details of the branches of art or manufacture whereon they exercise their ingenuity. They attempt to do better than other men, things which they do not know how to do at all. And if, perchance, some remark be hazarded as to their want of experience, they consider it sufficient to reply, that Arkwright was a barber, and Cartwright a clergyman; that Sir William Herschel taught music before he became the celebrated astronomer; and Sir Michael Faraday passed the earlier years of life in practising the handicraft art of bookbinding.

Considering that the state of the law renders the privilege of a patent both expensive* and difficult of attainment, and that the whole cost, in addition to that required for completing the invention, must be incurred before any benefit can possibly be derived;—it becomes an inquiry of some interest to trace the motives that lead men, many of whom are sufficiently needy and busy already, to embark upon enterprises so hopeless. One chief cause may, perhaps, be detected in that propensity to gambling which is unfortunately so prevalent in every stage of civilisation. In literature, as in manufactures—among members of the learned, the military, and even the clerical professions, as among mechanical inventors and merchant adventurers,—the rewards of industry are divided into great prizes, and blanks. Success admits the aspirant within the dazzling circles of wealth and fame; failure condemns him to oblivion, and too often to penury. Whatever may be the effect upon individuals—and to him who has aimed high, even failure is not without its consolations—there can be little doubt, that in a national point of view the results are advantageous. The general standard of excellence is raised. When more men ‘dare greatly,’ more will achieve greatly. A larger amount of talent is allured to engage in active careers, and to endure in patience their inevitable fatigues and disappointments; while from time to time, discoveries and works of magnificent novelty and utility are contributed as additions to the stores of national wealth.

Projectors, since the days of Laputa and long before, have provoked the ridicule of the wits. It was not till Adam Smith had added the gravity of his censure, that Bentham, writing from

* In England, the first expense of a patent for the three kingdoms is 345*l.* in fees alone, which must be paid beforehand. In France, every article that is *breveté* pays an annual sum for the privilege as long as it lasts.

Crichoff in White Russia, and full of fellow-feeling for them, interposed in their behalf in a letter of remonstrance, the justice of which Adam Smith admitted. In proof of their national importance (for Manchester was then but in its cradle), Bentham relied on Adam Smith's own examples: 'Birmingham and Sheffield (he replies) are pitched upon by you as examples, the one of a projecting town, the other of an unprojecting one. Can you forgive my saying, I rather wonder that this comparison of your own choosing did not suggest some suspicions of the justice of the conceptions you had taken up to the disadvantage of projectors. Sheffield is an old oak, Birmingham but a mushroom. What if we should find the mushroom still vaster and more vigorous than the oak?*' Not but the one as well as the other, at what time soever planted, must equally have been planted by projectors: for though Tubal Cain himself were to be brought post from Armenia to plant Sheffield, Tubal Cain himself was as arrant a projector in his day as even Sir Thomas Lombe was, or Bishop Blaise.'

The earnestness with which he returned to the subject in his 'Manual of Political Economy,'† shows the value which he attached to it. 'As the world advances, the snares, the traps, the pitfalls, which inexperience has found in the path of inventive industry, will be filled up by the fortunes and the minds of those who have fallen into them and been ruined. In this, as in every other career, the ages gone by have been the forlorn hope, which has received for those who followed them the blows of fortune. There is not one reason for hoping less well of future projects than of those which are passed, but here *is one* for hoping better. Nothing would more contribute to the preliminary separation of useless from useful projects, and to secure the labourers in the hazardous routes of invention from failure, than a good treatise upon projects in general. It would form a suitable appendix to the judicious and philosophical work of the Abbé Condillac upon systems. What this is in matters of theory, the other would be in matters of practice. The execution of such a work might be promoted by the proposal of a liberal reward for the most instructive work of this kind.

* The present state of Sheffield is a painful answer to Bentham's question. We read (*Dec.* 1848) in the *Sheffield Times*, 'What is to become of Sheffield? The introduction of a new trade alone will save us.'

† First edited from Bentham's MS. in the third volume of his works, printed at Edinburgh, 1843.

‘ A survey might be made of the different branches of human knowledge ; and what each presents as most remarkable in this respect might be brought to view. Chemistry has its philosopher’s stone ; medicine its universal panacea ; mechanics its perpetual motion ; politics, and particularly that part which regards finance, its method of liquidating, without funds and without injustice, national debts. Under each head of error, the insuperable obstacles presented by the nature of things to the success of any such scheme, and the illusions, which may operate upon the human mind to hide the obstacles, or to nourish the expectation of seeing them surmounted, might be pointed out. Above all, dishonest projectors, impostors of every kind, ought to be depicted : the qualities of mind and character, which they possess in common, should be described. But throughout the whole work, that tone of malignity which seems to triumph in the disgraces of genius, and which seeks to envelope wise, useful, and successful projects in the contempt and ridicule with which useless and rash projects are justly covered, should be guarded against. Such is the character, for example, of the works of the splenetic Swift. Under the pretence of ridiculing projectors, he seeks to deliver up to the contempt of the ignorant, the sciences themselves. They were hateful in his eyes on two accounts : the one, because he was unacquainted with them ; the other, because they were the work, and the glorious work, of that race which he hated ever since he had lost the hope of governing part of it.’

Abstract science, until within a comparatively recent period, was the almost exclusive occupation of all men claiming to rank among the ‘sect of the philosophers.’ With the brilliant personal exception of Watt, they appear to have considered it beneath their dignity to carry out their learned theories into any practical or profitable employment. Great mechanical ingenuity they no doubt displayed ; but it was devoted to the construction of instruments adapted to scientific research, some of which, it is true, have since been found of utility to the general public. A few investigations were diligently prosecuted which promised to be of national benefit, such as those relating to the longitude, chronometers, and the lunar theory ; but they were entertained rather as favourite scientific puzzles, inherited from past generations, than as problems whose solution would prove a vast commercial good. Davy’s safety lamp was almost an exception, at the time it appeared : and people wondered to hear that Herschel had made anything in the vulgar way of money by his telescopes, or Wollaston by his platinum. ‘ Their

'bays are sere, their former laurels fade,' is the sentence pronounced by Byron upon the poets, — but it was recorded also at that period against all labourers in the field of intellect, — who might 'descend to trade.' Byron can have little thought that it should appear in the posthumous edition of his works, that he lived to receive for copyright from Mr. Murray 23,540*l*.

The tendencies of the present age are, perhaps, too much the reverse of this; and have become too exclusively practical. In science, as in politics, it may be an empty pedantry to recur too constantly to first principles; but it is worse than pedantry to attempt to do without them. Yet this attempt is made every day by persons who will not undertake, or cannot appreciate, the incessant labour by which the pioneer of discovery must consolidate his progress. When men of science hardly dare to assert their comprehension of the elementary principles of some novel theory, the inventor rushes in with his prospectus and patent, to turn it to account. As a matter of course, failure and loss are the result; and science itself will sometimes share the inevitable discredit, or the calm philosopher may be turned away from the investigation, which only he can follow duly, by the atmosphere of fallacy, — or, to use a plain word, *humbug*, — that has been thrown around it. Before the very alphabet of the electro-magnetic action was accurately understood, contrivances were busily placarded whereby its agency was to supersede the steam engine. Whatever truth there may be in the facts of Phrenology or the theories of Mesmerism, has been fatally obscured through the eager determination of empirics to 'work the idea' profitably. Those who have been disgusted with the puff, or pillaged by the charlatan, are not unlikely to pass upon the whole subject a hasty sentence of transportation beyond the pale of philosophical inquiry.

The 'curiosities of the Patent Rolls' would furnish materials for a copious chapter in some work devoted to an exhibition of the eccentricities of intellect. Even the titles affixed as labels to a multitude of inventions suggest very curious reflections. In the list of patents registered during a few months of 1846 and 47, given in the works mentioned at the head of this article, we find, along with a numerous family of contrivances for personal and household uses, one for an 'Anti-emergent Rat-trap;' others for 'improvements in bedsteads,' — in pianofortes, saddles, and penholders; for 'a new fastening for shutters;' or securing corks in bottles; and for 'certain improvements in the manufacture of spoons.' Articles of dress supply their quota. We have improvements in 'sewing and stitching;' 'a new mode of applying springs to braces;' improvements

in 'hats, caps, and bonnets;' an 'improved apparatus to be attached to boots and shoes in order to protect the wearer from splashes of mud in walking;' and a long list of inventions connected with the application of gutta serena.

The military and naval professions appear rather out of fashion. Nevertheless an improvement is registered 'in the manufacture of bayonets;' and another for 'warping and hauling vessels,' the inventor being designated Commander R. N. For the literary profession an improved ink has been invented by 'M. J. B. Reade, Clerk;' and a Birmingham merchant registers some 'new and improved instruments or machines for effecting or facilitating certain arithmetical computations or processes.' The medical profession is enriched by 'a new apparatus for the treatment of distortions of the spine;' improvements in 'artificial palates;' in the manufacture of epithems; 'the cutting of lozenges;' and 'a means or apparatus for administering certain matters to the lungs for medical or surgical purposes;' by which vague description it was intended to specify the instruments used in the inhalation of ether.

The arts follow naturally the professions; and we observe that the peculiar branch of art which owes so much to the genius of M. Soyer holds a deserved rank in the estimation of inventors. They have furnished us with improvements in 'the mode of making comfits,' of 'preserving fruit and vegetables,' of 'storing beer, ale, and porter:' with a 'new apparatus for hatching eggs;' and a 'collapsible tube for sauces,' made by 'placing a solid piece of tin upon a properly shaped matrix, when a rod of steel being forcibly impressed thereon a thin tube is formed. The sauces are enclosed in the tube and expelled by squeezing, so there is no waste or leakage and no air admitted to corrupt the purity of *goût*.' This invention, however ridiculous it may sound, has been found useful in other arts besides cooking; and has been adopted as a reservoir of colours for painters, and generally when it is required that substances should be preserved in a moist state and secured from atmospheric influence.

Inventions of grander aim are of course almost innumerable. Some are vaguely described as 'new modes of obtaining motive power;' others as rotary, locomotive, or marine engines. A large number refer to our staple manufactures; as, 'machines for spinning and weaving,' or for 'preparing, slubbing, and roving cotton and other fibrous substances.' We find one invention for 'aerial locomotion;' and several for 'making roads and ways.'

For the agriculturist there are machines for 'cutting, slicing,

‘or otherwise dividing, hay, straw, or turnips;’ several improvements in ‘tilling land;’ and one of very comprehensive character, for ‘certain carbonic compounds, formed of earth, vegetable, animal, and mineral rubbish, fecal substances, and waste of manufactories, and certain acids and alkalies, which compounds are applicable as manures.’

A few inventions are of American origin, and sufficiently characteristic. One is for improvements in finishing raw hide whips; one or two more for the manufacture of cigars; but the most curious of all is described as the ‘Patent Enunciator;’ being a substitute for the usual suit of bells in hotels.’ It consists of a highly ornamental rosewood frame, on which two hundred numbers are conspicuously arranged, each ordinarily marked by a sector card delicately hung on a pivot connected with the machinery. When any one of the two hundred pulls is started, a hammer strikes on a delicately toned bell,—and the figures of the corresponding number are unmasked, the vibration of the card continuing for some seconds to indicate the numbers last brought into view. The inventor, a Mr. Johnson of New York, was stated to have on hand more orders than he could supply.

It is a theory rather in favour with inventors, that many of the most brilliant discoveries have been made by accident; and indeed the examples are sufficiently well known, of apparently fortuitous occurrences giving birth to very wonderful realities. But if we could inquire more accurately, we should probably learn that the lucky accident had but set in motion a certain train of thought in an already prepared mind; while by far the majority of cases exhibit to us the new discovery elaborated by reiterated trials and improvements from its rude original. A word dropped in casual conversation suggested an idea to the mind of a clergyman (Cartwright) of practical and benevolent tendencies; which, under the influence of contradiction, became hot and strong enough to absorb all his energies for the production of a power loom. On the other hand, we hear of a practical manufacturer (Radeliffe) becoming convinced that it was possible and desirable to effect a certain operation by machinery instead of manual labour; and shutting himself up with workmen and tools for many months, until he emerged from his seclusion with a *warp dressing machine*, to testify to the success of their prolonged exertions.

Even the simplest looking contrivances require knowledge, especially mathematical knowledge, of no ordinary degree at every step. The mere calculation, for example, of the best *form* to be given to the teeth of wheels, which are intended to transmit

on reciprocally, requires a process of analysis beyond the competence of ninety-nine in the hundred even of educated men. In more primitive stages of the mechanical arts great nicety was not required. The cogs were then rudely notched in the peripheries of the wooden wheels by the saw or chisel. But now that more perfect workmanship is necessary, the mechanist must form the surfaces of the teeth into such a curve, that they shall roll instead of rubbing on one another, as they successively come in contact, and the friction and wear of material be thus reduced to a minimum. It is true that many of these calculations are already prepared and published in tabulated forms, and therefore the inventor is not called upon to calculate them for himself. But few can hope to become successful improvers, who are not at least competent to understand their nature, and able to determine the particular points of every new contrivance where such considerations become important.

But we fear that what is called the Inventive Faculty is a quality far more cheap and abundant, than the patience that can trace, or the understanding that can comprehend the delicate theorems which ought to guide the inventor, and can alone shield him from failure. Ambition too perpetually misleads him, and beguiles him into attempting the grandest achievements of science, with insufficient means and imperfect knowledge. Artists who could command a decent livelihood as sign painters, still heroically starve amid their unsaleable canvass daubed with pictures of the Historic order! Johnson has immortalised the folly of a man who announced himself to the occupants of an inn parlour, as the Great Twalmley, inventor of the new Floodgate Iron. But so innocent a vanity hardly deserved to be treated with so much contempt. Mr. Twalmley had, at all events, obtained success and fortune, to justify his self-conceit. Ridicule would far more justly be bestowed upon those half-informed mechanicians, who aspire to change the whole aspect of our national industry or our system of warfare, by the application of abilities which, at best, might be usefully devoted to domestic purposes, or the invention of instruments ranking with the Floodgate Iron.

Were it not that no exercise of tyranny would be more fiercely resented than any attempt to interfere with the true born Englishman's privilege to throw away his time and money at his own pleasure, we could suggest the appointment of certain boards of examiners, whose approval should be first secured before any invention, purporting to be novel, could be admitted to the expensive honours of a patent. We well know, however, how distasteful the suggestion would prove, and how jealously an

inventor would regard the opinion of any men competent to judge of the matter referred to them. A writer in the Patent Journal expresses upon this point only the prevailing sense of the public when he observes : —

‘ Hogarth said that he would allow all the world to be judges of his paintings, except members of his own profession : and, in general, scientific men would submit their ideas to the approval of all, with the exception of men of their own pursuits. No man is a prophet in his own country, and men of science are too often the least qualified to form an estimate of an invention in their own branch of knowledge. To submit a novelty for the approval of men accustomed to the routine and forms in present use, is oftentimes to ensure its rejection.’

The writer then proceeds, according to the invariable rule, to invoke the overworked shades of Harvey and Galileo as illustrations of his statement. A more popular suggestion has been made, that every patentee should be required to deposit in some public museum an accurate model or specimen of his invention ; which would thus prove highly useful as an ‘ object of interest and instruction to others, as well as by rendering more easy of determination any litigated question of priority. We should anticipate this further advantage from the plan, — the attempt to construct his model would often leave the inventor self-convicted of the inutility of his scheme and save him much disappointment. Even the preparation of an accurate drawing often has a salutary effect. Mr. Babbage relates that in the construction of his calculating machine, not one single portion of the works, although these were of extraordinary complication, required any alteration after it was once made, owing to the admirable care which had been bestowed upon the drawings.

It is not, however, solely with the view of saving a few inventors the pain of disappointment, that we would have the conditions and limits of practical attainment accurately traced out. Still less is it in the spirit of the ancient geographers, who drew the lines that marked the boundaries of their known world upon their maps, and then wrote ‘ *nil ultra* ’ outside them. For to us, who have learnt that the universe is inexhaustible, the time will never come when we shall believe, of any field of research, that there is nothing more to be discovered in it. But we conceive that to ascertain the precise nature and place of the obstacles which at present retard our advance, is the surest preliminary to any attempt at their removal. To know *where* the barrier lies, will instruct us also where lie the domains of richest promise, not yet rifled by discoverers. To know *what* it is, will guide us to the selection of those aids and appliances by which it is to be broken or overleapt. Dr. Hooke has remarked, that whenever in

his researches he found himself stopped by an apparently insurmountable difficulty, he was sure to be on the brink of a valuable discovery. In his day the world was so little explored, that its richest prizes might still be stumbled upon by mere chance. The philosopher upon his voyage of discovery, like Genseric upon his voyages of conquest, might abandon the helm and let his bark sail 'whithersoever the winds might carry her;' trusting that fortune would lead him within sight of some region wealthy and unknown, of which he could claim possession by the prior right of occupancy. But such happy casualties are now barely possible; the harvest has been too well gleaned for mere adventurers. Within the limits of the nearer horizon, science has left, in the words of the old feudal law, 'Nulle terre sans seigneur;'—but it must not be forgotten that she has at the same time afforded aid and means to furnish us forth for more distant enterprises. And we are enabled also to save ourselves the trouble of many a profitless voyage; for we have, by her help in several instances accomplished that most difficult task, whether in Law or Physics, of proving a *negative*. We may feel sure that nothing more is to be done—at least in certain directions—with our present means and instruments; as their range has been already ascertained and their powers tasked to the uttermost. On another side, we can determine, without the necessity for costly experiments, and indeed often by the application of theory alone, *which* of two or more possible arrangements of mechanism will prove most efficacious for the accomplishment of the desired purpose.

In fact, the votary of Science is now able to proceed towards discovery with sure and certain steps. He knows whither he is going; and he allows nothing to escape him unnoticed on the road. Every new phenomenon as it comes within his ken is duly compared with his previous experience, and is not admitted to assume its title until it has been examined and tested with the most minute accuracy. In the same manner, every deduction to which he arrives is scrutinised with jealous care, and not until it has undergone every trial that ingenuity can devise, is it permitted to take rank among the links destined to compose the great chain of his theory. The end of all his researches is indeed always kept in sight; but he never jumps at a conclusion; nor suffers his impatience for a result to hurry him into a neglect of those precautions which can alone secure for that result the certainty and precision on which its value depends. By no meteor of the marsh must the traveller be guided, who would penetrate the trackless expanses of the Unknown!

The subject we have here traced out is far too extensive for

us to attempt, within our allotted limits, to fill up its outline at every point. We can but endeavour to indicate, by a few precepts and examples, the peculiar nature of the problems which every inventor will have to work out for himself, whenever he wishes to determine the limits between the *possible* and the *impossible*.

The limitary principles (by which term we purpose to specify everything, whether quality or accident, which tends to limit our progress towards perfection) may be divided into two great categories,—including, first, those derived from the natural properties of matter; and secondly, those arising from the construction or arrangement of the mechanism necessarily employed. The higher importance of the former class is at once manifest. Difficulties which arise from construction may be overcome or eluded: but the task is very different where we find that nature herself raises the barrier in our path. Man has succeeded in rendering almost every quality of every various form of material substance available for some purpose of utility. On certain occasions only, and for certain purposes, some one or other of those qualities will be found to stand in the way of his success.

Chemistry has gone far towards establishing the hypothesis that all natural bodies are susceptible of assuming three forms—the solid, fluid, and gaseous—according to the degree of HEAT by which they are affected. At all events it is certain that heat exercises, in various proportions, such an influence on the constituent atoms as to destroy or diminish their mutual attraction; and even when the mass does not subside into fluidity, it loses its strength and cohesive properties, and becomes disintegrated. The uses to which this property of matter has been applied are infinite. Let us see how it may become a *limitary principle*.

It is supposed that the possible heat of a burning atom (in which of course we shall find the theoretical limit) is very far above the highest known temperature attained in our furnaces; and it would consequently follow that we might more nearly approach that limit by varying the arrangement of the fuel and the supply of air for combustion. This has been accordingly done, until we have found our progress stopped by the impossibility of discovering any substance, whereof to build our furnaces, which will *bear the heat*. Porcelain, firebrick, and plumbago, in various combinations are adopted: but they either crumble, or sink down into a pasty mass, as the fire is urged. The qualities of matter itself here act as a complete ‘estoppel:’ and if we would experimentalise further upon the phenomena of caloric, we can operate only upon a minute scale by means of the gas blowpipe, or the

heated arch evolved from charcoal points interposed in a galvanic circuit. But for this limit, many useful purposes might be accomplished, by the mutual actions or changed forms of material bodies when subjected to the intense action of heat. For instance, in the case of *platinum*,—we might then separate it from its ores by the ordinary methods of smelting and fusion; in place of being compelled to adopt the laborious and costly process of solution in acids. The steam-engine offers an example nearly parallel. The power of a steam engine depends primarily upon the area of surface in the boiler exposed to the action of the fire, and the intensity of the fire itself. In marine and locomotive engines, where space must be economised, the practical limit is fixed only by the degree of heat; and this of course must be kept below the utmost limit which the material of the boiler furnace will endure. As yet, there has not been discovered any material better fitted for this purpose than iron; and we have made our fires as fierce as the melting point of iron will permit: even now, the firebars are destroyed sometimes upon their first journey.

Farther than this we obviously cannot go, so long as we use water for the power-producing agent. Attempts have however been made to conquer the difficulty by taking advantage of some other properties of matter in its relation to heat; based upon the fact that the 'evaporating point'—that is, the degree of heat at which fluids expand into vapour—is found to differ considerably in different liquids, just as does the melting point of solid bodies. It would, therefore, appear probable that, by filling the boiler with alcohol, which boils at 173° , or with ether boiling at 96° Fahrenheit, the tension of the vapour and consequent power of the engine could be increased without increasing the heat of the furnace. As both of the above-mentioned fluids are expensive, it was first requisite so to contrive the machine that no loss should be experienced, but the whole vapour be recondensed and returned to the boiler. For this purpose a variety of ingenious contrivances have been suggested, the earliest of which, and one perhaps as effectual as any other, was patented by Dr. Cartwright in 1797; while new forms of mechanism, with the same object in view, are even still appearing on the patent rolls from time to time. Whatever the ingenuity of man could do, has probably therefore been done: but the practical utility of all these contrivances was destroyed by the influence of other properties of matter altogether overlooked, although of necessity involved in the question. These regard the relative bulk of the vapour produced from corresponding quantities of different fluids, and the proportion of

heat absorbed or rendered *latent* in each during the process of vaporisation. The calculation is sufficiently simple; and the result effectually annihilates all hope of advantage, either potential or economical, from the etherial or alcoholic engines. Thus, to convert a given weight of water into steam, 997 degrees of heat are required as what is called 'caloric of vaporisation.' The same quantity of alcohol will become vapour with 442 degrees, and sulphuric ether with only 302°. But to set against this apparent gain, we find that the specific gravity of steam (air being = 1) is .6235; vapour of alcohol 1.603; ether 2.586; and the result may be thus tabulated.

		Caloric of Vaporisation.	Spec. Grav. of Vapour.	Useful effects of Caloric.
Water	-	997°	.6235	10,000
Alcohol	-	442°	1.603	8,776
Sulp. Ether	-	302°	2.586	7,960

The disadvantage of the latter fluids will be farther enhanced by the circumstance that, being lighter than water, a larger boiler will be required to hold the same weight of vaporific fluid: *i.e.* a pound of water, when evaporated, will form about 21 cubic feet of steam; while a pound of ether will require a larger boiler to hold it, and will only form 5 cubic feet.

WEIGHT is one of the properties of matter which in practice we encounter chiefly as an obstacle or inconvenience, tending to increase friction, to resist motion, and generally to crush and destroy. Meanwhile, the limits of its range are comparatively narrow—that is to say, on one side. We can, indeed, rarify a gas until its weight disappears in infinite tenuity; but we very soon find ourselves at the extreme verge of any possible *increase* of specific gravity. The most ponderous substance known is not quite 22 times heavier than water. And yet there are many purposes for which bodies of greater weight might be made useful. If, for example, closer or deeper search amid the stores of the mineral kingdom should lead to the discovery of some substance bearing the same proportionate gravity to platinum that platinum does to cork, how many possibilities of improvement would be placed within our power! A thin sheet of such a substance, interposed among the keel timbers of a ship, would give stability and other sailing qualities at present unattainable. Blocks of it would afford sure foundations for piers, bridges, and all marine works. It might then be found no longer impossible to establish a lighthouse on the Goodwins. As a regulator, or reservoir, of power—

for counterpoises, pendulums, and fly-wheels; for all purposes where percussive force is required; and in steam hammers, pile-drivers, and shot of long range, the utility of such a substance would be enormous. In each and all of these objects we are limited by the limits of specific gravity in our materials.

By an incidental quality, in some measure associated with the specific gravity of bodies, we find that while all substances, without exception, undergo condensation when subjected to pressure, they do not all resume their original condition when the pressure is withdrawn. As might be supposed, the lighter bodies exhibit this peculiarity in the highest degree. Wood, for example, after having been submerged in the sea to a depth of two or three thousand feet, is found to be no longer light enough to float; the hydrostatic pressure, exceeding half a ton on every square inch, having both compressed the fibrous mass and injected the pores with water. By this peculiarity, the usefulness of an otherwise admirable instrument—the Sounding Machine—is much restricted. Its apparatus consists of a series of vanes, with attached clockwork, to denote the depth of water through which it has sunk. A buoy or float is fixed on the upper part, and the machine being loaded with a sufficient weight descends until it strikes the ground; on this, the weight becomes detached and the instrument returns to the surface bringing back a faithful record of the perpendicular distance traversed. For ordinary depths the float consists of a hollow copper sphere; but as the metal must necessarily be thin it is crushed in by a comparatively slight pressure. A wooden float is therefore substituted, which is able to command a more extended range of soundings, until the limit is reached at which the pressure already spoken of destroys the buoyancy of the wood; when the machine, if thus committed to the deep, will never return. It is possible that a buoy composed of a light hollow sphere, filled with alcohol or one of the lighter oils, might be able at once to resist the pressure of the water and retain its levity at every depth. We are not aware that the experiment has been tried; but it appears to offer the means of successfully exploring the most profound abysses.

The ‘Strength of Materials’ is an element that enters into almost every calculation of the mechanist; and it is found to constitute not only an absolute limit to all possibility of advance in certain directions, but also a relative limit universally, when we attempt to reduce beyond certain proportions, the size, weight, and cost of our mechanical erections. Its variations also are extensive both in degree and in condition. Some bodies offer strong resistance only to certain modes of attack. Impervious on one surface, they will yield and splinter into laminæ

under a slight blow upon another. Some will bear pressure to an enormous extent, but are easily torn asunder; others resist the divellent forces, but crumble under a light weight. A very extensive variety of substances possess a fibrous texture, and are endowed with vast strength to resist a strain in the direction of their length, but are much weaker against a lateral or transverse force. This difference is found to vary to an infinite extent; from that of certain metals where the advantage is only four or five per cent. in favour of the direct resistance, to the vegetable and animal fibres, such as flax or silk, which possess enormous tenacity, combined with most complete flexibility.

The variations in the natural properties of bodies have given infinite scope for the exercise of human ingenuity. In the erection of engineering works, and in a still higher degree in the contrivance and construction of moving machinery, the combination of theory and practice is perpetually exhibited in surprising perfection. By nice calculation of the opposing forces, together with great practical skill in the mechanical details of construction, we can now attain a result in which abundant strength is united with the utmost possible economy of space and material. There is no waste; no addition of useless and cumbrous weight: all irregular strains are skilfully counterbalanced, and the greatest pressure distributed over the points of greatest resistance. Experience has entitled us to place implicit confidence in the scientific precision of our engineers. Every day we trust our lives and fortunes, without misgiving, into situations where a slight error in the calculations, or a slight defect in the workmanship, would inevitably lead to some terrible catastrophe. How little do the crowds who throng the deck of a *Thames* or *Clyde* steamboat, or who allow themselves to be hurried along at fifty miles an hour in a railway carriage, reflect upon the delicate conditions which must have been fulfilled—the complicated mechanical problems which must have been solved, in order that they might accomplish their journey in security. A multitude will gather upon a suspension bridge without fear or danger, although the rods by which the massive roadway and its living freight are sustained appear as mere threads in comparison with the mass they have to support: while, if any one reflects at all upon the matter, it is to assure himself that every possible amount of pressure has been theoretically provided for; and that, practically, every separate bar and joint has been severely tested, so that no single flaw in the material, or defect in the workmanship can have passed without detection. *Fribourg*, before the civil war of the *Sonderbund* had given it a political notoriety, was celebrated chiefly for its wire bridge, hung at

an altitude of nearly one hundred feet between two summits. 'It looks,' says a recent traveller, 'like a spider's web flung across a chasm, its delicate tracery showing clear and distinct against the sky.' Diligences and heavy waggons loomed dangerously as they passed along the gossamer fabric.

In works of similar construction to the Fribourg bridge, the limit of magnitude is of course found in that proportion, where the erected mass is only just able to sustain its own unloaded weight without fracture. Practically testing the strength of the various metals, we find that a regularly shaped bar or column of steel, if suspended perpendicularly by its upper extremity, will be torn asunder by its own weight at a length of 44,350 feet: iron would break at about 25,000; copper, at 9500; gold at 2880; and lead at only 180 feet. The processes of annealing and wiredrawing will modify to a considerable extent the tenacity of all metals; but the above proportions may be taken as a general average. Hence we arrive at an absolute limit of possibility; which no ingenuity of construction can enable us to evade, and which is to be conquered only in the most improbable contingency, of our discovering some new material of still greater strength among the stores of nature.

The force that enables a suspension bridge to sustain itself, is, what we have called the *cohesive* force, and is due, we must suppose, to some variety of the attractive principle among the corpuscular atoms which causes them to resist a separating or divellent strain. In ordinary bridges and among the usual erections of architects, on the other hand, the pressure to be considered is that which crushes the parts together. To resist this, the piers of the bridge must have strength sufficient to support the loaded arch; and the pillars of the cathedral to sustain the fretted vault that rests upon them. In this case we find that the strength which arises from the cohesion of the atoms between themselves is increased by that due to another quality of matter, namely, its incompressibility. When any solid body yields to a crushing weight, the consequent effect must be, either that its particles are actually pressed into a smaller space; or that, being made to exert a wedge-like action upon one another, the exterior layers are forced out laterally. The addition of a band or hoop will then bring the incompressibility of the atoms more fully into play: and bodies that are endowed with slight powers of cohesion may thus be rendered enormously strong. Indeed we find that fluids, in which the cohesive force is practically at zero, cannot be crushed by any pressure we can exert, provided the hoop or tube that surrounds them can be secured. Now the interior atoms of every substance under pressure are more or less thus

hooped in and strengthened by the exterior. To the strength from cohesion is added that from incompressibility; and this effect is produced in a rapidly increasing ratio as the sectional area of the body is enlarged. A cube of lead suspended from its upper surface and held together only by cohesion, will break down if larger than 180 feet to a side. If standing upon one side as a base, it might be made of infinite size without danger of fracture from its own weight.

We may conclude, therefore, that the total force of resistance is amply sufficient to answer any call we are likely to make upon it. It is certain, at all events, that we have not, as yet, built up to the strength of our actual materials. Our marble and granite columns will sustain ten times the weight of any edifice the present generation can wish to erect. Or if not, they will use iron. The theoretical limit to the span of our bridges is that only at which the voissures of stone or iron would crumble under the intensity of pressure. The cost and infutility of even approaching to such a limit, will always assign them much narrower dimensions: though large enough, nevertheless, to admit of the accomplishment of that magnificent project — of which the first design is due to the genius of Telford — for spanning the Thames at Westminster by a single arch. Such a work would be worthy alike of the age and the site; and we see no reason why it should not be undertaken, and completed at least as soon as (supposing promises to be kept in future only as heretofore,) the last stone is laid upon the Victoria Tower.

The tubular bridges now in course of erection by Mr. Stephenson, upon the Chester and Holyhead line of railway, will probably remain for many years unsurpassed, as specimens of science and engineering skill. While we write, the success of the experiment is verified only in the smaller of the two, known as the Conway Bridge. But the result is even now sufficient to guarantee the success of its larger companion, to be thrown across the Menai Straits. In Telford's celebrated suspension bridge over these straits, the problem was already solved of constructing a safe pathway for the transit of heavy burdens. But the new fabrics were required to have something more than strength; perfect rigidity was in this case necessary, both as regards the lateral oscillations produced by the passage of the enormous trains at high velocities, and the perpendicular undulations so perceptible in ordinary bridges built upon the suspension principle. This requisite is obtained by forming the massive iron beam into a hollow rectangular chamber, $25\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, 15 feet wide, and (in the Conway tube) 412 feet in length, in the inside of which the trains are to travel along the rails.

It forms, in fact, a long gallery, whose sides are composed of iron plates half an inch thick, and its ceiling and floor are formed of compound plates, consisting each of two laminæ of metal, kept apart at a distance of about 21 inches, by a series of plates of that breadth extending the whole length of the tube, dividing the top and bottom strata into a series of longitudinal cells, and aiding greatly in the resistance offered to the weight of the passing trains. The whole mass of iron employed is sufficient to form a solid beam 412 feet long from pier to pier, and 46 inches or nearly 4 feet square. Employed in this form, the beam would possess ample strength; but it would have been drawn down by its own weight into a catenary curve, dipping several feet in the centre, and altering in shape upon the passage of a few tons along its surface; while even the action of a high wind would have impressed on it a considerable lateral or horizontal vibration. The same metallic mass distributed into the compound parts of the gallery we have described, was fashioned into a curve rising only 7 inches in the centre, which the action of its own weight (1,300 tons) drew, as was intended, into perfect horizontality; and which has been proved to sink not more than a single inch by the added pressure of 100 tons. A number of ingenious contrivances were brought into use during the process of construction. The compound tube consists of many thousand separate pieces, with every joint secured by covering plates, and T angle irons, fastened together with rivets, all driven red-hot. In drilling the rivet holes, more than a million in number, a curious machine was used, imitated from that employed in making the perforated cards for Jacquard looms, by which the work was done with beautiful regularity. The foundations of the supporting piers are laid upon piles driven by Nasmyth's steam pile-driver, — an engine which seems to have been invented just in time, — as by the old-fashioned 'monkey,' the same task would have occupied many months' additional labour. The huge structure was floated from the temporary stage whereon it was built, upon caissons which the tide lifted; and was elevated to its destined place by hydraulic pressure. So extreme is the accuracy of this wonderful work, that the thermometric change of shape produced by an hour's sunshine upon one side, or on the top, becomes readily perceptible: and one end of the tube is left loose upon the abutment to allow for this expansion.

The hypothesis that the force of cohesion is proportional to the area of section, leads us to the ordinary rule of practice — that as the magnitude is increased, the strength increases as the square, and the strain as the cube of the dimensions. The proportions consequently which offer abundant strength in a

model, must be materially altered when the design is executed at full size. When any of the parts are intended for motion a new element is introduced, from the inertia of the moving masses; and thus both the size and the velocity of our machinery are confined within definite limits. To extend these limits, it is often necessary to solve the most complicated problems of dynamics, and to follow the train of motion through an intricate series of action and reaction. We must simplify and reduce the number of moving parts, and so adjust the *momentum* of the inertia, that the resulting strain shall be neutralised, or reduced to a minimum: and where it is necessary that the direction of motion should be reversed, we must accomplish this object with no such sudden or violent shock as would dislocate the machinery. The difficulty of this attempt in many instances is proved by the heavy motions and hideous noises that accompany the working of almost all newly invented mechanism, and of the simplest machines found among nations less skilled than we are in the arts of construction. The approach of a Mexican waggon is announced at a distance of three miles, by the creaking of its wheels. It is only after repeated trials and improvements, that we reach the perfection of which so many striking examples are presented in our various manufactories and ateliers. When the first steam-printing machine was 'working off' the impression of the 'Times' newspaper at the rate of 2500 copies per hour, the noise could be heard through the silence of early morning nearly across Blackfriars bridge. At present*, conversation proceeds in the very room where the type-loaded frame, of far larger dimensions than heretofore, is travelling to and fro beneath the cylinders, and perfecting between 5 and 6000 double sheets in the same time. Dr. Cartwright describes his first powerloom as requiring the strength of two men to work it slowly, laboriously, and only for a short period. We may now enter a single apartment in a Lancashire mill, and see 250 looms at full work, each throwing 150 threads a minute; while a single shaft carried along the ceiling communicates motion to the whole, and with a noise by no means overpowering. In the manufacture of

* While these sheets are passing through the press, Mr. Applegarth has succeeded in effecting a new improvement in the steam-printing machine. The 'chase,' or type-frame, no longer travels to and fro, but is curved into the segment of a circle, and the whole 'form' is placed round a cylinder, and works off the sheets by a circular and uninterrupted motion. This machine already completes 9,600 double sheets per hour; and with additional steam-power, which is in preparation, is expected to accomplish at least 12,000.

needles, the slender bars of steel are forged out by a succession of hammers, each one less in weight and quicker in stroke than its predecessor. As the motion of the hammer is necessarily alternating, the dislocating effects of its momentum when thrown into rapid vibration would be enormous, but for the contrivance of giving the hammer a double face, and causing it to strike every time it rises against a block of steel placed above, from which it is thrown back upon the anvil. The vibration is thus produced by a series of rebounds, between two opposing surfaces; five hundred strokes can be made in a minute, while the power is materially economised, and the strain upon the stalk and axle nearly annihilated. But it is needless to multiply examples.

It is equally unscientific, and almost equally dangerous, to give too much strength to our constructions as too little. No machine can be stronger than its weakest part; and therefore to encumber it with the weight of a superfluous mass, is not only to occasion a costly waste of material, but seriously to diminish the strength of the whole fabric, by the unnecessary strain thus produced upon the parts least able to bear it. This fault is one which is most frequently discoverable in new machinery; and which when once adopted in practice, retains its hold with the greatest inveteracy. It requires no common powers of calculation, and not a little faith, for men to trust to the safety of structures which have apparently been deprived of half their former strength.

There can be no better proof of the difficulties which oppose the adoption in practice of any new principle of construction or configuration, than that exhibited in the history of Ship-building. In no creation of human labour was it more necessary to secure the greatest possible strength from the minimum of material; as none were required to possess such vast bulk in proportion to their mass of resistance, or were exposed to more violent varieties of strain and shock, in the natural course of their service.

The men who superintended the public dockyards were often well versed in mathematical science; and were certainly acquainted theoretically with the common axiom, that among right-lined figures, the triangle alone will preserve its form invariable by the rigidity of the sides, without depending upon the stiffness of the joints. Yet none until a recent period, worked out the axiom into its very obvious practical development. For centuries were our ships constructed on principles which caused the whole frame-work to be divided into a succession of parallelograms. Every series of the timbers, as they

were built up from the keel to the decks, formed right-angles with their predecessors and with their successors; so that the whole fabric would have been as pliable as a parallel ruler, but for the adventitious firmness given by the mortices, bolts, and kneepieces. At least three quarters of the available strength of the materials was possibly altogether thrown away. The safety of the whole was made to depend upon its weakest parts; and when decay commenced through process of time or the action of the elements, every successive stage in its advance made the progress more rapid, since the wear and friction increased in double proportion as the fastenings became weak and loose.

Sir Robert Seppings at length succeeded in vindicating the claim of the shipbuilder to be ranked among the members of scientific professions. By the introduction of the 'diagonal truss,' the innumerable parallelograms formed by the hull and frame timbers were converted into triangles: And the limits of the magnitude, the strength, and the durability of the wooden walls of England were thus largely extended. The faults of 'hogging,' and 'sagging,' which had formerly revealed the weakness of the fabric, often at the first moment of its launch, were almost annihilated; and the huge machines no longer bent under the strain of their masts or the weight of their batteries. But Seppings, after all he had done or projected, could have formed no conception of the vast advance which was ere long to be effected in his favourite art by the introduction of a new material. No possible combination of science and skill could enable him to give to his timber-built ships the magnificent proportions of the Great Britain, together with strength sufficient to encounter the billows of the Atlantic. Still less could he have conceived it possible that such a vessel might be consigned, through a series of mistakes and mischances, to the inhospitable keeping of a storm-vext Irish beach, throughout an entire winter, and yet afterwards be dragged from its shingly bed, and towed into port with only a net result of very repairable damage.*

Among the properties of matter are some that we may term subsidiary or incidental: qualities which we may be said to discover rather than to comprehend; and whose agencies are of a secret, and as it were stealthy character, so that we cannot always predict their recurrence or calculate their force.

Fluid and gaseous bodies present many instances of these perplexing phenomena. While investigating the conditions under which solid substances enter into solution; the rise of liquids through capillary cavities; the motions of camphor and other bodies when placed on the still surface of water; the

phenomena of crystallisation; the condensation of gases in charcoal; or the inflammation of hydrogen when in contact with minutely divided platinum,—in these and similar cases, we encounter on every side a series of anomalies which as yet baffle all our efforts to group the incoherent facts into a consistent theory. For the present, therefore, we must content ourselves with the functions of empirics and registrars. We must observe and collect the facts which may hereafter furnish a clue to the labyrinth; confident that when that clue is once seized, every step will not only bring us to some result of practical utility, but will reveal yet another example of the divine symmetry of nature.

Upon this point, Paley has allowed himself to be betrayed, by his course of argument, in his 'Natural Theology,' into a singularly false assumption. In his day the four ancient elements, Earth, Air, Fire and Water, still 'in quaternion ran,' although philosophers had already seen that it was high time that this category should be reformed. Notwithstanding which, like so many other benevolent writers, he was anxious to console men for their ignorance; and consequently he declared that of these elements, as it was not intended so it was not necessary, and might not be useful, for us to know anything further. Referring then to one of them, Water, whose decomposition and constituent elements were at that moment making some noise in the world, he says:—'When we come to the Elements, we take leave of our mechanics; because we come to those things of the organisation of which, if they be organised, we are confessedly ignorant. This ignorance is implied by their name. To say the truth, our investigations are stopped long before we arrive at this point. But then it is for our comfort to find that a knowledge of the constitution of the elements is not necessary. For instance, as Addison has well observed, "we know water sufficiently, " "when we know how to boil, how to freeze, how to evaporate, " "how to make it fresh, how to make it run or spout out in " "any quantity or direction we please, without knowing what " "water is." The observation has even more propriety in it now, than at the time it was made: for the constitution and the constituent parts of water appear to have been in some measure lately discovered; yet it does not, I think, appear that we can make any better or greater use of water since the discovery, than we did before.' Or, in other words, that the discovery of the chemical constitution of the fluid would not prove useful, because it had not been immediately followed by any mechanical application of extended and striking use. It

should not have required the splendid contradiction which time has given to this assertion, to have satisfied such a man as Paley how unphilosophical was his deduction, even from his own assumed premises.

The various questions which suggest themselves relative to these properties of fluid and solid bodies, are finally resolvable into a single inquiry, touching the absolute nature and condition of a constituent atom. Hitherto the ultimate atoms of bodies have eluded all our attempts at identification. Our most powerful microscopes have failed to render them perceptible: nor are we able, by any process or contrivance, so to separate an individual from the mass as to be entitled to pronounce positively that it possesses any definite form, weight, colour, or magnitude; or indeed any single quality, either chemical or mechanical. Not one of its properties can we discover directly. A few we have inferred—but even of our inferences we assume neither their certainty nor their correctness. Hypothetically we speak of the atom as a minute sphere; perfectly indivisible and consequently unchangeable in form, and incompressible in substance; because the deductions from a multitude of observed facts render the supposition of these properties a matter of necessity. We must moreover conclude that in no known substance are the contiguous atoms in absolute contact; because we have never yet ascertained the limit of condensation from decreased temperature or mechanical pressure.

To follow out this hypothesis, we must then imagine every atom to be surrounded with no less than three consecutive strata or atmospheres of antagonistic forces, extending nevertheless in the aggregate to a distance altogether inappreciable. The innermost stratum consists of a force of repulsion so enormous in its strength that no two atoms can be forced into actual contact; around this is a stratum of attractive force, of very finite action; giving their power of cohesion to all the visible particles of matter: and, last of all, is an outside stratum of repulsion, which prohibits the parts when once separated from again cohering (except under particular conditions) even when forcibly pressed together. The extreme tenuity of these strata may be inferred from the fact that two surfaces may be brought so closely together as to render the interval imperceptible by any of our senses; and yet as no cohesion takes place, it is evident that the atoms cannot have been brought within the circle of the exterior atmosphere of repulsion.

Under the influence of an increasing temperature, the two external strata of repulsion and attraction appear to become modified and diminished until, when a certain point of heat is

reached, they both suddenly and simultaneously disappear. The body then loses its solidity, the attraction of cohesion having become extinct, and sinks down into a fluid; while at the same time the atoms are not separated beyond the distance at which that attraction would be developed when the temperature is again reduced, and the fluid will, therefore, upon cooling, again become a united mass.

Such complicated paraphernalia of forces must we assign to the integrant atoms, in order to explain even the simplest of their mechanical actions. When we attempt to follow up our atomic hypothesis into higher conditions, we find ourselves utterly bewildered as we seek to grasp in idea the complication of forces and principles which must affect the atoms upon their expanding into elastic gases, undergoing solution in fluids, or entering into the innumerable combinations and transformations of the chemical affinities. The imperfection of our present struggles to *realise* the primary conditions of the material atoms is too apparent. A theory must be singularly at variance with the *lucidus ordo* of nature, which obliges us to explain each successive variety of mutual action by the introduction of a new force; just as in the old Greek mythology, every natural phenomenon was placed under the guardianship of a separate divinity; or upon Ptolemy's map of the heavens, every motion of the planets required the inscription of another epicycle.

The limits that are set to improvement by difficulties of CONSTRUCTION, or the arrangements of mechanism, require a very different species of analysis from that which has for its object the properties of natural substances: and the terminal problems are susceptible, in general, of merely relative solutions. Seldom or never may we be able to say absolutely, — So far can we go, but no farther. But we are often enabled to decide among the great objects for which machines are intended — economy, rapidity, and safety — how far the necessities of each can be accommodated, so as to produce the result of most advantage. Yet even here our verdict can seldom be considered as final. The introduction of a new material, or the suggestion of a new combination of parts, may at once render easy the improvements that have baffled the ingenuity of man for generations. The history of invention is full of such examples. It would be a curious inquiry to trace how many contrivances have been delayed for years from the mere want of knowledge or skill to execute the works; and obliged as it were to lie fallow until the cunning of the workman could sufficiently correspond with the ingenuity of the inventor.

When Hadley first constructed the quadrant still known by his name, for a long period it was perfectly useless in the determination of the longitude, as the indications could not be depended upon to a greater accuracy than fifty leagues. But after Ramsden had invented his 'dividing engine,' the graduation was so vastly improved, that even in the commonest instruments, an error of five leagues was seldom to be feared. The minute measurements of angular distances by the micrometer were long subject to similar difficulties. The instrument waited, as it were, for Wollaston's discovery of the means to procure platinum wire so fine, that 30,000 might be stretched side by side within the breadth of an inch. The limit which was reached by this discovery, was followed by another pause. Then came a new advance, owing to the beautiful invention of an eye-glass composed of double-refracting spar, so mounted as to revolve in a plane parallel to the axis of refraction, and give, by the gradual separation of the two rays, a measurement susceptible of almost infinite delicacy.

So in the history of the steam engine. Bolton and Watt had been long partners, and the theory of his great machine was almost perfect, when Mr. Watt still found that his pistons fitted the cylinders so ill, as to occasion considerable loss from leakage. In 1774 Mr. Wilkinson, a large iron master, introduced a new process of casting and turning cylinders of iron. Watt at once availed himself of them; and in a few months the inaccuracy of the piston 'did not any where exceed the thickness of a shilling.' The wonderful perfection since attained may be seen in a rotary steam engine patented within the last few months. The steam chamber presents a sectional plan somewhat resembling five pointed gothic arches set round a circle; the outline being formed by ten segments of circles all referring to different centres. The piston has to traverse round this singularly formed chamber, preserving a steam-tight contact at both edges; and such is the accuracy of the workmanship, that the leakage is barely perceptible.

Steam, as applied to locomotion by sea and land, is the great wonder-worker of the age. For many years we have been startled by such a succession of apparent miracles; we have so often seen results which surpassed and falsified all the deductions of sober calculation,—and so brief an interval has elapsed between the day when certain performances were classed by men of science among impossibilities, and that wherein those same performances had almost ceased to be remarkable from their frequency,—that we might be almost excused if we regarded the cloud-compelling demon with somewhat of the reverence which

the savage pays to his superior, when he worships as omnipotent every power whose limits he cannot himself perceive. It is not surprising that inventions, designed to improve the forms and applications of steam power, should constitute a large percentage of the specifications which are enrolled at the Patent Office. Even in France we learn, that within a period of four years the following number of patents, connected only with railway construction, had been obtained:—in 1843, 19; 1844, 22; 1845, 88; 1846, 131; total 260. Of these we are told that not above three or four have been carried out, so as to realise advantage to the inventors: and all of those were of English origin.

The number of English patents is of course considerably greater. But we doubt whether the proportion of successful ones has been at all higher. Ingenious men have never expended their energies upon a subject where the splendour of past, or possible, successes has so effectually dazzled their imagination; and rendered them unable to perceive the great difference between the relative and the absolute limits of possibility. Because science had failed to predetermine the point at which higher performances became impossible, they too often began to consider it superfluous to invoke her aid at all; forgetting that the problems are quite different ones, to decide between the relative merits of two modifications of mechanism, and to define the ultimate capabilities of either. There is no more striking example of this tendency than is exhibited in the controversy between the two great systems of railway traction—the locomotive and the atmospheric. This controversy has already cost the public incredible sums; and has, moreover, been so dexterously managed that even now, if the money-markets were to return to a very possible state of plethora, a plausible prospectus and a new patentee would find it no difficult task to organise another company, and to get subscribed fresh hundreds of thousands towards carrying out an experiment which ought never to have required more than a few months' trial and a short length of working line for its final settlement. For the principles according to which the experiment must succeed or fail, had been determined long since: and it is a fact equally sad and strange, that among the very numerous patents relating to the atmospheric railway, there is not one that touches upon the real turning point of the question. What was called the 'longitudinal valve' or opening, through which was established the connexion between the piston travelling within the exhausted tube and the train of carriages, formed the *pièce de résistance* for the inventors; and very many and clever are the contrivances we find specified for improving or dispensing with this

valve. And yet the valve itself entered but as a subordinate function into the equation by which success or failure was to be determined. Granting that its construction was theoretically perfect, and all friction and leakage annihilated, the main principle, which depended upon the laws that govern the motions of elastic fluids, was left wholly untouched. The history of science, nevertheless, contained records which should have prevented this mistake. One hundred and sixty years ago, M. Papin, one of the earliest inventors of steam machinery, invented a motive apparatus involving this identical principle, and which, when tried, was found wanting.

The machine alluded to was described by the inventor as 'an engine for pumping the water out of mines by the power of a moderately distant river.' His plan was to erect upon the stream or waterfall a series of force pumps by which air was to be condensed into a reservoir. From this reservoir a close tube, some miles in length, was to be carried over hill and valley from the brink of the river. It was supposed that the condensed air would travel along this tube, and could be applied at the mine, through appropriate mechanism, to keep the pumps going. M. Papin is said to have tried his invention upon a large scale in Westphalia; and it is certain that a similar engine was erected in connexion with one of our own Welsh mines; and in both cases with equally ill success. The machines at the useful end could never be got into motion. The condensers on their side worked powerfully, but the blast of air at the distant extremity would hardly blow out a candle; and although it had been calculated that the condensation would be transmitted along the tube in less than a minute, it was found upon trial that the slight impulses, which arrived at last, had been three hours on the road. As a last attempt, the motion of the air pumps was reversed, and the effect tried of employing an exhausted tube. But this mode proved as inefficacious as the other; and the experiments were finally abandoned.

The mechanical details, both of the atmospheric and the ordinary railway, are sufficiently understood to exonerate us from the necessity of explanation previous to proceeding to indicate the elements involved in a comparison of their advantages. Looking solely at the chief object with the inventors, *economy*, we start with the recognised fact that, horse power for horse power, a stationary engine can be built and worked cheaper than a locomotive. This margin of gain—and it is not a very wide margin,—is all that can be claimed to the credit of the atmospheric principle; and against this must be set as an ac-

count *contra*, whatever loss or disadvantage may be incidental to the employment of the exhausted tube.

The economy in the first construction has to be *debited* with the cost of the valved tube. This is generally estimated at 10,000*l.* per mile; and is enough to neutralise the advantage on the other side, even with the addition of some incidental saving in the weight of rails, space for engine sheds, &c.

In the cost of working, it is evident that the advantages of the atmospheric system will be much restricted through the invariability of the power. The area of the travelling piston and the power of the stationary engines must of course be sufficient to accomplish the heaviest tasks they may ever be called upon to perform; and when the loads are light, the expense can be but little diminished. The same unaccommodating maximum rules also with regard to the frequency of the journeys. Five trains a day will cost nearly as much as fifty, and the gross expense will thus continue irreducibly at the highest point, whatever variation there may be in the performance. It is different with the locomotive system. When the trains do not run, the engines laid up out of use cost little or nothing.

Again: the patrons of the atmospheric railway had calculated probably, in the first instance, like M. Papin, that since the velocity with which air of the ordinary density rushes into a vacuum is 1332 feet per second or 15 miles a minute, such must be the ultimate velocity of a piston within the exhausted tube. Very slight consideration of the real nature of the forces in action necessarily suffices to show, that the conditions of the column of fluid are completely changed as soon as it enters the tube, and that the velocity of impulse will gradually decrease as the column lengthens, until, as in Papin's experiment, it becomes almost imperceptible. To obviate this disadvantage the tube must be shorted; and in the lines of railway laid down on this plan, a maximum length of a mile and a half has been fixed; thus requiring the stationary engines to be not more than three miles apart. But this increases the original, as well as the current cost; while, by a singular perversity, the operation of the same pneumatic principle impedes the motion and diminishes the power of the tractive piston, and also hampers the efficiency of the exhausting pumps. There is, therefore, at both ends a waste of power sufficient to cover all the margin of economy with which we set out.

There is yet another disadvantage attending the use of the longitudinal tube. The faster the piston yields before the column of air—that is, the faster it travels—the less is the

active pressure it sustains. In the atmospheric railway the piston moves just as fast as the train; and consequently to obtain an increased velocity, the load must be lightened in a more than corresponding ratio. But in the locomotive engines, the pistons, with a stroke varying perhaps from sixteen to twenty-four inches, act upon driving wheels of six or eight feet diameter, and will, therefore, recede before the impact of the steam with only one ninth or one sixteenth the velocity of the train. A far larger proportion of the force exerted by the elastic fluid is thus rendered available. Now that the experiment lately carrying on in Devonshire seems finally abandoned, the great 'atmospheric railway question,' may be regarded as settled.* We only instance it, as a fair example of the fact already referred to, that it is their *relative* solution, with which problems involving difficulties of construction are chiefly concerned. For of the mechanical possibility of the machine there never was a doubt. With a certain area of exhausted tube, and a certain power working air pumps not placed too far apart, all the ordinary necessities of locomotion could be fully satisfied. And if we had known no other means of conveying trains at fifty miles an hour, this would have been sufficient. But the question was not only one of mechanical limit—it put in issue the comparative advantages of rival systems. The atmospheric tube must work better—that is, more cheaply and more usefully—than the locomotive engine, to entitle it to supersede the latter in the public service.

On computing the relative limits of power in the locomotive engine, with reference to the three objects of economy, velocity, and safety, we discover that it is not the consideration of cost, nor the practical difficulties of construction, but the ne-

* Our calculations, given above, appear to be fully borne out by the facts disclosed at the recent meeting of the South Devon Railway Company. It then transpired, that although upon the evidence given before Lord Howick's committee in 1845, the anticipated cost of the atmospheric tube had been estimated at 4 or 5000*l.* per mile, the expense really incurred was 11,138*l.* The working charges also were reckoned as certain to be far below those of the locomotives. By the test of some months' trial, over 35 miles of road, before the system was discarded, the relative cost appeared to be—locomotives, 2*s.* 6*d.*, atmospheric 3*s.* 1½*d.* per mile. The chairman, however, stated that by means of various improvements and items of economy, the expenses of the tube might be reduced to 3*d.* per mile below those of the locomotives. But even upon this estimate it would require a traffic of 90 trains *per diem*, or nearly one every quarter of an hour, running day and night, to pay 4 per cent. upon the additional outlay.

cessity of safety alone, which has assigned to our working velocities their present limits. So long as the chances of collision remain at their existing average, we cannot in prudence increase the rapidity; for even if we could construct our dead mechanism of strength sufficient to endure the concussion, the human machine will not bear it uninjured. Already, fatal results have supervened from accidents of that description, occasioned not by the effect of external injury, but simply from some internal disorganisation or shock to the system, produced by the sudden stoppage of rapid motion. But supposing that by better arrangements and more careful watching — even without resorting to the extreme measure of hanging a director or two — we could reduce the danger of collision to the condition of a remote contingency, there are dangers and causes of disorder in the engine itself, and arising during the ordinary course of work, which must be taken into account. In a Report presented during 1846 to the French Minister of Public Works by M. de Boureuille, the chief of the railway department, and who had been commissioned to inquire into the means of ensuring safety in railway transit, we find the sources of danger thus indicated: —

‘On analysing the strain upon the axles it was found to consist; first, — of a vertical strain due either to the portion of the weight of the engine bearing upon that point, in consequence of the position of the centre of gravity, or to the action of the springs of the hinder axles in the six-wheeled engines. This strain being thus defined, even supposing that the parts upon which it acts are as near as possible to the *point d'appui* formed by the wheels, it tends nevertheless to bend the axle in a vertical direction. Secondly, — a tension arising from the conoidal form of the peripheries of the wheels, and inequalities in the inclination of the rails: from which it happens that the peripheries of two wheels fixed upon one axle never touch the rails at the same point at the same time, and consequently each of the wheels will slip alternately upon the rails. If the twist resulting therefrom is not too violent, it keeps all the molecules in a constant state of vibration. Thirdly, — shocks arising from inequalities in the road caused by the undulations of the rails at their points of junction, on the passage of a train. These shocks increase in violence in proportion to the speed, and act in a direction at right angles to the axis of the axle. Fourthly, — a strain of another description, arising from the oscillations of the carriages, acts upon the axles both in the direction of their length and at right angles thereto; increasing in force in proportion to the diameter of the wheels.’

Some of the dislocating forces here described increase as stated,

in direct proportion to the increase of velocity; others in a much higher ratio. The great cause of disturbance may be traced to the mode in which the expansive power of the steam is transmitted, through the axle, to the driving wheels, by means of a pair of piston-rods working upon cranks in the axle, and placed upon opposite sides of the line passing through the centre of gravity. Of necessity the two cranks cannot lie in the same plane, but must form a right angle with one another. Their forces, therefore, can never be in counterpoise. While the right-hand piston is at its dead point, the left-hand will be at a maximum; and while the axle is pushed forward on one side, it is pulled back on the other; and these interchanges of impulse, when at high speed, recur several times in every second. Enormous tendency to oscillation is thus produced, and the irregularity of motion, when once evolved, tends by the natural relation of the several parts and actions, to cause or to increase every other variety of eccentric force. The improvement, if such be possible, which should throw the axle of the driving wheels into revolution by some continuous and symmetrical impulse, will remove by far the largest part of the sources of danger and open wider limits to the possibility of greater speed.

In the process of weaving by the Power-loom we find an analogous example of velocity limited by the broken or alternating motion of the acting forces. The rapidity with which the shuttle can be thrown from side to side between the threads of the warp, is limited by the strength of the woof-thread it carries across. When the strain is so great as to cause more than a certain average number of breakings, the net product of the machine will be increased by working at a lower velocity. By a recent improvement, the shuttle is made at every vibration or 'shot,' to commence its motion slowly and increase in velocity as it proceeds; thus diminishing the strain upon the thread, and economising time, even in the four or six feet that constitute the average extent of each 'shot.' And by this means the looms are sometimes worked at a rate of 180 threads per minute, or 3 in every second. This will constitute the absolute limit of speed, under the existing form of construction. To extend it we must introduce a new principle, and discover some method of weaving the tissue in a cylindrical web; when the oscillation of the shuttle might be transformed into a continuous revolution, and the strain upon the woof, arising from the perpetual stoppage and change of motion, be annihilated.

The history of the first invention of the power-loom contains a curious proof, how much more difficult is the discovery of any

absolutely new principle, by which the old forms and processes of manipulation are entirely superseded, than the mere contrivance of means to imitate by machinery what has been already done by hand. The latter requires only a very common endowment of the inventive faculty; the former demands the presence of creative genius. More than a hundred years before the invention of the steam loom, in the *Philosophical Transactions* for August 1678, there was given some account of 'a new engine to make woollen cloths without the help of an artificer,'—being a communication from a M. de Gennes, 'an officer belonging to the sea.' Much ingenuity is exhibited in the mechanical construction of this 'engine,' considering the time when it was produced: but in those days the only method of passing the woof-thread through the warp, was by the fingers of the weaver, assisted occasionally by a notched stick. And accordingly M. de Gennes, or whoever was the inventor of the machine, could hit upon no better plan than a complicated imitation of the human hand and arm, by which his shuttle is carried from side to side. Long afterwards, a common weaver invented the 'fly' shuttle, which is shot to and fro by springs; and modern inventors, having the benefit of this capital discovery, started from a high vantage ground, and have succeeded in bringing the power-loom to its present state of excellence.

But the difficulty with which a novel idea is caught or worked, is not the only one that stands in the way of the inventor. Improve our mechanism as we may, the human operator will always form an important element in our combinations; and will often prove by far the most intractable of our materials. Once let the workman be inured to the routine performance of duties on one machine, and it becomes a work of much time and cost to transfer him to another. The dearly acquired skill which constituted his chief capital is rendered useless; and the apprenticeship to his new tasks must be completed at much labour to himself and expense to his employers. We are assured by high authority that little short of a whole generation must expire, before the change can be thoroughly established. When some of the more remarkable inventions, like that of Arkwright's Spinning Jenny, were first introduced, it was found necessary to discard the whole of the trained operatives, and to intrust the attendance upon the new machines either to young children, or to recruits drawn from rustic neighbourhoods, who had never touched a spindle. It was no wonder that the 'skilled labourer' of the old system denounced and resisted the new; just as the old English archer resisted the introduction of the musket, after having acquired

by incessant practice from earliest childhood his unerring skill as a marksman, and so great muscular power that he could be recognised a mile off, merely from the size of his arms. The Spinning Jenny, indeed, presented such an enormous increase in speed and economy, that the old workers gave in without a struggle. But the weaving machines did not at first appear so hopelessly superior. The hand-loom weavers found themselves able to 'live in the race' with the steam engine, although at a terrible sacrifice. The competition has been persevered in, with melancholy pertinacity, to the present day;—until Society has the burden and the scandal of a numerous class of individuals, industrious but ill-judging, who have, even in good times, to battle for a bare subsistence against fearful odds; and who, in the frequently recurring periods of depression, present the most afflicting spectacles.

The machine maker, in his turn, will endeavour to frustrate the innovations that tend to render his capital and experience, like the skill of the operative, in great measure valueless. If some new power should be discovered and trained to do for us more efficiently what steam does now, its adoption would be impeded by all the improvements in the steam engine, which four generations of engineers have combined to perfect. The most proper proportions of size and strength; the simplest arrangement of parts; the best form and construction of every valve and joint—even the machines that *make* the machines—have been long since ascertained and provided. The new power must be gifted with advantages very great and undeniable, if it can supersede, in all the rudeness of its primitive condition, the elaborate perfection of the established engines.

The common *watch* is in many of its parts a very ill-constructed machine. The train of wheelwork which transmits the motion of the mainspring, for example, is contrived on principles so faulty, that they would be scouted by every practised mechanic. Yet there can be no doubt that any attempt to introduce a better machine would utterly fail, as a commercial enterprise. Long used methods and ingenious engines have been specially provided to fashion and cut every one of the minuter parts which go to compose the existing instrument. Mr. Dent, in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, stated that every watch consisted of at least 202 pieces, employing probably 215 persons, distributed among 40 trades—to say nothing of the tool-makers for all of these. If we were now materially to alter the construction of the watch, all those trades would have to be relearnt, new tools and wheel-cutting engines to be devised; and the majority of the workmen to begin life

again. During this interval the price of the new instrument would be enormously enhanced. We should again hear men speak, like Malvolio, of 'winding up their watches' as a token of magnificent wealth. Thus in our complicated state of society, even machines in process of time come to surround themselves with a circle of 'vested interests,' which embarrass all our attempts at improvement.

Looking back on what we have written as to the limits of improvement, we come to the conclusion that it is impossible to lay down any general law upon the subject. Every invention must be judged by its own merits, and according to the special object in view. Nine times out of ten, probably, the object will be nothing more than economy, in a reduction of cost. In the tenth case, it may be for increased safety, simplicity, velocity, or power. But each case requires to be calculated for itself; and some of the elements for such calculations we have now endeavoured to give. These elements are sometimes simple enough: yet it is astonishing how often they are overlooked. To give a familiar illustration. The art of *flying* has more or less occupied the inventive power of man, since the days of Dædalus. Here we may allow that cost and even danger may be left out of consideration, and that the question is one of simple practicability. The balloon offers the nearest approximation to a successful solution; since, though we could not properly fly, we might float suspended to those buoyant spheres: and efforts to steer balloons have accordingly been innumerable. Now a very simple calculation will show that a wind of fifteen miles an hour would exert, upon any sphere of useful size, a pressure greater than the weight it could sustain in the air. The power consequently which would be required to retain the machine stationary against such a wind—or, what is the same thing, propel it at a like rate through a still atmosphere—must be greater than that which would keep it up in the air without a balloon at all. A good three-fourths of prospective aeronauts, therefore, surrounded their task with unnecessary difficulty. And the remainder, who devised so many varieties of imitative plumage and pinions, might have saved their labour if they had but reflected that, before they could use their ingenious apparatus, they must possess some motive power which could support its own weight and something more, for a reasonable time. They were constructing new wings, while the thing wanted was a new steam engine.

In many branches of manufacture mechanical improvement has been so rapid, that Mr. Babbage estimated the average duration of the machinery at only three years; by the expiration of

which time it was superseded by new apparatus. This ratio was of course temporary and accidental. Many of the large manufacturers in Lancashire and the West Riding find it worth their while to employ skilful mechanics at high salaries, for no other purpose than to suggest improvements in the machinery. The result is that their factories contain specimens of contrivance surpassing any other in the world. Some of the mechanism used in cotton printing, or in the 'differential box' for supplying cotton to the spinning frames, is beyond comparison superior, in delicacy and ingenuity, to the most complex movements of a chronometer. And the human operative, in imitation and by the aid of the machine, acquires a perfection little less marvellous. The rapidity of his motion, the acuteness of his perception, render him a fitting companion for the intricate mechanism he employs. In astronomical observations, the senses of the operator are rendered so acute by habit, that he can estimate differences of time to the tenth of a second; and adjust his measuring instrument to graduations of which 5000 occupy only an inch. It is the same throughout the commonest processes of manufacture. A child who fastens on the heads of pins will repeat an operation requiring several distinct motions of the muscles one hundred times a minute for several successive hours. In a recent Manchester paper, it was stated that a peculiar sort of twist or 'gimp,' which cost three shillings making when first introduced, was now manufactured for one penny; and this not, as usually, by the invention of a new machine, but solely through the increased dexterity of the workman.

To the inventive genius of her sons England owes the foundation of her commercial greatness. We will not go the length of asserting that she retains her proud pre-eminence solely upon the condition of keeping twenty years ahead of other nations in the practice of the mechanical arts; but there is no question that a fearful proportion of our fellow subjects hold their prosperity upon no other tenure. And quite independently of what may be done by our rivals in the markets of the world, it is of vast importance to our increasing population that the conquest over nature should proceed unchecked. Towards this object we have thought we might contribute some slight assistance by indicating some of the principles upon which the warfare must be conducted, and the mental training of those engaged in carrying it on. That there should be so little provision for this training among our ordinary establishments for education, shows a neglect, at which, if any anomaly of the sort could surprise us, we might well be surprised. With the exception of the College at Putney, confined to a few aspirants to

the honorary degree of C.E.—for practically the profession is not limited to such—the scientific education of the young mechanist must be self-acquired, or, at best, irregularly obtained in the classes voluntarily formed among the members of literary institutions. Yet every day the necessity for practical and technical instruction is becoming more manifest. We see it marked as strongly in the success of the few who succeed, as in the failure of the many efforts of ignorant and mistaken ingenuity.

Blind intuition has now little hope of success in the work of invention. Mere chance has still less: it never, indeed, had so much as popular reputation gave it credit for. Chance might have set in motion the chandelier suspended in the Pisa cathedral; but if chance also suggested to Galileo the laws of the pendulum, it must have belonged to that multitudinous order of casualties, by which ideas are ordinarily propagated in fit and fertile minds. Two generations ago Mr. Watt observed, that he had known many workmen who had suggested some improved adaptation of mechanism, but never one who invented an instrument involving a principle, like that of his centrifugal ‘governor.’ Machines that do *not* involve a principle are now grown so rare, that the range of invention is almost annihilated for the mere workman. On the other hand, we observe how singularly, when the principle is once fairly studied, mechanical inventions are simultaneously made in many places at once. The honours of the electrotype processes, of the Daguerreotype, the electric telegraph, the screw-propeller, and a host besides, are disputed by a hundred rival claimants. Chance, we thus perceive, did not produce those discoveries; and from the same facts we obtain a gratifying assurance that it could not have prevented their production. Well directed education will make the creations of the human mind more abundant, as printing has already secured their indestructibility.

Of the *legal* aids or hindrances to invention, it is not now our purpose to speak, although the anomalies of the laws in relation to the subject are confessedly flagrant. One suggestion for improvement we have already referred to. It is that every petitioner for a patent should deposit in a gallery or museum, accessible to the public, a working model, drawing, or specimen of his invention whether in mechanism, art, or manufacture. Museums of this description would prove of infinite assistance towards that scientific education in which we are now so lamentably deficient. The public would then obtain some countervailing advantage from a system, of which it is hard to say whether it is more injurious by the monopoly that it confers or

the privileges it denies; by the difficulties it imposes on an inventor who seeks to profit by his discovery, or by the hindrances which it puts in the way of his successors, who have devised improvements on the first invention.

ART. III. — *Charles Vernon: a Transatlantic Tale.* By Lieut.-Colonel SENIOR. 2 vols. London: 1848.

FICTIONS may be divided and again cross-divided into many different genera, according to the principles on which the different classifications are founded.

They may be divided, for instance, as to their form, into narrative and dramatic; as to the emotions which they propose to excite, into serious, comic, and satirical; as to the instrument which they employ, into verse and prose; as to the subjects which they paint, into elevated and familiar; as to their matter, into allegorical, historical, and purely invented; as to their premises, or the state of things which they presuppose, into supernatural and real; and, lastly, as to their peculiar merits, into those whose principal aim is excellence in plot, in characters, or in scenery.

To the last of these classifications we propose to devote a few pages before we consider the work with which this article is headed.

We must begin by explaining that we use the word Scenery in rather an extended sense, to express all the peculiarities, material and moral, which give a general character to the events. It includes, therefore, not only the attributes which distinguish the place and the time of their occurrence, but also those which mark the class or sort of persons who participate in them. Ariel, Caliban, and even Miranda, are parts of the scenery of the 'Tempest.' So is the lime-grove which weatherfends Prospero's cell. So are the nimble marmosets, the clustering filberts, and the young sea-mews from the rocks. So are the sounds and sweet airs that fill the island, and give delight, and hurt not. And such especially was the chorus of the Greek drama, which was local opinion personified. At first it may appear that moral peculiarities form a part, not of the scenery, but of the characters of a fiction. And this is true, when those peculiarities give individuality to the persons to whom they are ascribed. For this purpose, however, they must be not only marked, but numerous and distinct. In real life, every man belongs to many classes, according to the portion of his character which, for the time being, is under view. As civilisation in-

creases, as the intellectual powers become more extensive, the moral perceptions more sensitive, and the external relations more complicated, these classes increase in number: but even in savage life, or in the less educated portion of civilised nations, they are so numerous that no two men can be found possessing precisely the same combination of precisely similar qualities.

When a man, however, is ascribed to merely one of these classes — when he is only the fortis Gyas, or the good Horatio, no definite idea is presented to us. And, even when several qualities are attributed to him, still, if those qualities all belong to one class or genus, the picture, though it may be more brilliant, continues indistinct.

Such characters we venture to call *Scenic*, as opposed to those which, possessing complicated and different, though not inconsistent, qualities, and belonging (as real men and women do) to many different classes, we term *Individual*.

Thus the suitors in the *Odyssey*, however vividly coloured, are not individualised. They are the idle aristocracy of a barbarous age, and have only the peculiarities of their time and their caste — sensuality, insolence, rapacity, unconsciousness of responsibility, and absence of self-control. Eurymachus, Antinous, and Agelaus, are distinguished from one another only by name. On the other hand, the heroes of the *Iliad* are individuals. They have all, indeed, some common attributes — bravery, pride, and indifference to human suffering. But each of the principal actors has also other qualities, which, modifying one another, form combinations, like those of actual life, and distinguish him from all his associates.

We may illustrate this by comparing the two most elaborately drawn characters, Achilles and Hector. They are each men of extraordinary courage, strength, and skill; each is the great warrior of his party, and each is aware that he will not witness the triumph of his cause. Achilles knows that he is to die before the walls of Troy. Hector

‘foresees a day
When Ilium, Ilium’s people, and himself,
Her warlike king, shall perish.’*

With so many points of resemblance, in the hands of any ordinary poet, they would have been duplicates. As painted by Homer, they are not only dissimilar, but opposed in almost every detail.

Both, as we have said, are brave. The courage of Achilles is founded on insensibility to danger. Except in the struggle

* Cowper, *Iliad*, vi.

with the Scamander, where, for the first time, he finds his weapons useless, he seems unsusceptible of the emotion of fear.

The courage of Hector is not constitutional—he is more sensitive with respect to danger than many of those around him—than Ajax, for instance, or than Diomed. In order to induce him to offer a general challenge to the Greeks, Polydamas thinks it necessary to tell him that it has been ascertained that he is not to fall. And while the contest is still undecided, Hector is the first to propose that it shall cease. He retreats more than once before a single enemy; though he awaits the approach of Achilles while still distant, his nerves fail when the enemy is at hand, and he flies after flight has become too late. And yet he is eminently brave; but his courage is founded on a sense of duty. It depends on self-control, and bears him up against all the dangers to which he is accustomed, though it gives way when Achilles advances.

● Ἴσος Ἐνναλίῳ κορυθαίκι πολεμιστῇ,
Σείων Πηλιάδα μελίνην κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον,
Δεινὴν* ἀμφὶ δὲ χαλκὸς ἐλάμπετο εἰκελὸς αὐγῇ
Ἢ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο, ἢ ἡελίου ἀνιόντος.*

It is in obedience to this prevailing feeling of duty that Hector supports his country, though he knows that its fall is inevitable. His only wishes are, to retard that fall while he can, and to die when he can resist it no longer. With an inconsistency not uncommon among men of strong affections, he sacrifices his life, and, with his life, the cause of which that life was the support, rather than see the misery which the loss of a battle has occasioned. In vain, as he stands alone before the Scæan gate, do his parents implore him to take refuge within the town. The wailings of the Trojan wives, whose husbands have already fallen under his leadership, resound in his imagination, and the arguments of Priam, and the entreaties of Hecuba, are equally fruitless:—

οὐ δ' Ἐκτορι θυμὸν ἔπειθε.

Achilles has no feeling of duty or even of patriotism. The instant that he is insulted by Agamemnon he deserts the cause of the Greeks, rejoices in their defeat, rejects all proposals of reconciliation, and exults in the hope of their destruction. Even

* ‘Thus pondering he stood; meantime approached
Achilles, terrible as fiery Mars
Crest-tossing god, and brandished as he came
On his right shoulder high the Pelian spear.
Like lightning, or like flame, or like the sun
Ascending beamed his armour.’ Cowper.

when a well-grounded apprehension that Hector's fires may extend to his own ships leads him to send out the Myrmidons to beat him off, it is from no compassion for his companions in arms. He wishes to triumph over Troy, but he wishes that triumph to be solely his own. Patroclus, indeed, whom he considers a part of himself, he would retain as an associate; but, if it rested with him, not another Greek should survive to share or even to witness it.

'For oh, by all the powers of heaven, I would
That not one Trojan might escape of all,
Nor yet a Grecian; but that we, from death
Ourselves escaping, might survive to spread
Troy's sacred bulwarks on the ground, alone.' *Cowper.*

His intense self-esteem, to use a phrenological term, shows itself not only in the outline but in the details of his character. Even Patroclus is rather a favourite than a friend. He stands in awe of his great patron; and, when sent as a messenger to Nestor, must hurry immediately back, for his chief is

Δεινός, ἄνθρω, τάχα κεν καὶ ἀντίτιον αἰτιόωτο.*

To Briseis herself, though the cause of the quarrel, he is almost indifferent. He gives her up without a struggle. If any other part of his property is taken, it is at the peril of the taker; but he will not fight about a girl:—

Χερσὶ μὲν οὔτε ἔγωγε μαχίσσομαι εἵνεκα κόρης
Οὔτε σοὶ οὔτε τῷ ἄλλῳ.†

And he immediately supplies her place by Diomedes. Nothing is more finely imagined in his character than the union of a horror of death with indifference to immediate danger. The ordinary combination is just the reverse; most men see with terror the sudden approach of death, but look forward to it at some undetermined period without alarm. They hope still to live in their works, in their posterity, and perhaps in their fame. To Achilles, whose whole feelings are personal, death is pure unalleviated evil. He is willing, indeed, to encounter it for the sake of glory, because glory is essential to his happiness, and is to be obtained on no other terms. The gods have announced to him that if his life is long it will be obscure. But the glory

* 'Thou knowest Achilles fiery, and propense
Blame to impute even when blame is none.' *Cowper.*

† 'I will not strive with thee in such a cause,
Nor yet with any man. I scorn to fight
For her whom having given ye take away.
But I have other precious things on board,
Of these take none away.' *Cowper.*

which he desires is present, not posthumous. He has no wish beyond the grave. He faces death with courage, because he is constitutionally intrepid: but he dislikes it as much as the veriest coward. Nothing, he says, is *ψυχῆς ἀντράξιον*.*

It is remarkable that the author of the *Odyssey* ascribes to the shade of Achilles the feeling which the author of the *Iliad* gave to the living man. The shade repels almost contemptuously the compliments which Ulysses addresses to it on its posthumous fame: —

‘Renowned Ulysses, think not death a theme
Of consolation. I had rather live
The servile hind for hire, and eat the bread
Of some man, scantily himself sustained.’†

It is a consequence of his utter selfishness that Achilles has no candour. He sees in Hector, not the defender of Troy, but the killer of Patroclus, the instrument through whom he has suffered the greatest — perhaps the only calamity of his life; and his hatred is unappeased even by death. For twelve successive days he ties the body to his chariot, and drags it through the dust. And when, at length, Jupiter sends word to him that his conduct displeases the gods, that Priam is coming to redeem his son, and must not be refused, Achilles, though he receives his suppliant kindly, cannot command his temper through the interview, but bursts out *ὑποδρα ἰδων* —

‘Move me no more, or I may set at nought
Thee and thy prayer, and the command of Jove.’‡

What a contrast is this to the self-devotion of Hector, who lives only for his wife, his son, his parents, and his country; whose overflowing kindness can find excuses even for the cowardly frivolity of Paris; and who alone among her brothers-in-law forgets the guilt and mischief of Helen in her misfortunes!

Individual characters resemble the figures of Poussin, which delight, by the relief and the accuracy of the drawing, and the force, or dignity, or beauty of the expression. Scenic characters are like the cattle and figures of Claude — of little merit taken separately, but collectively important parts of the landscape.

Very few are the fictions which unite the merits of plot, character, and scenery. The *Iliad*, as we have already remarked,

* ‘In my opinion, life surpasses far
In worth all treasures.’ *Cowper*.

† *Cowper, Odyssey*.

‡ *Cowper, Iliad, xxiv*.

is pre-eminent in character. There is scarcely a speech in that most dramatic of epics which could be transferred from one speaker to another. It is also magnificent in its scenery. The agents are those whom the hearers of Homer believed to be real gods; and men descended from those gods, and almost equalling them in force of body and of mind, in pride, in passion, and in self-reliance. Such beings, so grand in their general character, and so elaborately individualised, form a *dramatis personæ* which has never been equalled. The period is one so distant, that chronology has at length given up the attempt to fix it. All that we know is, that it is separated by an enormous gulf from the times of which we have authentic records; and that the forms of government, the seats of empire, and the habits of acting and thinking, have little resemblance to any thing which we find in the historical period of Greece. All that surrounds the great actors is as remote from ordinary life as they are themselves.

But the drama itself is deficient. Nothing can be more meagre than the plot. Achilles is insulted; he refuses to fight; the Greeks are beaten; Patroclus, while protecting the ships of Achilles from the common danger, is killed; and Achilles avenges him by killing Hector; the two chiefs are buried,—and the curtain falls. Such a narrative has a beginning and a middle, but can scarcely be said to have an end. The end, says Aristotle, with his usual good sense, ought to be something which does not naturally lead to any thing more. It ought to satisfy our curiosity. But is the death of Hector such an event? Does not the reader wish to know what influence it had on the war? After having become intimate during twenty-four books with all the leaders on each side—after having sympathised with their hopes and their fears, and become in his heart a Greek or a Trojan, is he satisfied to leave them as he found them, engaged in mortal, but unterminated strife? And can we acquiesce in Aristotle's excuse, that the action of the *Iliad* is not the war of Troy, but the anger of Achilles, and is terminated by his reconciliation with Agamemnon? What do we care about that anger, except so far as it bears on the war? And, while the war remains undecided, what do we care about the reconciliation? We have admitted that the narrative has a middle; but it is a most inartificial one. If the books between the 1st and the 8th, and between the 8th and the 11th, were struck out, no gap would be perceptible, and some inconsistencies would be avoided. Mr. Grote has well remarked, that with all their beauties of scenery and of character, they are useless to the catastrophe and irreconcilable with some of the subsequent events. We cannot, however, adopt his theory, plausible as it is, that they are the

work of a different author. He admits that its unity of action shows the *Odyssey* to be the production of a single mind. We draw the same inference from the consistency of character in the *Iliad*. We cannot believe that the boldly-drawn and finely-discriminated characters of Agamemnon, Ulysses, Ajax, Diomed, Hector, Paris, Priam, and Helen, could have been preserved through the whole twenty-four books, if the original conceptions of one poet had been taken up and worked out by another. A more probable explanation is, that the whole work was executed by one author, but composed at different times, and with considerable intervals.

The objection that we have made to the plot of the *Iliad* does not apply to that of the *Odyssey*. In the whole range of narrative fiction a plot more nearly approaching perfection is not to be found. At the opening of the poem, Ulysses, the sole survivor of his companions, is detained in the distant island of Calypso; while the suitors have usurped his authority, made themselves masters of his property, and are plotting against the life of his son and the fidelity of his wife. Through the middle of the story, the patience, courage, and prudence of Ulysses gradually remove the obstacles to his return. He sits at length by the side of Penelope before his own hearth, unknown to all except his nurse, his son, and two faithful slaves. For two days he lives among his enemies, ever on the point of detection, but ever evading it. At length all is prepared for the catastrophe; the suitors are assembled at the feast, Euryclea and Philætiüs have barred the doors of the hall, and the fatal bow is in his hands. We know nothing in poetry so grand as the picture of Ulysses as he throws off his disguise, springs to the threshold, pours out the arrows at his feet, and announces to the suitors that the hour of retribution has arrived: —

Αὐτὰρ ὁ γυμνώθη ῥακίων πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
 Ἄλτο δ' ἐπὶ μέγαν οὐδὸν, ἔχων βιὸν, ἠδὲ φαρέτρην
 Ἴων ἐμπλήειν ταχέας δ' ἐκχέουσι οἰστούς
 Αὐτοῦ πρόσθε ποδῶν μετὰ δὲ μνηστῆρσιν ἄυσεν.*

The only episode is the journey of Telemachus. The most probable explanation of the introduction of an incident, which has not even a remote influence on the progress or on the event of the story, is the anxiety of the author of the *Odyssey* to connect his narrative with the actors in the *Iliad*. For this

* ‘Then girding up his rags, Ulysses sprang,
 With bow and full-charged quiver, to the door;
 Loose on the broad stone at his feet he poured
 His arrows, and the suitors thus bespoke.’ *Cowper*.

purpose the shades of the mighty dead are called up on the banks of the Nile; for this purpose we are made to accompany the souls of the suitors to the Asphodel meadows and to listen to the conversation of Achilles and Agamemnon; and for this purpose Telemachus visits Elis and Sparta, and shows us three of the favourite characters of the *Iliad*—Nestor, Menelaus, and Helen—in the tranquil evening of their stormy lives.

The scenery of the *Odyssey* is perhaps still more striking than that of the *Iliad*. It is more varied, both morally and physically. It adds to the gods and heroes of Greece the fabulous Elysium of the Phæacians, contrasted with the dark Cimmerians, the cannibals of Læstrigon, and the giant Cyclopes. Instead of being confined to the plain of Troy, the shores of the Hellespont, and the forests of Ida, it embraces all the eastern coasts and islands of the Mediterranean, — probably every portion of the globe which was known to the author or to his hearers. But, though superior to the *Iliad* in scenery, and immeasurably superior in plot, the *Odyssey* is as immeasurably inferior to it in characters. With the exception of Ulysses and Eumæus, scarcely a single actor is individualised. We have already remarked that the suitors are merely a class. Telemachus is only a well-disposed young man. Penelope neither does nor says anything to justify the wisdom which is attributed to her. She is only an affectionate and faithful wife. Alcinous and Arete are amiable sovereigns and hospitable hosts. They fill the stage, but do no more.

The admitted inferiority of the *Odyssey*, though equal to the *Iliad* in style, and superior in plot and in scenery, seems to prove that, of the three great merits which we are considering, character is the most important. Whether the excellence of a plot would make up for the want of striking scenery and well-drawn and well-contrasted characters, may be doubted. No such instance occurs to us. But the fictions which delight solely by their characters, or solely by their scenery, are numerous. The two most remarkable novels of modern times, ‘*Gil Blas*’ and ‘*Don Quixote*,’ please solely by their characters. So do ‘*Joseph Andrews*’ and the ‘*Vicar of Wakefield*,’ the ‘*Wahlverwandschaften*’ and ‘*Wilhelm Meister*.’ On the other hand, the Asiatic romances depend altogether on scenery: neither ‘*Antar*’ nor the ‘*Arabian Nights*,’ nor ‘*Job*’ (which, as a work of art, is a romance, though the persons and main events may have existed,) have any real plot or any individual characters. It is the scenery alone that renders ‘*Robinson Crusoe*’ the most popular of English fictions. The interest ceases as soon as he quits his island. Nothing can be more childish than the

plots of Cooper. Nothing can be more fantastic or unnatural than his characters. But the scenery, in which these absurd beings act their absurd parts, is so new, so interesting, and so vividly painted, that, among perhaps a hundred competitors, he stands,

‘If not first, in the very first line.’

We admire, and we forget, the wit and the finesse of Balzac, and the finely shaded characters and well-involved and well-unravelled plots of Hahn Hahn; but the chase, the wreck, and the battle of the ‘Red Rover’ and the Indian warfare of the ‘Pioneers,’ haunt the imagination for years. We scarcely ever read a romance more defective in plot and in character than the ‘Younger Son.’ The story is a mere collection of events, whose only relation to one another is that they happen to the same persons. It has a beginning, but that beginning does not explain what follows. It has a middle which might have belonged to a different set of agents, and it ends merely because the third volume is finished. The characters are caricatures, the style is exaggerated, the sentiments are perverted. But there is a charm in its scenery. The Indian Ocean, with its calms and simoons; the Eastern Archipelago, with its mountains, swamps, and jungles; the Malay, and Arab, and Chinese, and Tartar figures, which people the land and the water, attract us by our love for what is strange. Other pictures; such as the death of the jungle admeec, the elk chased by lions, and the towing of the dismasted Victory, dwell in the memory from their vividness. And we believe that few have opened the book without finishing it, and that few have read it once without wishing to recur to portions of it. Sir Walter Scott had at his command every form of excellence. But of his numerous novels only three — the ‘Heart of Mid Lothian,’ the ‘Bride of Lammermoor,’ and ‘Kenilworth,’ combine the merits of plot, character, and scenery. In all the others, the plot is objectionable. In some, such as ‘Rob Roy,’ ‘The Pirate,’ ‘The Fortunes of Nigel,’ and ‘The Betrothed,’ it is unintelligible. In others, such as ‘The Monastery,’ ‘The Legend of Montrose,’ ‘Peveril of the Peak,’ and ‘The Fair Maid of Perth,’ it is a mere tissue of events, with little dependence on one another, connected chiefly by succession of time; and in two, ‘St. Ronan’s Well,’ and ‘Quentin Durward,’ it is absolutely puerile. In a very few, perhaps only in ‘The Monastery,’ ‘Quentin Durward,’ and ‘St. Ronan’s Well,’ there is a want of character; but in none, with the exception of the unfortunate ‘St. Ronan’s Well,’ is there a deficiency of scenery. It is to its scenery rather than to its characters, admirable as they are, that

'Waverley' owes its pre-eminence. It is its scenery that has made 'Quentin Durward,' absurd as is its plot, and common place as are almost all its characters, the novel by which Sir Walter Scott is best known on the Continent. •

These remarks will assist us in pointing out the characteristics of the work which we are reviewing. Its excellence does not lie in its characters, so far as they are taken from European models. The hero and the heroine are cast in the usual mould. He is brave, generous, and kind, with strong but somewhat inconstant affections. She amiable, high spirited, and intelligent. The others are equally representatives of well-known classes. There is an elderly general officer, with the common manners and prejudices of his rank; a fidgetty mother, caring about nothing but her health, her position in society, and the establishment of her daughter; a sub-heroine, the hero's sister, pleasing but insipid; a sub-hero, who is to marry her, whom the reader will forget as soon as he has done with him. A proud, selfish woman of rank, a good-natured frivolous dandy, a scheming young lady, and a merchant content to accept the opinions and follow the example of those around him, and drift indolently down the stream of sensual enjoyment, are more distinct, but do not aim at originality. The Transatlantic characters have more merit: some of them are strongly marked and original, but we will leave them to display themselves as we proceed.

The story is amusing and natural, but wants unity and cohesion. The incidents are very numerous, but the greater part of them have no influence on the ultimate catastrophe. Nor is that catastrophe one that excites much interest. The reader is led to wish to see the hero and heroine both well provided for; but has no desire that it should be by their inter-marriage. He would be as well satisfied, perhaps better, if the heroine were to make a different choice.

Such being the characters and the plot, our readers will infer that it is the scenery of 'Charles Vernon' which has induced us to select it for criticism. Even so. The physical scenery is striking from its grandeur, its variety, and its novelty: the moral scenery from its strangeness. And the latter has not only a poetical but an historical claim on our attention. It describes the state of society in Jamaica and Venezuela, when slavery was in its unmitigated vigour in the one, and revolutionary war was raging in the other. Both these have passed away, and have passed away almost unrecorded: a few military autobiographies, now slumbering among the unbound lumber of

the British Museum, or in the corners of provincial circulating libraries, are all that tell the story of the Venezuelan war of independence; and as they relate only the operations of armies or personal adventures, they give us no insight into the feelings of the people during the struggle. Of the social state of the West Indies, at the beginning of the present century, we know nothing. The planters and the merchants, with their Oriental luxury and Oriental harems, and the dark beauties living only to please, but maintaining self-respect in a state which in Europe is one of degradation, and affection and fidelity under circumstances which, with us, lead to utter profligacy, have scarcely left a tradition of their existence:—

‘ Omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.’

The physical features of the Spanish main have been made known to us by the pen and the pencil of Humboldt; but the scenery of the Blue Mountains of Jamaica, — the most striking combination perhaps of grandeur and beauty that exists, a Tyrol under the Tropics, — is as undescribed as that of Central Africa. The few who have visited it thought of cotton and coffee, and treated rocks, rivers, and forests as mere obstacles.

The work before us attempts to supply these deficiencies; and we proceed to show how far it is successful.

The scene opens with the arrival in Jamaica of Captain Charles Vernon, a young English officer, who comes to take possession of his property, a sugar estate on the coast, and a coffee plantation in the mountains. The date is not given in so many words; but, on comparing it with the public events which are related or alluded to, it must have been in the beginning of the year 1813. He lands at Kingston, and dines the first day with his merchant, Mr. M’Kenzie. At dinner the conversation naturally turns on the mode of life at Kingston. From the answers to some of his inquiries, Vernon infers that there is not much female society.

“Not many ladies,” said the Counsellor with a smile, “but then we have the women of colour — the brown ladies, who, *entre nous*, have much finer persons, and a hundred times more animation than your European women. You’ll think so, I’ll answer for you, as soon as you know both.”

“Well,” said M’Kenzie, who had been listening to the conversation, “you shall judge for yourself, Captain Vernon. Go to-morrow night to the assembly; I will introduce you in the morning to the ladies at my friend Otway’s; his daughters will be very glad to get

hold of a young officer. The day after we will get up a quality ball for you."

"A quality ball! pray, what does that mean?" asked Vernon.

"A brown dance," said M'Kenzie.

"What! a ball to which mulattoes are asked?"

"Yes; the coloured men are of course excluded: my housekeeper shall superintend, and take care that it shall be very select."*

We pass over the white assembly to make room for the Quality Ball.

As Vernon entered, the younger part of the company were dancing with great animation to the merry tune of "The Devil amongst the Tailors;" those who could not find partners dancing with each other. It was a very different scene from the assembly the night before. The pale languid looks of the European ladies, their stiffer manners, and lack of conversation, were strongly contrasted with the health and vigour and vivacity of mind and body which animated their brunette rivals. Their dresses, costly in material, were made in the extreme fashion of that day.

One lovely girl particularly attracted Vernon's admiration. She looked about eighteen, and was dancing with another dark-eyed beauty with more grace than spirit. An expression of feminine mildness, of sweetness of temper, subdued the animation of her full black eyes. Her complexion was so slightly tinged with brown, that the mixture of African blood would not have been detected in any other society. He even thought that this shade of colour softened down and improved the expression of her features, as the mellow tints of an old picture add to its effect.

His stare attracted his hostess, who renewed her offer of introducing him to a partner.

"Yes," answered he, "I should like very much to dance if you can get me as a partner that beautiful girl who is dancing with another in a plaid dress."

"Oh, Miss Julia;—yes, I dare say I can; but she would like you better if you had your red coat on, Captain Vernon."

"Who is she?"

"Why, she is the daughter of old Admiral Leslie; her mother lived with the admiral at the Penn while he commanded here, and he gave her two houses and several negroes when he left the country. She is a good girl, but I wish she was wiser. Her mother had a deal of trouble and expense in sending her to Miss Mary's school, and getting her genteelly brought up, and hoped with her pretty face to have her well settled with some gentleman who could buy her plenty of houses and negroes. But Hi! this not do for Miss Julia; when she come to be sixteen years old, she ran away with an officer to camp, who had nothing but his pay."

"And is she now under this officer's protection?"

"No, poor girl; the officer died of fever a year ago, and she,

poor fool, was ready to break her heart after him, though he could not leave her a dollar to buy her mourning with. But come, they have finished that dance, and I will introduce you. Julia, my dear, this gentleman wishes to dance with you; he is a soldier-officer, though he wears a blue coat." *

We shall not accompany Vernon in his visit to his mountain estate of Mount Edwards, or relate the wrongs which he redresses, or the improvements which he introduces. Negro slavery is the blackest page in our annals. The lesson to be found in these pages may be useful to those, if there be any such now remaining, who believe, with a writer in the 'Quarterly Review,'† that the substitution of apprenticeship for slavery was only a nominal change. It may be instructive to those also, if there be any, who require to be informed what are the effects of irresponsible power on individuals taken from the nation least likely to abuse it,—a nation in which the dislike to inflict, or to witness, or even to hear of human suffering, however deserved, or however necessary, is often carried to an excess which defeats its own object; a nation which often refuses to the law of man the power adequately to repress crime, and even strives to prevent the laws of nature from punishing idleness, improvidence, and vice. But the picture is too painful for our pages.

It is followed by his courtship of Julia *à la mode de la Jamaïque*: the result is that they agree to meet at Cane Garden, Vernon's estate on the northern side of the island, lying in a rich but unhealthy soil in a valley opening towards the sea. At Mount Edwards Vernon's task had been easy. He had found there an active vigilant despotism, under which, by the exercise of unscrupulous cruelty, the labourers had been lashed into as much diligence as man in a state of slavery can be forced to exert. He had only to blunt the stimulus of punishment, and to supply its place by that of reward; and nearly the same amount of labour was obtained, though with more trouble and at greater expense. At Cane Garden also, he finds mismanagement, but of a different kind. The vice here is not oppression but negligence. The good-natured indolent overseer had smoked away his time to keep off, he said, the fever, and allowed the slaves to be half idle, the land to be half cultivated, and the buildings to be half ruinous. Much exertion is necessary to bring the estate into better order.

'None of the neighbouring proprietors resided; and their substitutes, being all low vulgar men, Vernon had no society but Julia's. Though she would not formally take her place at the dinner-table,

yet she would stay in the room when there was no other white person present; and sometimes take a seat, when the desert was introduced. She never, however, made her appearance before a third person; not from any sense of degradation as to the situation she filled, for that situation, according to the notions in which she had been brought up, was an honourable one; but solely from custom, and a feeling of inferiority, originating in colour—a feeling so inherent in all her class as to be acted upon unconsciously.

‘Watching every glance of his eye, every movement of his countenance, she anticipated his wishes before he could speak them; and, mixing familiarity with the most ardent love, her heart and mind were wholly his. Vernon, in return, felt gratitude for her affection, and his self-love not a little flattered by finding himself the object of adoration to so fine a creature. And if these feelings did not amount to love, they so nearly resembled it that he was himself deceived.’*

He is attacked by the fever of the country, and owes his life to the care and devotion of Julia. As soon as he becomes convalescent the usual remedy of change of air and scene is prescribed. He makes a cruise, lands at Porto Bello, crosses the Isthmus of Darien and gazes on the Pacific. On his return to Kingston, perfectly recovered, he dines with the Otways and meets the heroine, Emily Vivian, whose father, General Vivian, has arrived during his absence, to fill a staff appointment, and brought out with him his wife and daughter. Emily Vivian, as we have already hinted, is a scenic character. She is painted as Elizabeth wished to be, without any shades. She is described as possessing, and, to do justice to the author, we must add that she is made to exhibit, intelligence, taste, elegance, knowledge of the world, and high principles. She is a distant relation of Vernon’s, the intimate friend of his sister, and an acquaintance of his own, though a slight one, as she had just left school when he joined his regiment in Portugal about five years before the story begins.

He accepts an invitation to form one of the general’s party at Spanish Town during the following week.

“Ah Charles,” said Julia, as he almost unconsciously described his new acquaintance, “Ah Mr. Vernon, I fear you are going to fall in love with this lady! And then what will become of poor me!”

“Oh no,” answered Vernon, “how can you think so? Do you not know, my dear Julia, that I love you too well for you to be in danger from a rival?”

“Still, take care: I know you love me now, but I am afraid that your affections are fickle. I shall always be afraid of your going to that lady’s house.”

“I am very sorry to hear you say so, Julia, for I am engaged to

be there a great deal during next week. We make a party together to Spanish Town, to the balls there."

'A smothered sigh was her only answer; and he tried, but in vain, to remove her uneasiness. Perhaps his own mind was not in the best state for this purpose. Though it may sometimes flatter, it is on the whole generally teasing to be the object of jealousy, especially where it is felt to be unfounded. Julia's beauty, her affectionate tenderness of disposition, her sweetness of temper, and above all, perhaps, her warm attachment to him, gave her a hold which he thought no other woman could have on his affections. It was impossible, he thought, that he could ever wish to give her a rival; and if he could, every principle of gratitude must prevent his doing so.

'Still he was sensible of much admiration of Miss Vivian, and a wish to see more of her; and both the admiration and the wish were irritated by Julia's imprudent expression of her fears. Absurd as he thought these fears were, still he saw that they would disturb the new source of pleasure which was opened to him,—a pleasure great anywhere, but inestimable in the mental famine of Jamaica.

'After a short mutual silence they retired, with less agreeable feelings towards each other than they had felt since their first intimacy.'*

The natural consequences follow. He becomes every day more and more in love with Emily, though resolving to be constant to Julia. The contest in his mind is well described. We have heard this situation objected to as trite. It is certainly a common one. It has been painted by perhaps a hundred, perhaps a thousand novelists. But the mere commonness of a situation or of an event does not unfit it for fiction. What can be more common than love, except perhaps marriage? But no one objects to the one of them as a trite situation, or to the other as a trite event. The triteness which displeases is a state of things usual in fiction, but unusual in reality. Thus the nexus which Metastasio introduces into almost all his plots,—that of two friends in love with the same woman, and each magnanimously anxious to give her up to the other,—is striking the first time that the reader meets with it, bearable the second, and disgusting the tenth. So love at first sight is offensive in the Marivaux school, but not in Shakspeare. We accept it in Shakspeare because it occurs in his scenes as it occurs in real life, occasionally, but rarely. We object to it in Marivaux because he describes it as an ordinary occurrence, as the rule, instead of the exception. Now the situation of a man bound to one woman by gratitude and to another by love, under deep obligations to the inferior and full of high admiration for the superior object, hating himself for his inconstancy to the one and despising himself for his deceit to the other, is a situation more frequent in reality than

* Vol. i. p. 148.

even in fiction, and, like all other natural situations, is a fit subject of representation.

The Vivians pay to fever the usual tribute of new comers. On their convalescence Vernon recommends a visit to Mount Edwards. The physician supports him, and thither the party go.

After about a fortnight the rainy season begins.

"What a gale of wind it blows!" observed Emily to Vernon, as they were sitting over their chess-table, after breakfast, four or five days after the heavy rains had set in.

"Oh, it is nothing," said Vernon, "(check to your queen); we are so high up here, and so exposed, that every blast of wind sounds to us as if it had double its real force. It is very cold though; the thermometer, I see, is only sixty-eight. I will put on another log."

"Nay, but do look at that mango tree at the side of the garden, how it bends; and that date tree next it is wavering like a peacock's feather to the wind, which seems to blow from all quarters at once. Look! Oh look; Mr. Vernon!"

The mango tree was at this instant torn up by the roots, whirled into the air, and carried out of sight.

"My dearest Miss Vivian," said Vernon, "do not be so alarmed. It does indeed blow a gale; but this is a very substantial house, and has weathered many real West Indian hurricanes, even if this gale of wind should increase to one."

"A hurricane, by God! Vernon," said the general, entering the room in his flannel dressing-gown, just as he had been raised from his mid-day nap.

"Oh, general, general!" said Mrs. Vivian, running in also, "what shall we do? Old Juba tells me this is a hurricane. A real hurricane! We shall all be blown away, like the trees in the garden that I see flying into the air like so many large feathers."

"No be 'fraid massa," said Cæsar, following; "him hurricane for true, but me know hurricane worser dan dis no blow great house down. Him really 'trong tone house; no like for nigger house—poor neger house all blow 'way."

Fresh gusts of wind fast succeeded each other with increased violence. Soon not one of the beautiful trees in the garden was left standing; cedar, orange, apple, and all the larger trees being torn up by the roots, while the slender stems of the cocoa-nut, cabbage, and date trees were snapped off in the middle.

The party were next terrified by the walls of the house which they were in, shaking and cracking; and a general rush towards the door took place.

Hardly had they gained the other wing of the house, when that which they had just quitted, walls and all, gave way, though, as Cæsar had observed, a most substantial building. The roof entire, without loss of a single shingle or beam, was carried up into the air, by the wind getting under it, and the walls fell in with a tremendous crash.

‘The boards and beams of the two floorings were seen rushing through the air, knocking down all that came in contact with them. Little time, however, was left for observation, each successive blast roared louder and louder, and the remaining part of the house threatened every instant to crush its inhabitants.

‘They stood for some seconds; the women in speechless terror, and Vernon and the general in vain attempting to conceal their own alarm, while trying to moderate that of their companions.

‘Suddenly, the wind getting under the remaining part of the roof (since the fall of the wing totally unprotected), tore it up also, throwing down within the walls the ceiling and some of the beams, but carrying away the greater part to a distance.

‘By one of the timbers which fell within, Vernon was knocked down, not, however, so seriously hurt but that he rose immediately, and supported Mrs. Vivian (the general having hurried forward Emily) out of the ruins, expecting that the now unroofed walls would instantly fall in.

‘As they gained the outer door they were in danger of being taken off their legs by the force of the wind, and hurled through the air like the beams of the roof which were spinning round in the eddies of the wind.

‘Cæsar’s experience and presence of mind saved them from this fate, by pulling down the general and Emily with him, as they reached the door, and calling out to them, and to Vernon and Mrs. Vivian as they followed,—

“Massa no try for walk, or wind blow ’trong carry massa ’way,—blow him into de gully! Massa lie down crawl like for pickinny on de ground.”

‘And creeping on all-fours in this way, they took refuge in the kitchen,—a low, almost circular out-house built of stone; and barring the door against the blast, flattered themselves that they were secure. They were disappointed; for after they had witnessed (through the narrow loop-hole window) the blowing down of the coffee store, the overseer’s house, the neighbouring negro-houses, and every possible place of refuge; not a tree standing,—beams, trees, branches, wooden shingles with large nails in them, flying about in every direction, carrying destruction to every living thing they encountered,—the night coming on, the rain pouring in torrents, and the gale increasing, the kitchen gave way, injuring nearly all, more or less, but none severely.

‘As a last resource, and almost a forlorn one, the party next betook themselves to a cellar under the ruins of the Great House, endeavouring to hope, that if the walls fell in (and they heard stones dropping from them every instant), the flooring above their heads might not be beaten in. This chance, so feeble as scarcely to support a hope, afforded the only possibility of escape.

‘It was now six in the evening, and the night was setting in.

‘There was one sheltered corner where Mrs. Vivian, as the greatest invalid, was accommodated with a seat on an empty flour-barrel. Emily stood on a loose plank which Vernon contrived to fix against

the wall sufficiently high to raise her from the stream of water which ran through the cellar.

‘Vernon stood next to her, so near that as he leant his head against the wall, it almost touched hers. The rest of the party either stood leaning against the shaking walls, or paced up and down their narrow cell. Two were placed with their backs against the door to prevent the wind from bursting its bolts; this duty the men took by turns.

‘One of the servants, on taking refuge in the cellar, had brought with him a candle in a lantern: it was hung up in the driest corner, and threw a glimmering light over the room.

‘The countenances of all betrayed their feelings. The whites seemed most to dread being crushed to death; while, in the negroes, their present sufferings, from cold, wet, and bruises, overpowered every other sensation.

‘Suddenly one of the walls of the house above gave way before the blast, which luckily hurled the stones from, instead of upon, the cellar; but still a great part fell on the boarded flooring over their heads with a tremendous crash. All conceived that it was the fall of the whole house; it was followed by the scream of the women and children, and, as they supposed, the dying prayer of the men.

‘Vernon bent over the board on which Miss Vivian was leaning, threw his arm around her waist, and exclaimed, “We will die together!” The substantial flooring, however, withstood the shock, and after the breathless pause of a few seconds, Emily struggled from Vernon and freed herself. Both were too much agitated to speak, and the attention of every other person present was confined to his own suffering and danger.

‘“Mr. Scott,” said Vernon in a low voice, “will you accompany me, and try to reach the mill-house, and see if it is standing?”

‘“I will; but I warn you of the risk.”

‘“Never mind that, except on your own account. General — Mrs. Vivian, good bye; Emily, if I never see you more, sometimes think of me. Come, Scott.”’*

They fail in this attempt to find a more secure refuge, but the hurricane gradually dies away during the night, and when the prisoners see the white dawn through the chinks in the flooring over their heads, they can venture to leave the cellar.

We pass to a moral storm, as vividly painted as the elementary one.

‘Early the next morning, while Vernon was superintending the repairs, Emily walked beyond the garden, towards the road leading to Kingston.

‘All around her was desolation, yet notwithstanding her fatigue, her spirits never felt so buoyant, or her hopes so bright. It was certain that Vernon loved her, and she now found it certain too,

though she had before tried to disguise it to herself, that she loved him.

‘Again and again, she retraced all that he had said, all that he had looked, on that eventful night. Every word, every tone of his voice, still rung in her ear. The circumstances under which they stood, the subdued feeling, the calm tone in which he spoke, left her no doubt of his sincerity. She forgot the inconsistencies of his former conduct; the delight which he had shown in her society, and his hesitation when circumstances seemed to call him to express it. Or if she recurred to them, it was only to contrast the happiness of her present certainty with the pain which she now allowed herself to confess that she had felt in her former doubts. It was not only the sunshiny prospect of her future life that delighted her, but she felt her own self-estimation raised by having obtained the affection of a man of sense and of education.

‘She thought of the delight of having her friend Harriet as a sister. She composed over and over in her mind the letter in which she should communicate it. She thought of her next meeting with Vernon, what he would say, and how she should answer him. Fifty times she varied the conversation that would take place, and always preferred the last. Wrapped in the delights of a reverie which no one enjoys more than once in a life, she reached at last the bank of the once rivulet, now a broad river, which ran across the gully beneath, and found herself with astonishment nearly a mile from the house.

‘Though a good deal sunk, the torrent seemed yet formidable; its yellow waters rolling down trunks of trees, which whirled and spun round in the eddies occasioned by their rapid motion. Just as she was turning back, a negro, whom she thought that she recollected as having carried messages from Vernon to the general when in Kingston, appeared on the other side, armed with a long pole. She stopped to witness his attempt at crossing, which seemed attended with risk. The water was about breast high in the deepest part, but the rapidity of the current was so great, that none but a strong, active, and experienced man could keep his legs. If he fell he would be rolled over and over, and hurried down the stream, without a chance of saving himself. To these dangers must be added that of being struck by the large rolling rocks and trunks of trees.

‘Steadying himself with his pole, the negro encountered all, watching for each rolling fragment of rock; sometimes leaping over it with his pole, sometimes running forward, or drawing backwards to avoid it. At length he reached the opposite side of the river.

‘“Who are you?” asked Miss Vivian.

‘“Mc Vulcan.”

‘“And where do you come from, Vulcan? whom do you belong to?”

‘“Me belong to Massa Vernon, and me come from Kingston. Bring him paper from him wife.”

‘“His wife! You must be mad! It cannot be Mr. Vernon you mean.”

“ Yes, missis, me mean Massa Vernon for me massa. Me bring him paper from him wife, Miss Julia; one brown lady lib in Kingston. Massa hab him for wife long time.”

“ I cannot, I will not, believe this,” said Emily, thinking aloud.

“ Yes, missis, massa hab wife long time, and him good brown lady; no use poor-neger ill.”

‘ To confirm his story, at the doubt of which he felt indignant, he put into Miss Vivian’s hand an unwafered note, saying,—

“ Look, missis; here da paper.”

‘ Emily just glanced her eye over the superscription; “ To Captain Charles Vernon, Mount Edwards,” written in unformed feminine characters. She gave back the letter to Vulcan, and turned towards the house, while he slowly followed, prevented by his ideas of respect from passing her.

‘ At the door she perceived Vernon watching her approach. As he advanced, she returned his salutation in a tone which she attempted to render easy, and which to a common observer would have seemed so, but which to him carried an indescribable appearance of emotion. Immediately afterwards he recognised Vulcan.

“ Paper for you, massa,” said Vulcan. Vernon’s eye caught the well-known writing, and he instantly felt that Emily’s was fixed on him. He felt his face, his very lips turn white, and his hand trembled so that he could scarcely take the letter. Emily looked at him for an instant, the bitterest perhaps in her whole life, and passed on.’*

Three days are passed among the ruins, during which Emily avoids any explanation, and Vernon does not venture to force one. At length the roads become passable, and the whole party return to Kingston.

The conflict in Vernon’s mind destroys his health. He is advised to try a cooler climate, and embarks for Canada in a brig called the *Flora*. A storm scatters the convoy, and the *Flora* finds herself alone, and, as the captain conjectures, near the eastern point of Cuba.

‘ At daybreak the following morning, a sailor was sent up to the mast-head to look out for land; but instead of this he sung out, “ A sail right aft!” The breezes were very light, and the sail so far off that she could be seen only from the mast-head; whatever she was, however, she was clearly gaining on them, and with this impression the captain descended, at seven o’clock, to breakfast, looking ominously serious. Vernon, still in his cot, at first heard the tidings of their being chased by a possible enemy with the indifference with which he had treated the storm the night before: this apathy the captain of the *Flora* mistook for a want of courage, and reascended to the deck, muttering something about “ a soldier.”

‘ He was disagreeably interested in reconnoitring the strange sail, which now had very much gained on them, and, through a glass, was

clearly to be seen from the deck. She was a black schooner, very broad in the beam, and, whether friend or foe, was crowding canvass. She was soon afterwards observed to wet her sails (which increases speed by making them hold more wind), and betrayed an anxiety to get up with the *Flora*, which strengthened, almost to a certainty, the captain's suspicions of her being an enemy. The *Flora* then also wetted her sails, and threw some of her deck cargo overboard; but still the strange sail evidently neared her rapidly, and by ten o'clock was so close that an English flag could be discovered from her mizen; she was prodigiously large for a schooner, and full of men,—two discoveries, neither of which pleased Captain Robins of the *Flora*. He descended again to the cabin, and asked Vernon, who was still lounging in his cot, "if he intended skulking there, or taking his post on deck?"

"Skulking! Captain Robins, what do you mean?"

"Why, here is an American privateer very near close alongside of us; but the *Flora* shan't strike to her till we have tried her cannon. Will you and your servant assist in defending the ship?"

"Of course," said Vernon, jumping out of his cot with more vivacity than he had felt since his illness; and in two minutes he sprang up the companion-steps, calling to Pompey to follow him.

"Massa no top on deck," said Pompey; "'pose buckra fight, den massa get killed."

"No, Pompey, we must both do our best: so do you take one of those cutlasses, and don't tremble so if you can help it."

He found all on deck prepared for action; six eight-pound caronades (three on each side) and a long twelve-pounder at the stern, were the whole of the *Flora's* armament: these were immediately loaded, and the boarding netting fixed up. The crew were then each assigned to their stations. They consisted of the captain, mate, and boatswain, sixteen seamen, their passenger, and poor Pompey—an appalling inferiority to the privateer, who, from the crowded state of her deck, appeared to have at least a hundred men.

The seamen were all stationed at the guns, and Vernon and his servant had each a musket given to them, while some boarding-pikes and cutlasses were brought out from the arm-chest, and placed ready for every one's use in case the enemy attempted to board. These arrangements completed, the *Flora's* crew awaited in anxious uncertainty the approach of the schooner.

Vernon stood at the stern, next the captain, and, after viewing her with the glass, observed,—

"An immense superiority of numbers she has, captain, if she prove an enemy."

"Yes, but she is much lower in the water than we are, and does not appear to carry any large guns."

"I can only discover two swivels on each side," observed Vernon, still looking through his glass, "and one long gun, and that midships."

"Well, if we can keep her at long shots I don't fear her; and if

we have the luck to hull her, we may sink her; or if we strike her rigging and masts, we may at any rate disable her so as to escape."

"And if she boards us?"

"Why that, as she is so low, she will find a difficult job."

"At any rate, captain, we will not give up while there is a hope."

"No, that is not my character. Jack Robins has beat 'em off before now."

"Holloa, there! bring up the Union Jack, Williams; we will, at any rate, show our colours, and she may then favour us with a sight of her true ones."

The Union Jack was accordingly hoisted, and the schooner answered by pulling down her assumed English flag, and displaying in its place the stars and stripes of the United States of America, firing, at the same time, a shot at the *Flora*.

"Yankees, by G—d!" exclaimed the captain; "put the helm up; we'll give 'em a broadside;—steady—now let fly into her, boys!" and a raking broadside from the *Flora* fully evinced her determination to defend herself. But the range was miscalculated; the shot passed over the schooner with little or no effect. The privateer rapidly came up, and, with true American ostentation, all the crew mounted on the rigging, or stood on their vessel's side, so as to show their immense superiority of numbers, giving three insulting cheers, and, hailing the *Flora* through a speaking-trumpet, desired her to "Strike to the American privateer *Washington*." The *Flora*'s brave little crew gave three cheers in return, firing into her as an answer. The schooner's topsail halliards were cut away, and the sail dropped fluttering on the deck. The privateer returned the fire instantly; the two ships were soon within pistol-shot, and Vernon could not help instinctively wincing as he heard the grape-shot and musketry from the first fire of the privateer whiz about his ears. He found that it cured him most effectually, however, of any of the apathy which fever had left behind; his blood warmed, and his spirits rose with the danger; and he astonished the captain (who at first had thought meanly of his courage) by his activity and presence of mind.

Broadside now succeeded broadside from the *Flora*, and volleys of musketry from the privateer. After this had continued for some minutes, the schooner running her bowsprit over the *Flora*'s quarter, indicated an immediate intention of boarding. About twenty ruffianly-looking fellows an instant after crowded up the narrow bowsprit of the privateer, covering it completely, brandishing their cutlasses, and, mixed with their pistol-shot, pouring forth a volley of curses on their adversaries. The *Flora*'s crew seized each a boarding-pike, a cutlass, a musket, or an unfixed bayonet, and ran to the side of the ship where the attack was threatened. Vernon was amongst the foremost; and the foremost of the Americans, after dunning his own heart and liver, and discharging a brace of pistols at Vernon, (one of the balls of which passed through his coat collar), swore he would give no quarter, but would make mince-meat of him, and heave him overboard to feed the sharks. He was in the act of springing down on the *Flora*'s deck, when Vernon discharged his musket at him (he had

reserved his fire for this occasion), and felt strong pleasure at seeing him pitch head foremost into the sea. The two Americans next on the bowsprit made a similar attempt; but the first was pierced by a pike, as he was endeavouring to get over the boarding-netting; and the other, on reaching the deck, was cut down. The courage of those behind failed, and they suffered the ships to part; but two of the *Flora's* crew had now fallen to rise no more, struck by the volleys of musketry; and Captain Robins, his mate, and four of the crew were so badly wounded, as to be compelled to leave the deck, leaving only the boatswain to command. Vernon also missed his servant Pompey from the reduced numbers on the deck; and feared that he was either killed or severely wounded.

'The remainder of the crew, however, still kept up the contest. Some marksmen stationed at the privateer's mast-head were employed in aiming at those whom they took for the commanders of the *Flora's* crew, and especially at the helmsman — no one being able to retain this important post more than ten minutes before he was struck; but the next in turn regularly took his place, even without waiting to be called.

'Vernon was standing close to the rudder, taking aim at these marksmen in the enemy's tops, when the man at the helm, mortally struck in the breast, fell against him, and threw him down under him. He was covered with blood, and, as he threw him off, and rising witnessed the convulsions of death distorting the man's face, he felt shocked, even if fear had no part in his feelings.

'The deck now presented a horrid scene, two thirds of the crew lying there either killed or wounded; and the quantity of blood spilt in so small a space, made it one continued pool, and so slippery that it was difficult to avoid falling. Vernon was once knocked down by either a splinter or a block falling on him; and afterwards the barrel of his musket turned off a ball, which, had it struck him, would have gone through his heart.

'The privateer meanwhile finding that her fire had succeeded in thinning the numbers on the *Flora's* deck, made a second attempt to board. Eight of the crew, the boatswain, and Vernon were all who remained unhurt and able to oppose them; and the Americans, observing the small number of their opponents, crowded up their bowsprit, and leaped down on the *Flora's* deck with great confidence. Vernon cut down the first boarder, shot another, and was engaged with the third, when a musket-ball struck him in the arm: his cutlass dropped from his hand, and a blow on the head from the cutlass of his opponent laid him senseless at his feet, apparently dead. The small remainder of the *Flora's* crew, finding opposition now hopeless, gave way, and jumping down the main-hatchway, left the deck to their conquerors.*

The scene now returns to Jamaica, where it left Julia,

* Vol. i. p. 282.

parted, as she believed, for ever from the only being in the world whom she really loved.

‘A burst of tears and hysterical sobs alarmed Clara as she supported her mistress to her bed, sick in mind and body, and ill prepared for the anxieties which awaited her; and they followed in rapid succession. The gale of wind which scattered the convoy, disturbed her sleep, and shipwrecks and drowning men haunted her dreams.’*

Next come vague rumours, which no one can trace, of an action at sea. Some say that the *Flora* had been captured after a hard fight, — others, that she had been sunk; all is disheartening and uncertain. Then the *Flora* is retaken by an English cruiser and brought into Port Royal, and the more accurate intelligence is dreadful. That Vernon is wounded and a prisoner is certain; but no one can tell more. Days of suspense become weeks, and still no further information is obtained.

The same rumours reach Emily in a more authentic form. She meets at dinner at the Otways the captain of the frigate which had retaken the *Flora*, and hears from him the story of the action with the privateer, mixed with praise of Vernon’s gallantry. She finds herself very often calling to see her friend Margaret Otway — led there, as she apologises to herself, by the hope of being able to learn some tidings for Harriet Vernon.

On one of these visits she is told that the ladies are out, but soon to return. She sits, and is turning over the sketches of an album, when she hears a plaintive voice in the verandah asking for Mr. Otway; a servant answers that he will soon return; and leaves the stranger leaning for support against the jalousied partition between the verandah and the drawing-room.

‘She was well dressed, her tall figure wrapped in a shawl, which could not conceal that she would soon be a mother. Her face retained traces of great beauty, but emaciated, making her soft eyes seem preternaturally large. She trembled and might have fallen but for the support against which she leaned. Emily rose and called for a servant, to desire him to offer the visitor a chair; but Sambo had disappeared and there was no bell, so she went out herself and invited the poor girl to come in and rest herself until Mr. Otway came in. “Let me support you,” she said, for the stranger’s agitation seemed to increase at her presence; “lean on me, and I will help you to the sofa, for you look very ill.”

‘But the object of her kindness shrank from the gentle arm, as if it would have enveloped her in the folds of a serpent. “No, not this from you!” she exclaimed, shuddering as she extricated herself and sunk on the floor.’

‘Emily gazed for an instant at the unhappy creature. The truth

then flashed on her. It must be the writer of Vulcan's letter. She, whom he had called his master's wife, who now, broken-hearted and fainting, lay on the floor at her feet.

"Under other circumstances she might, perhaps, have recoiled from further contact. Now she felt only compassion. She placed a pillow from the sofa under Julia's head, then filled a glass from the water jar standing in the window, sprinkled it on her face, and, as she revived, held the water to her lips.

"*"Drink and you will better,"* she said. *"Now let me raise you,"* and, disregarding her faint resistance, she supported her to the sofa, loosened the string which impeded her breath, and spoke to her in a soft voice which pierced Julia's heart like a sword.

"Julia felt the superiority of the being who bent over her. The mind, which shone through Emily's countenance, awed her weaker spirit. She felt that she was known, yet not despised: and this made her rival appear more than human.

"*"You are better now?"* asked Emily.

"*"Thank you — yes; now leave me, dear lady, you are too good to wait on poor me. I came to ask if he had been heard of; but oh! I shall never see him more; and, now that I have seen you, I know that it would be of no use. If my child survives me, be kind to it."*

"*"Indeed you are strangely mistaken: Mr. Vernon is nothing to me, but an old family friend."*

"*"You say so, and therefore you believe so. I know better. If you had heard him in his ravings, as I did when I watched by his bed in his last fever, you would not doubt his love. If I hoped to live, I could not tell you this; but I feel that my days will be few. God bless you, and may you be happier than poor Julia."*

"She took Miss Vivian's hand, kissed it, and suffered herself to be assisted to the kittereen which was waiting for her.

"*"You will pity me, and let me know,"* she said to Miss Vivian, who had accompanied her to the carriage, *"if you hear anything of him. Your servant Phebe will know where to find me."*

"Emily felt too much agitated to encounter the Otways, and she hastened home filled with compassion for a creature so young, so beautiful, so gentle, and so inexperienced,—a fair vessel wrecked on the quicksands of a vicious society.*

Further tidings arrive in the form of a set of bills drawn by Vernon, at Barcelona, in the Spanish Main. It is clear, that at the date of those bills he was living. The news comes opportunely.

"Julia's spirits were soothed at a critical moment, for the day afterwards she gave birth to a daughter. But worn down by months of anxiety and ill-health, her recovery was slow. Her mother was with her, but she had always been harsh: there never indeed was much sympathy or confidence between them: the tie was that of mere instinct. Her own infant, a beautiful fair child, reminded her only of

its absent father ; she grew more and more nervous and weak, and her life seemed to hang on a thread. Hope was gone : all that she valued or cared for had vanished like a dream. Religion was to her a mere form. She had never been brought up to trust to its support.

' Day followed day without change or comfort, until one morning she was lying on the sofa where Vernon had parted from her. Her memory was recalling his last words and looks, as she pressed his child to her breast. Clara sat on a stool at her feet. Suddenly Pompey entered the room, which was darkened to keep out the sun, so that he could not at first distinguish the inmates. Clara started up and asked if his master was with him. " No, Clara," he replied, recognising the voice. " You neber see good Massa Vernon no more. Him dead. Me see him go out for fight, and him killed; him neber come back."

' A faint groan from the sofa did not reach his dull ear ; but Clara shrieked out, " Oh Pompey, you kill poor missis," as she raised Julia's head from the pillow on which it had fallen back. But it was all over. The loving gentle spirit had departed.*

Pompey had returned to Jamaica with Captain Robins and the rest of the wounded crew of the *Flora*; and from Captain Robins some accurate information is now obtained. The privateer had captured a Dutch sloop, put into her his wounded prisoners, and sent them to Barcelona, then in the hands of the Patriots, but menaced with an attack by the Royalists. It was there that Vernon drew his bills on Jamaica. After waiting for some weeks, during which the less severely wounded men recovered, news of the approach of the Royalists came, and Vernon marched out with the whole garrison of Barcelona to repel them. Captain Robins added, that Vernon assured him that, if he lived, he should not be many days absent. For he intended merely to assist in defending the approach to the town. If the invasion succeeded, of course he must retreat with his own friends. If it were repelled, he should leave them to pursue their success. So far, and no further, he thought his interference justified.

After news of the success of the Patriots reached Barcelona, Captain Robins daily looked for his return. But time passed on, and he heard all sorts of reports as to the fate of his passenger; that he had been killed in action; that he had been taken prisoner; then another report was current, that he had deserted to the other side, and that a reward was offered for his apprehension.

" " I waited and waited," said he to his employer, Mr. Otway, " and could hear nothing more. My belief is that the poor young gentleman has come to some untimely end; killed, most probably, fighting where

he had no call. I saw how ready he was at that work when he fought beside me in my brig. So I chartered the droger which brought us here, and I brought that cowardly Pompey back with me. If Mr. Vernon is dead, some one I suppose will pay me for his passage." * *

The effects of Vernon's death in mitigating Emily's disapprobation of his conduct are well imagined and well told. She does not long remain in Jamaica: her mother's health fails, she carries her daughter home, and settles at Bath, in the neighbourhood of her friend Harriet Vernon. Vernon was tenant in tail of his property, with the reversion in a distant cousin. He had left England almost immediately after he succeeded to it, without waiting to go through the long process then necessary to bar an entailed estate. The property, therefore, supposing him to be dead without lawful issue, had gone over, and his sister was almost pennyless. The Vivians themselves are exposed to a similar misfortune. On the peace the Jamaica staff is reduced. The general is recalled, and finds on his arrival that a great banking-house, in which his whole fortune is invested, has stopped payment. He is not only without income except his pension, but in debt. A Captain Myers at Bath had been an old admirer of Emily's. He had sought her when she was an heiress and he was poor. Now he is Sir Frederick Myers, rich and titled, and he renews his advances. The mother warmly supports him; the father confesses that he alone stands between them and ruin. Emily cannot plead affections pledged to any living man. Sir Frederick is amiable, though frivolous. She accepts him, and the day, — a distant one, as he has just lost an uncle, — is fixed.

We have not, however, quite done with the American hemisphere. A short time before the events which we have just sketched, a set of happy-looking tourists were sitting after dinner in front of a large tent, near the falls of the Essequibo river. They consisted of Mr. B., the Fiscal of Demerara, his wife and daughter, and two officers, Major Alexander and Lieutenant Blagrove from the garrison, and their negro attendants, King, George, and Peter. The ladies sing.

"Look there!" said Mrs. B., as soon as the song was finished, "I would not interrupt you; but who can those three savage-looking men be? don't you see them? there, just behind that steep pointed rock over the falls. They are not Indians, for two of them have long beards."

"They must be a party of wood cutters," answered Mr. B., "but I did not think that they ever wandered so far up the river, and,

wild looking as they often are, I never saw any half so uncivilised as these ruffians."

"May they not be deserters?" said Major Alexander; "the regiment had some men missing a few months ago, who were supposed to have been drowned by the upsetting of a boat on the Demerara river. I really think these must be the very men—two of them have a military carriage—I will go and examine them."

And the three gentlemen, escorted by the two servants, advanced towards the uncouth looking strangers, who moved forward to meet them as soon as they perceived that they were seen.

As they approached, the appearance of the strangers became yet more suspicious; the beards of the two taller men had not been shaved for weeks, their clothes were in rags, and one of them was barefooted.

The third was shorter, of a slight make, and had little or no beard. All looked wild, haggard, and exhausted, as if enduring both hunger and fatigue: they came on boldly, however, and seemed to be foreigners; for the oldest looking said something to one of his companions in a language which was not English or Dutch. "Stand and surrender," said Major Alexander, still believing that they were deserters.

"Who are you?" asked the fiscal—"have you a licence for wood-cutting?"

"Somos Españoles?" asked Lieut. Blagrove, proud of his accomplishment as a linguist.

"Tan till dere, you damn runaway rascals," exclaimed black Capt. Peter, who had now got behind the intruders and was pointing his gun at them.

Thus accosted and menaced on all sides, the suspected men stood still, but looking hardened and unabashed. Major Alexander, overflowing with military zeal, was on the point of stepping forward to seize by the collar the foremost, who provoked him especially by the audacious way in which he continued to stare at him, when the man exclaimed "Alexander! I did not quite recognise you at first—though I thought I knew your voice—how rejoiced I am to meet you here!"

"If you do know me, you might at least call me by my rank. I am Major Alexander: I don't recollect you—but I fancy you will not rejoice that you have met with me—and yet—but it cannot be—were you ever at Eton, sir?"

"Yes, Alexander, and your fag there; ten years have no doubt so changed the little boy, Vernon of the fourth form, who used to get your breakfast at Holts, that you could not recognise me—even were I more like my usual self;—you are less changed in appearance.*"

Vernon's history has already been brought down to the time when he marched out with the Patriot garrison of Barcelona to repel the Royalists. The Republican army took up its po-

sition at the mouth of the Boca Pass, which separates Venezuela from Cumana. After some days of anxiety, early one morning a horseman galloped in to say that the Royalists were coming down in force; that they had driven in the Patriot outposts, and when he last saw them, were about three miles from the Cumana entrance of the pass. The Patriots mustered to meet them in the pass; and Vernon, with about 150 Indians under his command, was sent forward with orders to ascend the higher ground on the left side of the Boca, endeavour to precede the main body and gall the enemy, and protect his own friends by firing down from the heights. He gains the cover of some palmetto trees, rising from the edge of a promontory, immediately over a reach in the pass.

‘Long and anxiously he looked down, but all was still and silent — no living combatant was to be seen, though the quick eye of Maoro discovered the bodies of three men and a mule lying close together, half covered by the waters of the river into which they had fallen, proving that some conflict had just taken place; but it was impossible to judge to which party these fallen soldiers had belonged, or whether the republicans were advancing or retreating. After a suspense of some minutes, which seemed to be hours, he heard a few dropping musket shots higher up the pass.

‘“That must be the advanced guard of our friends,” said he to Maoro: “they have passed us, and are engaged with the first skirmishers of the royalists; but as yet they have encountered no numerous opponents. Hark! — still only single shots, and at intervals. Ha! that was a volley! now they are opposed by a larger force.”

‘Maoro did not reply, but listened attentively, and hearing sounds which Vernon’s duller ear could not detect, whispered —

‘“The soldiers are running back.”

‘In a minute afterwards they saw a party of about thirty men, evidently in flight and disorder, running down the pass; and as they neared and turned the angle of the road where it wound round the base of the cliff on which he was standing, scaring away two black vultures, which rose slowly and reluctantly from the bodies of the dead men or the mule, Vernon was grieved to recognise the fugitives as republicans, and some of the very troops which had marched out with him from Barcelona.

‘In a few seconds a small party of royalists followed, much scattered and in hot pursuit. As the chase passed rapidly by, some shots were fired down on them from Vernon’s Indians, without appearing to take any effect; and they rushed on, and were soon lost at a turn of the pass further down. For a few minutes all was again silent; then a sound of voices and the trampling of horses, and then a body of cavalry were seen slowly picking their way over the impediments of the road, as they wound their way down the pass; then followed long files of infantry, marching in a straggling, disorderly manner, with the relaxed step of tired men, and frequently falling out of their

ranks to drink of the stream which was flowing on beside them, and then limping along, in a sort of half-run, to regain their places. This was evidently the main body of the royalists.

‘Vernon could not doubt that they would soon encounter his friends, who must be advancing up the gorge; and that the struggle, when they met, must be short and decisive. Hemmed in by the cliffs on each side, the shock of the meeting would resemble that of combatants in the lists of a tournament; and whichever side first flinched must be driven back in irretrievable defeat. He ordered his Indians to keep concealed, and not to throw away their small stock of ammunition in a useless fire on the long lines of royalists who continued to struggle past below his ambush. Probably the Indians felt no desire to take an active part, and would joyfully have witnessed the destruction of both parties. The fall of every White, whether royalist or patriot, was to them one tyrant removed.

‘Minutes passed on, and still there was no indication of the expected conflict. Nothing to be heard but the hum of voices from the long straggling column beneath, mixed with the brawling of the stream, or the angry voice of some leader urging on his tired followers, and ordering them to close up their ranks.

‘Vernon’s suspense became intolerable, and he was on the point of withdrawing from his concealment and rejoining the patriots, when the booming sound of cannon shot was followed, in rapid succession, by the rattle of musketry, and the echoes of the narrow defile multiplied the reports.

‘It soon became evident that the advance of the royalists had been arrested, for that portion of their column still within Vernon’s view first closed, and then seemed to be alternately swayed backwards or forwards, as the pressure from the front or rear rolled the masses to and fro, like a river meeting the tide. Riderless horses now came galloping back from the front, breaking through the ranks, or plunging wildly into the river; the roar of the cannon sounded nearer and nearer; the crisis of the combat was at hand, and Vernon directed his Indians to open fire, from the edge of the cliff, on their opponents below.

‘The distance was too far for any certain aim, but still the effect was too galling to be tamely borne; and he observed the royalists detach a party who clambered up the side of the ravine, where the brushwood afforded them fair cover from the shots of the Indians, to force him from his vantage ground, the possession of which was every instant becoming more important to whichever side could maintain it. A fierce effort ensued. The royalist leader led his men gallantly on, but they fought under immense disadvantages; they were picked off by the Indians while climbing up places where they could not find firm footing to return the fire, which was fast thinning their numbers.

‘Loose rocks were rolled down on them; and arrows, and even stones, were discharged with fatal aim. Still their leader continued to ascend, clambering up under cover of bushes and rocks, and taking advantage of every inequality which the brow of the bank

presented, with a presence of mind and courage which compelled Vernon to feel interested for so gallant an opponent; and if his followers had equalled their officer in activity and courage, they would probably have won the summit, and scattered their opponents.

‘But this was not the case. Many men had fallen killed or wounded, and still more had either stopped, crouching under the protection of some rock or hollow, or had retreated back to their main body; and the royalist colonel, for such was his rank, found himself almost unsupported on the top of the cliff. He was a tall, handsome man, about forty years old; his figure thin, but showing great muscular strength.

‘The Indians rushed forward to attack, and Vernon to save him.

‘The royalist officer turned round to cheer on the soldiers, whom he hoped to find closely following him, but not one remained; and he was seized at the same instant by two Indians, who wrested his sword from his hand, while Vernon called on him to surrender.

‘“Never to rebels and savages!” exclaimed the Spaniard, wrestling fiercely with his captors.

‘There was something in the tone of his voice as he thus spoke which was familiar to Vernon’s ear. He looked at him earnestly, and old recollections flashed on his mind.

‘“Good God, Sanchez! I cannot be mistaken: it is my old friend of Morillo’s army — my deliverer at Malpartida de Caceres.”

‘“Yes,” said the Spaniard, sadly and reproachfully, “that is my name; and yours, sir, I should say was Vernon. You resemble a brave officer whom I remember well in the English army, then fighting as an ally in the royal cause. But surely you, sir, a leader of savages, and a partisan of rebels, cannot be the same person: my eyes are deceiving me.”

‘“Yes, I am the same; and I will tell you how all this has happened hereafter. Now you must remain my prisoner: further efforts are in vain; my friends have won the day. Look below! observe how your forces are breaking their ranks. Horses and men are in confusion, and see! there is the advance of the patriots.”

‘As he spoke the republicans made a halt, just after the bend, where the road a little widened, opened their ranks, and drew forward and pointed three guns. They were discharged at the retreating masses of the royalists, and succeeded by a close fire of musketry.

‘For a minute or two nothing could be seen except the white smoke curling upwards, but a rushing sound of footsteps, accompanied by loud cheers and wild cries, told that the patriot forces were making a furious charge. When the veil of smoke rolled away, the royalists’ column was dispersed; the dead and the wounded alone remained, watched by a number of black vultures, who were towering high in the sky, awaiting the coming feast; the rest had fled, and the republican troops were hurrying on in pursuit.*

According to the practice of that hateful war, Sanchez is con-

* Vol. ii. p. 57.

demned to be shot. Vernon asks the life of his friend, is refused, throws up his commission, and at night, with the assistance of his Indians, rescues the prisoner, and they fly together towards the Oronoko.

We have not room for the story of their escape, and of their residence with an Indian tribe on the banks of the Iribi. It is graphically painted, and is ornamented by one of the best characters in the work — Carlos, a half-caste Indian, whom they take into their confidence.

And now having restored Vernon to life, and got rid of the apparently insurmountable obstacle to his marriage with Emily, we refer the reader to the work itself for the means by which that marriage is ultimately effected or prevented.

We have said that the English characters are generally scenic; natural and consistent, but not individualised. Sir Frederick Myers is, perhaps, an exception, and so are Mrs. Vivian and a Miss Fairfield, whom we have not introduced to the reader. The Transatlantic characters are individuals, probably portraits. The Governor of Barcelona, — the priest with whom Vernon and Sanchez take refuge, and his niece, — the village authorities of St. Fernando and Aragu, — Xaltalma, and her Indians, — all start out from the canvass.

But the character of most merit is Julia. She has the qualities that belong or ought to belong to the heroine of a tragedy. Virtues enough to interest the sympathy of the reader, faults enough to lead him to acquiesce in her misfortunes. And the whole is so harmoniously drawn and coloured, her excellencies and her defects so run into one another, that the reader is never startled by an unexpected contrast. He foresees where she will act well and where she will act ill; her misconduct never weakens his interest, and her merits never lead him to consider her as the victim of calamities totally undeserved, and therefore revolting. Her punishment may be excessive, though much less so than that of Lucy of Lammermoor or Amy Robsart, but it is not shocking.

ART. IV. — 1. *Négociations relatives à la Succession d'Espagne sous Louis XIV.; ou Correspondances, Mémoires, et Actes Diplomatiques, concernant les Pretentions et l'Avènement de la Maison de Bourbon au Trône d'Espagne, accompagnés d'un Texte Historique et précédés d'une Introduction.* Par M. MIGNET. Tomes I.—IV. 1835—42.

2. *Letters of William III. and Louis XIV., and of their Ministers.* Extracted from the Archives of France and England, and from Family Papers. Edited by P. GRIMBLOT. 2 vols. 1848.

WE trust that among the consequences of the Revolution of 1848, we shall not have to include the abandonment of the great historical undertaking of M. Mignet, which we have named at the head of this article. It forms one of the series known as the 'Archives de France;' the publication of which was set on foot by M. Guizot when he held the Ministry of Public Instruction. Its conception was, doubtless, recommended to the Royalty of July, as an engine for familiarising to the public mind that revival of Family policy in Spain, which the late dynasty contemplated so long ago, which was so perseveringly followed up, and which, at the opening of the last year, seemed nearer than ever to a prosperous consummation. But the purely historical interest of the Spanish Succession in the last century, does not require the adventitious support of contemporary politics. The age of Louis XIV., after every allowance for its corrupting accessories, is one of which European civilisation is fairly proud; and among its best literary memorials we may place this elaborate exposition of its diplomacy. M. Mignet had proposed to give a full history of the negotiations that either directly or indirectly bore on the claims of Louis XIV. to the throne of Spain. At present he has not advanced beyond the Peace of Nimeguen, in 1679.

M. Grimblot, again, has given us selections from the correspondence between the French and English Governments during the attempted arrangement of this question by the Partition Treaties of 1698 and 1700. The literary value of this work, also, is very great. Though its contents may not substantially vary the judgments which an attentive reader might have formed from the materials already published in the Hardwicke and other collections, yet it abounds in new and interesting particulars. While it has the immense advantage of presenting for the first time, in an accessible and popular form, a mass of documents which will enable every one to appreciate

the national importance of the interests involved in that great question, the gallantry with which William III. confronted the vast resources and the disciplined intelligence at the command of Louis XIV., and also (we grieve to add) the indifference and ingratitude with which the English people requited their Great Deliverer.

We should not forget to remind our readers that M. Grimblot is a foreigner, publishing in what is to him a foreign language. But he has introduced the collection by a preface, written in a style singularly correct and easy. It retains something of that picturesque antithesis and aptitude for generalisation which form so attractive a peculiarity in contemporary French literature; but its idiomatic accuracy would not discredit any English writer, nor need we expect to find in any a juster appreciation of the most important points in English history.

The greater part of the materials now first published by him, are drawn from three different sources. We have, first, the correspondence between Louis XIV. and Marshal Boufflers, which preceded the Peace of Ryswick, and in which it was long supposed that the first idea of the Partition Treaty had been broached. The Bentinck family have placed in M. Grimblot's hands the confidential correspondence that passed between William III. and their ancestor, the Earl of Portland; and no one can peruse these letters without heartily sharing the editor's regret that such a thorough justification of an eminent public servant should have been suffered to remain so long unknown. We have, finally, the letters, (originally translated from the Dutch by Sir James Mackintosh,) which passed between William III. and the Pensionary Heinsius. ●

Before we proceed to a separate examination of the period to which these documents refer, we must quote the following admirable estimate of Louis XIV's diplomatic compositions, with the addition of M. Grimblot's feeling and dignified allusion to the very different fate, which in our own day has waited on an attempt to imitate his policy.

'They (William III.'s correspondence) lose throughout by the side of the grand, brilliant, and glowing style of the despatches of Louis XIV. It is the imposing grandeur of Versailles in contrast with the meaner edifices of Kensington or Loo. In reading these lengthened despatches with their flowing periods, elaborate explications, and inexhaustible meaning, we are involuntarily reminded of Bossuet. It must not be thought that these State Papers were the composition of a secretary. Written by Torcy from notes taken in council, and carefully corrected by Louis XIV. as they were read to him, they bear the mark of his singular genius for grandeur and *éclat*. To be convinced that to him alone is the merit of their pro-

duction to be attributed, it will be sufficient to compare them with the despatches written by Torcy in his own name, or even with his *Memoirs*; although it must be admitted that all secretaries would not have succeeded so well in conveying the thoughts of their masters. But it was in some degree the language of the period. The despatches of Tallard, Harcourt, and Villars are hardly inferior in style to those of Louis XIV., yet they were all military men, but scantily educated. May we not say, with M. Cousin, "*Tout est grand dans un grand siècle ?*"

But if we pass from the style to the kernel of the thought, the superiority ceases to be on the side of Louis XIV. In all their ruggedness the letters of William III. have a stamp of honesty which we might seek in vain in the grander despatches of his rival. It is the same with the proceedings of both.

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Frenchman though I be, I look upon William III. as one of the greatest characters in history; and I willingly say with Mr. Hallam, that "a high regard for the memory of William III. may justly be reckoned one of the tests by which genuine Whiggism, as opposed both to Tory and Republican principles, has always been recognised." Was it not he, in fact, that accomplished the Revolution of 1688? And this Revolution, what was it but the triumph of those principles, which, in the language of our day, are styled Liberal, over those of absolute monarchy — the great cause, whose brilliancy is at times eclipsed, but cannot be extinguished — which under different names, is debated in every land — which, if it must be said, has been triumphed over but yesterday in France, and on which I had fixed all my hopes and thoughts for the welfare of my country. Time was when we were wont to say, that since France had had the misfortune to have her Stuarts, Providence had provided for her a William of Orange, in a prince whose calamities I deplore too deeply to feel at liberty to condemn him. I only regret that he had too much before his eyes the memory of his ancestor — rather than that of the great man whose career presents to the gaze of posterity a far different grandeur from the miserable satisfaction of placing a duke of Anjou on the throne of Spain.' (*Grimblot*, I. xi.)

We are surprised that no English writer should have thought of analysing, in its full development, the controversy that was interrupted, rather than closed, by the Peace of Utrecht. Of course no Englishman would have had the same command as M. Mignet of the French State Paper Office; but the materials that already existed in the published correspondence and authentic memoirs of such statesmen as D'Estrades, Torcy, Temple, Villars, might have been compressed and generalised into what the Germans call a *monographie* on this subject; and might thus have given form and method to the fragments of negotiations which are scattered up and down the pages of Hume and Lingard; and might have ended with that systematic examination of the

Treaties of 1713, in which Lord Mahon's work on the Spanish Succession is so provokingly deficient. For the question has as essentially an English as a French or European interest. Through the whole period that elapsed from the Restoration to the accession of the House of Hanover — while the fortunes of England were still trembling between absolutism and constitutional government — our foreign relations, and especially those which regarded the Spanish Succession, constituted our point of contact with Catholic and Monarchical France on the one hand, and on the other with the invigorating sympathies of a free and Protestant Commonwealth in Holland. They associated us to the old traditional policy — a policy to which even Charles I. was true — which absolutely prohibited the establishment of a French viceroy at Antwerp or Ostend; which revived for a moment, when Sir William Temple achieved, in the Triple Alliance of 1668, the one creditable act of Stuart diplomacy; and which was illustrated by the genius and heroism called forth in the great war of 1702. All the later princes and statesmen whom English history has emphatically and deliberately convicted of treason to the fundamental principles of our free monarchy — Charles II., the Cabal ministry, James II., Queen Anne, Bolingbroke, — all were false to us especially in the matter of France and Spain. All the names which should be graven on English hearts, and for ever 'frequent in our mouths,' the republican opposition to Charles II., the Whig leaders of the Revolution, William III., Marlborough, and Somers, are now chiefly remembered in connexion with their brave struggle to prevent a disturbance of the European balance, and to arrest the territorial extension and diplomatic preponderance of France. With Louis XIV., again, the Spanish Succession was the great business of his reign. It coincides almost exactly with the limits of his European supremacy. The Peace of the Pyrenees was the first public act in which he personally intervened: and the last great event of his life was the Treaty of Utrecht, by which the Maritime Powers recognised his grandson as King of Spain. We propose taking advantage of the two works before us to sketch some of the main negotiations which, from 1660 — the year of the English Restoration; and of Louis XIV.'s marriage with Maria Theresa of Spain — attended the development of this question till its settlement at Utrecht in 1713; — one year before the accession of the House of Hanover, and about two years and a half before the death of Louis XIV.

It may be as well to state clearly the nature of his claims to Spain. Louis XIV. was, by the Spanish law of succession, in

right of his wife, the direct heir to Charles II. M. Mignet has shown, with, we think, needless pains, that the Salic law never existed in Spain. We are not aware, indeed, that any such ground of exclusion was ever pleaded against the Bourbon line: nor was it probable that such would be the case: For the competing houses of Austria, Bavaria, and Savoy, all, equally with France, derived their claim through females — the two former from a younger sister of Maria Theresa, the French Queen; the latter from Catherine, the great aunt of that princess. But Maria Theresa's claim was barred by a Renunciation, executed on her marriage in 1660, of all her rights to the succession; and the whole question turns on the validity of this act.

In the original draft of the treaty, Maria Theresa absolutely and unconditionally renounced all her right to any part of the Spanish inheritance. In the treaty, as actually signed, Cardinal Mazarin contrived that she should renounce it '*moyennant*' (in consideration of) the dowry which Don Louis de Haro had stipulated should be paid by the Spanish Government. It was agreed, by France, that Maria Theresa should renew her renunciation immediately after her marriage. That renunciation, however, originally made on the 2d of June, 1660, was never renewed. On the other hand, it had been stipulated that the dowry should be paid in three instalments — the first immediately after the celebration of the marriage. But not one of these instalments was ever paid. Louis was careful to insist on this failure on the part of Spain; and to contrast it with his own exact observance of similar pecuniary engagements. Each party ultimately tried to throw on the other the odium of being the first to break the treaty; but, on a strict interpretation, Louis seems to have had the best of this dispute. Subsequently to the Peace of the Pyrenees, he certainly procured the ratification of the renunciation in several of the French Parliaments: while it does not appear that Spain took a single step to perform her part; content to rely on the general accidents of the public temper, and, in the nervous language of Bolingbroke, 'to sue for empire, *in formâ pauperis*, at the gates of every court in Europe.' The real answer to Louis's claims, however, was that other Powers beside Spain, were interested that her provinces should not become the appanage of a French prince; and that all the great states of Europe had openly accepted the renunciation as a *bonâ fide* guarantee. Louis, indeed, is proved to have felt this, by the very pains he took, first, to familiarise the English and Dutch statesmen with the idea that the renunciation was originally invalid; and next, to forbid Colbert de

Croissy's allowing any express ratification of the Pyrenean Treaty to be inserted in the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1668.

These claims, however, were not put forward in their entirety till the death of Charles II. in 1700. It was on the death of Philip IV., the father of that prince, in 1665, that Louis asserted what are known as the Rights of the Devolution. These are chiefly founded, of course, on the general invalidity of the renunciation; but they rest also on other grounds; and constitute, we do not hesitate to say, the most shameless and flagrant assumption of right to be found in the whole history of European usurpations.

It seems that by a local custom of inheritance that prevailed among the people of Brabant, the daughters of a first marriage excluded the issue male of a second. This rule Louis XIV. proposed to apply to the descent, not of private property, but of empire and royal authority. In right of his wife, Maria Theresa, the only child of her father's first wife, he accordingly laid claim, on the death of Philip IV., to certain portions of the Spanish Netherlands. It would have been a case precisely parallel if, on the death of King George III., his sons had proposed to partition Kent into little principalities—on the plea that by the custom of gavel-kind the private property of intestates in that locality was divided among their children! We should remark, however, that Louis XIV. was at that moment reigning over Brittany in virtue of the Salic law, though that province had come through females to the House of Valois; and that *there* the laws, not of private descent, but of sovereign succession, had of course been altered, and exercised in conformity with the general law of France. It is to be observed, also, that the ambitious prince, who here asserted the immutability of laws regulating succession, himself supported his grandson in introducing the Salic law into Spain, and personally confirmed the arbitrary limitations of the Treaty of Utrecht. Nor was it ever pretended that the Flemish provinces themselves should again descend among the children of Louis XIV. on any such principle as that now promulgated by him; or that the Salic law, in all its strictness, was not to replace the momentary revival of this obsolete custom.

Extravagant as these pretensions of Louis XIV. must now appear, we shall have but an inadequate conception of the advantages which tempted him to their assertion, without a glance at the contrast of his position with that of the rest of Europe at the time. An interval of repose had followed the troubles of the Fronde. It gave him leisure for recruiting his army, for organising his finances, for surrounding himself with

such ministers as Colbert and Lionne. Above all, by a steady, conscientious application to the routine of business and ordinary official life, he had taken care to ensure his own complete independence of his nominal subordinates, and to show himself (if we may borrow a phrase of Mr. D'Israeli's) equally great as a Minister and a King.

Before him, on the other hand, Europe lay crushed and bleeding, from the long struggle of the Thirty Years' War. Nowhere but in France was there unity of council or energy of action. The cabals which followed the Restoration in England, and the wrong-headed opposition which the Orange party in Holland had kept up against De Witt's government, imposed on both those states the necessity of a humble and unambitious diplomacy. Sweden was bound to France by the recollections of the late war, and by gratitude for the care with which Mazarin had protected her at Osnaburgh. Spain had exhausted the produce of her American mines by the lavish profusion of her military establishments, in the Peninsula, in the Netherlands, in Italy, and in Franche Comté. Her population, too, had suffered an alarming diminution by the expulsion of the Moors; and the equally pernicious stream of emigration that flowed to Mexico and Peru.

Neither Spain nor Germany were likely to disturb the prospects of French supremacy in Europe. But Lionne, a minister whom nothing but his master's prominent individuality prevented from occupying a station in French history as imposing as that of Richelieu and Mazarin, saw at once that the main impediment to his dynastic policy would lie in the possible union of Spain or Austria with those Protestant Powers, whose governments might now and then acquiesce in French aggrandisement, but whose people had no feeling but that of rooted antipathy for French priests, French diplomatists, French courtiers, and French mistresses. There were, also, English and Dutch statesmen to discern that the only security for European peace and law lay in rallying the Protestant party against France; and in urging upon Catholics and Protestants alike, the abandonment of the commercial and religious jealousies which the Restoration had inherited from Cromwell's government. There was much vacillation in the conduct, and many difficulties in the path, of these statesmen: But they succeeded at last in indoctrinating the English people with this principle. It alone prevented the reduction of this country to the rank of a second-rate power; and we firmly believe that we owe to William and Temple, not only the security that enabled Walpole to consolidate our constitutional throne, and the traditions

which, after descending from Chatham to Charles Fox, were embraced by the younger Pitt in his wisest and calmest years, but also no small portion of the strength which carried us through the exhausting conflict with Napoleon.

The first attempt made by Louis XIV. to put in force his claims is well known to students of the *Négociations d'Estrades*; but we believe that before M. Mignet, no one had given a separate and authentic narrative of its progress. The Dutch Republic, to which Count d'Estrades was accredited, was recovering its strength under the pacific administration of the Grand Pensionary De Witt; and proposals were soon on foot for advancing the north-eastern frontier of France, as one among the conditions of a close alliance between the two countries. It had long been a favourite scheme with Dutch statesmen to strengthen themselves by a partition of the Belgian provinces with some powerful neighbour. In 1632, Charles I. of England had received similar offers from certain Belgian malcontents. It had been contemplated by Richelieu in the Gallo-Dutch alliance of 1635; and Mazarin had directed his plenipotentiaries at Munster to treat with Spain for a modification of the same plan, on condition of his withdrawing the French troops from Rousillon and Catalonia. Many circumstances contributed at this time to drive Holland into the French alliance. The quarrel with Spain was still too recent to admit of cordial co-operation against any but a very obvious danger. The adherents of the House of Orange, who formed the permanent Opposition to De Witt, were habitually disposed to lean on England; and our envoy, Sir George Downing, though undoubtedly a man of singular ability, had the bad judgment to enter into cabals against a government which he supposed accessible to French sympathies; till he ended by adding the certainty of private, to the possibility of public, animosity. Louis eagerly seized the opportunity to offer his dangerous protection; and heartily entering into De Witt's views, proposed an active concert, to take place on the death of Philip IV. D'Estrades was commissioned cautiously to insinuate, and gradually to develop, the Devolution claims; but, fortunately for his country and his fame, De Witt began to take alarm, and to retreat from so embarrassing an intimacy. The project, which at one time had seemed on the point of conclusion, was forthwith dropped; and, though the understanding between France and Holland remained unimpaired, Louis was compelled to postpone the prosecution of his claim, till the crisis which the death of Philip IV. would inevitably bring about.

It did not arrive till four years after. The inglorious reign of

Philip IV. ended in 1665; but the King of France was at that time engaged in the First Dutch War against England, and he did not choose, before peace was concluded, to alarm his allies in Holland with an application for their assistance. Philip's whole life had been a succession of defeat, insult, deception, and mortification. While France was growing in unity, in wealth, and in diplomatic influence, the vast fabric of the Spanish empire was silently sinking, under the joint influence of foreign aggression and internal disease. Round every branch of the public service, round almost every public man, there was perseveringly woven the insidious web of French intrigue. The diplomacy, even of Absolutist France, may be searched in vain for any parallel to the elaborate treachery which was now employed to precipitate the disruption of the monarchy. Cabals were industriously fomented in the Belgian towns; sham negotiations were set on foot; and offers of French protection were shamelessly paraded, with the view of nipping every project that held out a chance of restoring peace to the Peninsula. The seed could not have been sown on a more favourable soil. Even in 1668, when the war of the Devolution was at its height, the Spanish dowagers at Brussels never ceased to marvel how a King who had married an Infanta could behave so harshly to them; and the consciousness of the grandees that only two precarious and unhealthy lives stood in the way of Louis XIV., made them unwilling to scrutinise too jealously the proceedings of an ambassador who might soon be the representative of their own sovereign.

The Peace of Breda (1667) brought with it the coveted opportunity; and French troops instantly moved into Flanders in support of the claims which, according to the Devolution theory, the death of Philip IV. had opened to Louis in these provinces. At once the Spanish court awoke from its sleep, to learn that at Lisbon, too, French diplomacy had achieved its usual triumph; that the patience which had laboured for such a consummation, through seven tedious years, was only equalled by the masterly decision which now hurried these intrigues to their close; that the Abbé St. Romain had succeeded in negotiating an offensive and defensive alliance between Portugal and Louis XIV.—the Prince who had sworn at the Peace of the Pyrenees to give no assistance, direct or indirect, to Portugal, and whose energies were now to be devoted to the task of keeping Austria, by threats and bribes, to a distorted and exaggerated observance of similar clauses in the Treaty of Munster.

The shock of the French arms vibrated through Europe. Bavaria and Brandenburg, even Poland and Sweden, were alarmed, and the diplomacy which had in some sort prepared the

various courts for the present movement was again exerted to prevent their uniting to oppose it. We wish that it were in our power to follow M. Mignet through the steps by which M. Gravel, at Ratisbon, won over the diet to refuse its guarantee to the Spanish fiefs of the Empire; while M. de Gremonville, at once the ablest and most unscrupulous negotiator of his day, succeeded in alternately bribing and bullying the government of Vienna, first into a toleration of the French policy, and next into an eventual treaty for the partition of the Spanish dominions. But the surpassing interest which attaches to the concluding stages of this drama forbids our pausing. On England and Holland, as Lionne had long ago foreseen, the present deliverance of Spain was to depend.

M. de Ruigny had been despatched to secure the co-operation of Charles II. by the bait of the Spanish West Indies. But Clarendon, on whose personal influence and friendship the French envoy had relied, was falling from power, before a furious attack, in which the republican Opposition and the most infamous dependants of the Stuart family had combined. The French alliance had always been favoured by the old Cavalier party; and it was about to suffer from the unpopularity of their chief. Several of the new ministers had also been drawn off from France, by the relations which they kept up with the anti-monarchical sections of Parliament. Buckingham had coqueted with the Presbyterians; Arlington had married Mademoiselle Bevarwaert, a Dutch lady, and had once served as ambassador in Spain. By a fortunate chance, this important crisis found, in Sir William Temple, a man who had already read and thought much on the importance of strengthening Holland and Belgium, as a bulwark for central Europe. Everything, indeed, seems to have rested on his personal activity and resolution. For, the weak and extravagant Charles II. was to all appearance on the point of yielding to the subjection in which he was held by the lofty capacity of Louis. But Temple allowed no time for tergiversation. De Witt, on the other hand, was as eager to break through the meshes in which D'Estrades had involved him. The Triple Alliance was completed by the accession of Sweden to the two other Protestant Powers; and Louis was forced to remain satisfied with a comparatively trifling advance of his north-eastern frontier, leaving to Spain *Franche Comté* and what remained of Belgium.

— The Spanish Succession was not again seriously agitated for more than thirty years. The interval had swept away nearly an entire generation. Except William III. and Louis XIV., scarcely one among the soldiers and statesmen of the

seventeenth century survived to carry this question to its close in the eighteenth. D'Estrades was gone; and Lionne and Turenne. De Witt had perished by the madness of a ferocious mob; and Temple, far from diplomatic strife, was dragging out his last years in sickness and domestic sorrow. Nor had time made less havoc of national interests than among public men. In 1672 the storm of French arms broke over Holland; and, by 1689, the aggressions of the *Chambres de Réunion* had roused all Europe to resist the aggrandisement of France by conquest in time of peace. Providentially the English Revolution was already consummated; and this time our weight was thrown firmly into the Protestant scale.

M. Grimblot's book, of which we shall now avail ourselves, opens with the Peace of Ryswick, in 1697. It has been said (but the reverse is proved by this publication), that even during the conferences that preceded it, Marshal Boufflers and Lord Portland had discussed the possibility of peacefully settling the rival claims to Spain. The proposals afterwards made were, as is well known, frustrated for a time by the death of the Electoral Prince of Bavaria, for whom the bulk of the succession was designed; but they finally terminated in the arrangement known as the Second Partition Treaty: by which it was provided, that on the death of Charles II. without issue, the Italian provinces were to go to the Dauphin; while the Archduke Charles, second son of the Emperor Leopold, was to have Spain, the Indies, and the Netherlands.

This scheme was, for some time, one of the most unpopular on record. It was a *pis-aller*; and an unsuccessful one. Its execution would have secured to France advantages which she had solemnly renounced; and yet by its failure we were both duped and injured. In either case we alienated an ancient ally; and we became the instruments of aggrandising a Power, with which we had just ceased to wage an expensive and unprofitable contest. But Lord Bolingbroke, by far the ablest antagonist of the Partition Treaty, declared, long afterwards, that there was absolutely no other course to take, — and we believe that every reader of M. Grimblot's book will now be of the same opinion. The good faith of the French King was indeed but a poor reliance; yet it was better to trust to that, than to allow France to take unopposed possession of the empire of Charles II. To the only other alternative, — that of anticipating the War of the Succession, by concluding a Partition Treaty with Austria and Holland, and preparing such a force as might compel Louis to recede from his prey — there were two insuperable objections. The first lay in the dispositions of the Austrian

court. Of the second, we must make the humiliating avowal, that it lay in the temper of the English nation, and the House of Commons. A few years later, we nobly redeemed our error; but at this time, the perseverance of a despotic monarch had fairly beaten that of a free people. England was utterly appalled at the interminable vista of armaments and negotiations which the Spanish Succession opened out before her. Parliament and the Press coloured their language with the apologies familiar to all who would cheat themselves into the abandonment of a difficult duty. It became the fashion to say, that it signified little whether an Austrian or a Frenchman sat on the throne of Spain, as his new position would soon prevent the future King from being anything but a Spaniard. The popular view was aided by constitutional objections to a standing army. In the first Session after the Peace of Ryswick, the forces in England were reduced to 10,000 men. The first act of the new Parliament, that met in the end of 1698, was to bring them down to 7,000. In spite of all the King's exertions, the Spring of 1699 saw his Dutch Guards dismissed,—‘the Chivalry of Protestantism,’ Mr. Hallam indignantly exclaims, ‘the Huguenot gentlemen who had ‘lost all but their swords in a cause that we deemed our own.’ While William felt a good understanding with France to be at this moment a matter of sheer necessity, it is plain that, at every step of the negotiation, he was alive to the insecurity of his footing. His strong sense of duty, and his self-denying patriotism shine, with singular purity, in his struggles to make the best of his disastrous position; even when, as at Steinkirk or Seneffe, the finest generalship could only diminish the consequences of a certain defeat. At the risk of alarming Spain and alienating Austria, he made the best terms in his power with France; and relied on ensuring Louis’s good faith by entrusting him with the charge of procuring the accession of the emperor to the proposals for a general European settlement.

The representative of France at Vienna, was the Marquis, afterwards the Marshal, Villars, — himself among the most brilliant and respectable illustrations of the *grand siècle*. With very small resources of fortune, Villars had earned every step of his promotion, in the teeth of the secretary Louvois; whose wayward dislikes had to the last been strong enough to cripple the Great Condé and Turenne. He had flattered no mistresses, and crouched to no confessors. In his first campaign in 1672, he had been no less remarkable for his efforts to accomplish himself in every branch of a soldier’s duty, than for the gallantry with which he risked his person on every desperate assault. ‘Wherever the guns are playing,’ said the king, ‘that little

‘fellow is sure to rise from the earth at the very spot.’ In 1683, Villars had been sent to Munich on the delicate mission of detaching Bavaria from Austria; while, at the same time, he was enjoined not to compromise France with the latter Power. On his return from a second mission, he had met with dangers scarcely contemplated in the routine of diplomatic service. He narrowly escaped being massacred in a rising of the peasants at Bregentz, on the Rhine. On arriving at Bâle he found the gates shut against him, and almost killed himself by a fall into the moat round the town. ‘But the star of M. de Villars,’ as, on his reappearance at Versailles, his master graciously observed, ‘had not risen to set in a Swiss ditch.’

Villars found the Imperial ministers protesting, with all the pride of Castile, against the indignity of the Partition Treaty; but forward in their advances towards a separate negotiation between France and Austria. The Spanish ambassador himself was far from discouraging the latter project; and had the inconceivable impudence to entertain the drawing-rooms of Vienna with contemptuous parallels between the august legitimacy of the continental monarchies, and the mushroom, mercantile establishments at London and the Hague. M. Hope, the Dutch Resident, was alarmed at this growing intimacy; but as far as the French legation at Vienna was concerned, the Maritime Powers had no cause to complain. Louis had taken just measure of the Austrian court. He had plumbed and fathomed all the depths of its sloth, its pride, its meanness, and incapacity. He knew that the Emperor was less adroit than himself, and quite as faithless; and so, with an entire disregard of the offers made to Villars, he persisted in cultivating his own interests at Madrid and London.

We need not be detained by the famous catastrophe which Louis had prepared for the discomfiture of all these schemes; the triumph of Harcourt at Madrid; the memorable Council with which St. Simon has made us so familiar, where Madame de Maintenon overthrew the scruples which still lingered in the mind of Louis, by exclaiming, in the true spirit of dynastic Absolutism, ‘What has the Duc d’Anjou done, sire, that you should deprive him of his inheritance?’ nor by the stately ceremonial which attended the young monarch at Versailles; nor by the pageant which escorted him to the Bidassoa. But we shall not understand the conduct of England at this crisis, unless we turn aside for a moment to our own domestic politics.

Although the English Revolution had been carried by a union of many parties, the character of that movement had been too essentially Whig,—it had reflected too faithfully the authors

of the Exclusion Bill and the victims of a long unsuccessful opposition, not to throw the government, for a time, and with a few personal exceptions, into the hands of the Whig party. They had governed generally well, and always honestly; above all, they had governed in the spirit of the institutions they were called on to administer, and had shown no backsliding on the great question which united the Liberal England of that day. They had supported the Dissenting interest at home; and manfully resisted the head of the Catholic system on the Continent. The remnant of the Tories, purged of avowed Jacobites, held, meanwhile, their principles of high monarchy necessarily in abeyance. They were restricted to the task of criticising and discrediting a government, upon which there rested the most arduous of all responsibilities, that of guiding a nation through a Revolution. And they laboured zealously in their vocation. It was easy to make the Land Tax an abomination to the future October Club; all of them, as sings Barry Cornwall, —

‘ Right jolly squires, with brains made clear
By the irresistible strength of beer : ’

It was easy to declaim against a war expenditure in time of peace; to contrast the advocacy by the Whigs of a standing army with the opposition of their grandfathers to Charles I. The unpopularity, thus fermented, steadily increased, till William actually prepared to abdicate his ungrateful charge. When he gave up this idea, he attempted to rid himself of the unpopularity of his ministers; and to bind the Tories over to the constitution, by bringing them into office. A few months later, the nation began to sigh for the administration they had lost, — and their sovereign, accordingly, to retrace his steps. Godolphin, the new Tory Lord Treasurer, was replaced by the Earl of Carlisle. But in little more than two months after this change, King William was laid in Henry VII.’s Chapel; and Godolphin resumed his office on the accession of Queen Anne.

The Tories had habitually been disposed to acquiesce in the projects of the court which was sheltering the banished Stuarts with the superb hospitality of St. Germain. But it is a signal proof of the respect paid to any policy which is recognised as embodying the deliberate convictions of the English nation, — we will add, too, that it illustrates the habitual fairness and moderation of English statesmen, — that, except in the case of Bolingbroke, in 1711, and of Mr. Pitt, in 1791, Tory governments have been generally more anxious to curb their supporters, than to attack their opponents. They have been either not bold enough, or not wicked enough, to answer the demands made on

them for energy and strong action. The responsibilities of Opposition have often sat too lightly on them; but, in office, they have, on the whole, been true to their country, rather than to their consistency. Godolphin's administration was obedient to this tendency. Lord Rochester, it is true, at the head of the ultra-Tories, showed himself eager, if he could not prevent a war, at least to cripple its prosecution, by coupling it with an affront to the foreign refugees in the English service. But Godolphin's personal friendship for Marlborough bound his colleagues to the man who, in all Europe, was best fitted to appreciate our relations with the Continent. The recognition, too, by Louis, of the Pretender as King of England, had roused a strong burst of national indignation; and now, though gradually and with hesitation, the cabinet prepared for war. Already, a few days before the death of James II., William had concluded the Treaty of the Hague with the Emperor and the States. It is important to notice the provisions of this instrument, not only as the basis of the war which followed, but because we shall have occasion to refer to it in considering the subsequent negotiations. We agreed to obtain reasonable satisfaction for the Emperor, especially in regard to the Spanish Netherlands and Italy. *The West Indies were reserved for the Maritime Powers.*

Germany, again, had seldom been disposed so favourably for union against France. The Electorate of Brandenburg depended on the Emperor for its transmutation into the Kingdom of Prussia; and there existed a Treaty, by which the Court of Berlin bound itself, in case of a dispute on the Spanish Succession, to support Leopold with 8,000 men. Hanover was secured by the creation in its favour of a ninth Electorate, and the hand of an Archduchess. The claims of the Prince of Conti on Poland ensured the accession of Augustus I. to the Grand Alliance. The mass of power concentrated in the hands of the French dynasty was formidable enough to suspend even the immemorial rivalry of Denmark and Sweden; the first of these states joined the Maritime Powers by the Treaty of Odensee (1701), and the latter by that of the Hague (1703).

War was scarcely proclaimed, when the few allies of France began successively to desert her. Portugal, the earliest power to recognise Philip V., had concluded, in 1701, an alliance with France and Spain, which provided, with ludicrous minuteuess, for the distribution of the conquests to be made from England in the event of a war. But this was reversed by the negotiations which terminated in the Methuen Treaty. Even Victor Amadæus, Duke of Savoy, the *desultor bellorum*, after marrying one daughter to Fénelon's pupil, the promising and shortlived

Duke of Burgundy, and another to the young King of Spain, was not ashamed to brave the contempt of Europe by offering his services to the Allies! and a peculiar interest attaches in our history to this accession, for it resulted in the Treaty of Crescentin, negotiated by Mr. Hill in 1704, by which the English crown gave its guarantee—a guarantee still appealed to—for the religious liberties of the Vaudois Protestants.

The war began in 1702; and for five years France gallantly maintained an almost single-handed conflict with Europe,—on the Po, the Danube, the Tagus, and the Rhine. But in the year 1706, the great disaster of Ramillies brought overtures for peace. We can pretend to give no analysis of the everlasting proposals, negotiations, ratifications, and rejections, which make Torcy's *Memoirs*, with all their invaluable minuteness of detail, one of the most unrecadable books in the French language. We shall rather endeavour so to group the various stages of discussion, that the reader may carry away some scanty idea of the main points involved in the negotiations between France and the Allies.

These negotiations were four in number; the first was opened in 1706, through a correspondence between the Elector of Bavaria and the Duke of Marlborough. The offers made by Louis excited the alarm of the Confederates. He proposed that Philip V., or France in his name, should cede to the House of Austria whichever half of the Spanish inheritance the Allies might decide on,—either Spain and the Indies,—or the Italian provinces: these overtures were at once rejected.

A loud cry was raised, we think, unjustly, against this rejection. Dr. Hare, in one of his very sensible Letters to a Tory Member*, clearly pointed out the intention of disuniting the Allies by means of the alternative. It was obviously the interest of the Maritime Powers, that Spain and the Indies should fall to a connexion of the exclusively continental House of Austria; rather than that such an addition should be made to the naval power, already so considerable, of France. It was as manifestly the interest of the House of Austria, by standing out for the acceptance of the Italian provinces, to consolidate the disunited appanages of her family, and secure the battle-ground of the Milanese. Nor, in times when Livio Odeschalchi, a Pope's nephew, was conspicuous enough to compete for the crown of Poland, was the vast influence to be overlooked, which a Catholic power, in possession of Lombardy, Naples, and Sicily, would be enabled to exercise over or through the Holy See.

* Quoted at length in Tindal, xvi. 310.

As it was, even the slight consideration given to the alternative was followed by injurious effects. From that moment, Austria determined to make sure at least of Italy. The very next winter was memorable for the Capitulation, by which, without the privity of the Maritime Powers, 20,000 French soldiers were allowed to evacuate the fortresses of Lombardy. These troops arrived in Spain in time to reinforce Berwick's army at Almanza, and to share in the consequent reduction of Arragon and Valencia. The next summer too, the siege of Toulon failed, mainly from the absence of General Dhaun's contingent on an expedition against Naples.

Bolingbroke always censured the English government for not having closed with these proposals. He compares them with the objects of the Treaty of 1701, which certainly contained no stipulation for securing the entire Spanish monarchy to Austria. But he forgot that it provided for indemnifying England and Holland in the West Indies; which, by *this* scheme, were to be ceded as an integral item of either the French or Austrian portion.

For two years more the war went on; and every where but in Spain, the Sun of the Bourbons (for such was the device assumed by Louis, with the vaunting motto *nec pluribus impar*) was eclipsed. Naples was reduced; Villars was driven behind the Rhine; Oudenarde was lost. Lille, Sardinia, Minorca, fell successively. One after another, the few allies that still remained to France, were crushed or silenced. Maximilian Emanuel of Bavaria, had been stripped of his dominions, and degraded from his rank as First Elector of the Empire. The Gonzagas were driven from Mantua. The fall of Bologna compelled Clement XI. to recognise the Archduke as King of Spain.

The winter of 1708-9 fell with terrible severity on France. At Paris, in one night, the Seine was frozen so hard that people could pass on foot from bank to bank. The provinces had already suffered from scarcity; and now, the intense cold, immediately following a thaw, destroyed all the hopes of the next year's harvest. As spring returned, it became apparent that the rigorous season had been fatal to even the most sheltered and most fertile districts,—to the olive plantations of Languedoc, to the vineyards of the Rhone, to the rich southern vegetation, the jessamines and orange-gardens of Toulon and Hières. Contagious diseases, suddenly breaking out at the Hôtel Dieu and the Invalides, announced that the scourge of pestilence was to be added to that of famine. Voltaire has forcibly depicted the penury that compelled even the silken courtiers of

Versailles to animate the people by a show of economy and retrenchment. The king sold his gold plate. Madame de Maintenon set the fashion of eating out-cakes instead of bread. The population too was exhausted. The *ban* and the *arrière-ban* had long since been called out. In this extremity Louis selected the President De Rouillé to bear fresh proposals to the Allies.

The way for a second accommodation had been opened by one Pettekum, a personage who perpetually reappears in these negotiations as a kind of *amicus curiæ*, and whose suggestions and good offices scarcely met with the return that their busy diligence deserved. The days were no more when Louis exacted the rigid observance of every diplomatic formality; and nothing more remarkably illustrates his weariness of the war than his dispensing with even common security for the credentials of the Dutch Commissioners. They, on their part, insisted on the strictest secrecy. They even refused (as Torcy tells us,) to inform Rouillé, till he arrived at Antwerp, to what place he was to betake himself for the negotiation. At length he was apprised, that on the 17th of March he would find in the village of Streysdendas, near Moerdycck, two men, of whose names even Pettekum, his informant, was ignorant. They turned out to be MM. Buys and Van der Dussen, the Pensionaries respectively of Amsterdam and Tergow. The Conferences were subsequently removed to Bodegrave near the Hague. The offers which Rouillé was empowered to make, were a considerable advance on those of 1706. Louis now consented to cede the whole Spanish Monarchy, with the exception of Sicily and Naples; and it is remarkable, that he expressly authorised Rouillé to pledge him to produce Philip of Anjou's consent to this arrangement.* But he had not yet given up his attempt to separate the Allies. This was evident on the face of the proposals. Their general character was that of concession to Holland of great commercial advantages; and resistance, especially, to the claims of the German powers. The Dutch were urged to close with these terms, and to sign a separate peace. They held out resolutely; and, indeed, they could scarcely help doing so, for the Conferences had become generally known, and, while the weaker allies were alarmed at the possible abandonment of their interests, Eugene and Marlborough received regular reports from the Commissioners. Under these circumstances, the winter was passing rapidly away, and the Dutch declared they durst not make any

* Torcy, i. 148. (in vol. lxvii. of the Collection edited by MM. Petitot and Monmerqué.)

proposal of an armistice. Rouillé's despatch, containing the terms of the Allies, was read at Versailles in full council on the 28th of April.

There were present, with the addition of the Duke of Burgundy, of Chamillart, and Desmarais, the same statesmen who had formed the Council which, nine years before, came to the resolution of engaging in this disastrous contest. We are told that Beauvilliers and the Chancellor Pontchartrain, addressing Chamillart, the Minister of War, urged him to declare whether the resources of the kingdom were not reduced so low, as to make the conclusion of peace an absolute necessity. The Duke of Burgundy burst into tears, as Beauvilliers cited in detail the miseries of France. It was determined to cede everything; reserving for Philip the kingdom of Naples only. But as no time was to be lost in correspondence, Torcy, the Foreign Minister, with the unselfish devotion which has been the glory of Frenchmen of every party and under every régime, offered to go to the Hague, and undertake the thankless office of personally conducting a negotiation, which, in all human probability, was to connect every one involved in it with recollections of their country's deepest humiliation.

He reached the Hague on the 6th of May; but the business of the Conferences was scarcely begun till the 18th, when the Duke of Marlborough returned from London. On most of the points which Rouillé had referred to the court of Versailles, Torcy made concession after concession. At last the Allies delivered their *ultimatum* in the Instrument, which has become famous by the name of the 'Preliminaries of the Hague.' Their chief points were, 1. The perpetual exclusion of the Bourbons from the whole Spanish inheritance. 2. The satisfaction of the Emperor and the Empire by the cession of Kehl, Strasburgh, and Brisach; and the German interpretation of the article upon Alsace in the Treaty of Munster. 3. A revision of the fourth article of the Peace of Ryswick, regarding the religion of the Palatinate. 4. The security of the Protestant succession in England. 5. The satisfaction of the Dutch, in the shape of Barrier Towns and of commercial advantages. But, by the 37th Preliminary, the suspension of arms was to depend on the complete execution of these proposals, by the actual expulsion of Philip from the Spanish territory. Failing this, the war was to recommence. This is the Article on which Louis's refusal to ratify the Preliminaries was chiefly based; and there have been many attacks on the alleged absurdity of making France, exhausted as she was, responsible for the quiet submission of the Spanish nation.

But no one tolerably acquainted with the absolute dependence in which Louis XIV. held his court and family can seriously believe that he would have been unable to ensure Philip V.'s abdication. It is possible, and, we think, probable, that Castile would not have submitted to the Austrian Archduke; but as far as Philip is personally concerned, there is no room for serious doubt. The Memoirs of Noailles are full of details, which show that Louis's influence over the King and Queen of Spain, in their most domestic arrangements, was as all-pervading as if Philip had never left Versailles. Nevertheless, during the progress of these very Conferences, the Cortes of Castile and Arragon were summoned to swear allegiance to the infant Prince of the Asturias, as next heir to the Spanish throne. Does any one suppose that, without the instigation of Louis, it would ever have been reported that, in the event of a peace between France and the Allies, the Duke of Berwick would exchange his Marshal's bâton for a commission in the Spanish army? Could Louis not have prevented the desertion of his own troops, and the free passage of the Walloon regiments through France? And in aid of all these grounds of distrust, there came the recollection of the similar engagements in which Louis had bound himself by the Pyrenean Treaty, to refuse any assistance to Portugal — which, we now have it under his own hand that, he had resolved to disregard.*

Again, to doubt that France was able to execute her offers of ceding the Spanish monarchy, was to disturb the whole basis of the negotiations. The war had been waged expressly to break up the dangerous accession of power which had fallen to the House of Bourbon by the will of Charles II. The rest of Europe had sought their security in re-distributing those possessions of that House, which had been most recently and most fraudulently acquired. And if, by her own act, France had created for herself an influence in Spain, which she was afterwards unable to uproot, a compensation ought to have been sought in other parts of her vast dominions. It should not have been a question of single fortresses like Kohl or Brisach, but the European system should have been re-adjusted by the dismemberment of whole provinces to be restored to their former allegiance. Why should not Artois have been ceded? and Roussillon? and Franche Comté? Why were the Bourbons to pretend so sacred a regard for an inheritance which, but half a century before, had been torn from the heir of the Austrian Cæsars? This solution of the question was indeed ultimately

* Œuvres de Louis XIV. i. 63.

hinted at in the proposal to cede cautionary towns, to be held in pledge for the transfer of Spain to the Archduke. But the exception of Bayonne, Perpignan, Douai, Arras, and Cambray rendered the concession less valuable than it seemed. We know, too, that the Duke of Marlborough, to the signal confutation of the slanderers who charged him with prolonging the war for his own interests, was anxious that we should close with Louis even on these terms:—while, in support of the decision which the Allies came to, we may invoke the opinion of a judge so dispassionate, and so free from party bias, as Mr. Hallam. After the negotiation, the English and Austrian plenipotentiaries made a public acknowledgment of the good faith with which the Dutch Commissioners had treated the common interests. Yet, within four years an English minister was to inform the French Secretary of State that it was important the Allies of his own Crown should know nothing of his communications with the enemy; and Lord Strafford, the English Plenipotentiary at Utrecht, was to have the effrontery to palliate the disloyalty of his principals, by accusing the Dutch of keeping the English and Austrians in the dark about the French offers at the Hague!

The next year (1710) saw the third, and, till the Peace of Utrecht, the last attempt at negotiation. In the meantime the national enthusiasm had been excited to its height by the pathetic and right kingly language of Louis's Circular Appeal to the prelates and governors of France to support him in his resolution, of making war upon his enemies rather than upon his children. But it was in vain that Villars was able to open the campaign with 112,000 men. First, Tournay fell, and then Mons. Marlborough succeeded in turning the formidable lines, thirty leagues in length, which Villars had passed the last two months in fortifying; and at last Valenciennes was the only strong place that lay between the allied army and Paris. The murderous cannonade of Malplaquet spread desolation among the flower of the noblesse, who had crowded with Marshal Boufflers to serve as volunteers under Villars. It was not till the middle of May, 1710, that the new Plenipotentiaries, Marshal d'Uxelles and the Abbé (afterwards the Cardinal) de Polignac, arrived at Gertruydenberg, in Holland. Before the Allies admitted any discussion, they demanded a simple assent to all the Preliminaries of the preceding year, excepting those to which Louis was still repugnant. The excepted articles were the 4th, which provided that Louis should concert with the Allies for dispossessing his grandson; and the 37th, which we have been just considering. The former was put prominently forward in Louis's address of the preceding winter, but appears not to have been fully discussed

till the year 1710. The only problem now was to agree on a modification of these clauses. At first it was hoped that Philip might have been induced to abdicate, on being ensured the Crown of the Sicilies, or of Sardinia. But this hope grew every day fainter, as he reiterated his protests against the whole system of disposing of his dominions at the Conferences. Louis rose higher and higher in his offers; he would yield Tournay; he would even pay subsidies for the maintenance of the armies that were to expel Philip from Spain. But further than this he would not go. The Allies, relying on each other, as it turned out, very imprudently, were inexorable. Knowing that this was the last occasion which was to be afforded them of concluding a favourable Peace, it is of course impossible not to lament their firmness. But the horror expressed at their proposals is an afterthought. A large party in the French court pressed the full acceptance of the Preliminaries; and we read that even Madame de Maintenon contemplated the eventual necessity of complying with the very harshest of the terms mentioned. The sentimental compassion with which both English and foreign writers have since inveighed against the inhumanity of these conditions, must be materially qualified by the discovery, that forty-two years before, Louis and the Emperor had mutually bound themselves to the observance of this very clause with respect to the actual succession in dispute. They agreed to maintain the Partition agreed on by the Treaty of 1668, of course against the pretensions of their own kinsmen,—‘*que reciproquement une partie secourra et aidera l'autre, de conseil, d'action, de ses forces, de ses armes, de ses vaisseaux.*’* Later on, likewise, in the negotiations of Utrecht, Louis expressly offered to reduce Philip by compulsion, to Queen Anne's terms.†

But, in the meantime, a domestic change was in progress in England on which Louis had long kept his eye, and which did not disappoint him. The Tory Ministry, which we left in 1703, forced into war by the pressure of public opinion, had gradually, by the dismissal of some of its members and the conversion of others, been transmuted into the Whig Ministry of 1708. From the first, Marlborough and Godolphin had been thwarted by the violent Tories; but the system of Open Questions—which, as is now well-known, was, till very lately, the rule with English Cabinets—prevented, for a time, the disruption of the ministry. When the change became inevitable, the Queen contested it inch by inch; but, without the occurrence of any single crisis, the violent Tories had gradually been ejected. First, Lord

* Mignet, ii. 446.

† Torcy, ii. 157.

Nottingham went; then Sir Charles Hedges, and finally Harley and St. John were got rid of. It was with the War of the Succession, as it has been with so many important questions. A course of policy is first bitterly attacked, and by degrees quietly abandoned. But soon any opposite policy is found impracticable by the admission of its ablest advocates; and then, the old principles, either in the hands of new converts or of their original professors, resume their undisputed supremacy, and are embraced, as just and necessary, by those who a few years before had seen nothing but ruin in their adoption. The triumph of the Whigs was complete in every department. Harley confined himself to making good his back-stairs influence with the Queen. St. John left Parliament, and lived at his country-house for three years.* Nothing but an occasional growl from Convocation reminded the world of Toryism. That wise assembly was now in flagrant rebellion against Archbishop Tennyson; and seemed bent on again illustrating that which was written by the high churchman Lord Clarendon,—that of all classes which can read and write, the Clergy take in general the worst measure of affairs.

From that very quarter, however, the storm was gathering, with a fury which showed the deep fanaticism that underlies the uneducated English character. On the 5th of November, 1709, Sacheverel preached his paltry and ill-omened sermon; and from this wretched origin arose one of those tempests, of which our own generation has felt the feeble echo in the Education disputes of 1839; and which, it is a very inadequate consolation to think, are likely to become, at every recurrence, less violent and more amenable to reason. We regret that we cannot now pause upon this discreditable brawl; for there is not a more instructive chapter in our history. It is melancholy to reflect upon the composition of the victorious party; so coarse, so ignorant, so hopelessly retrograde in all things; and to remember how absolutely they swept aside a Government identified with the most progressive opinions of its day, with all that was most accomplished in its literature, with all that was healthiest in the new interests which have contributed to the present growth of our complex and multiform society. The Whigs meantime staggered from one blunder to another; and within two months after the French Plenipotentiaries had left Gertruydenberg, the Cabinet was entirely remodelled. For the first time, a real High-Church Ministry was established, with an enormous preponderance of court favour and popular support.

* Bolingbroke's Letters and Correspondence, i. 330.

The very soul of this party, though neither its acknowledged leader, nor even its most trusted member, was Henry St. John, afterwards Viscount Bolingbroke,—one of the statesmen whose contemporary popularity can scarcely have equalled his reputation with posterity. The courage of his Toryism and the hearty zeal of his patronage, can hardly have induced such followers as his to forgive his imaginative conceptions and his high refinement. Public men, like Bolingbroke, never find their true place, till there are no longer dunces to be quizzed by them, nor competitors to be mortified. Then, indeed, the reaction comes; and generally does them far more than justice. It is, perhaps, fortunate for Bolingbroke's fame, that the press was the only vent left open to him by Walpole's prudence; and thus the 'Letters 'on History,' and the 'Letter to Sir William Wyndham,' have escaped the oblivion that covers the spirited eloquence which was heard for the last time in defending the Peace of Utrecht, and of which a traditionary recollection lingered so long among the survivors of his generation. The unusual disappointments of Bolingbroke's public life have increased the interest that attaches to his dazzling qualities; and posterity always presses mercifully on those who redeem in the field of letters their political misdoings. Bolingbroke has found worshippers who forget his unworthy desertion of Marlborough, his unscrupulous and often treasonable partisanship; and he lives in their indiscriminate admiration, as, perhaps, none else but Cicero and Canning have ever lived. The staunchest Whig will scarcely find his severe judgment proof against the enchantments of Bolingbroke's marvellous style,—so freshly redolent of life and of the world, so graceful in its abundant and perennial courtliness, always level to every occasion, adjusting itself evenly and without a strain to a vigorous argument with Torcy, to a budget of London gossip from 'The Brothers' for Matt Prior, to a sparkling compliment for Madame de Fériole, or to a skilful combination of politics and flattery for the Princess Orsini.

• St. John despised the grosser absurdities of Toryism as much as was natural to a man of his brilliant intelligence; and next to them he probably despised nothing so heartily as the narrow, precise views, the *bourgeois* predilections, and the Presbyterian antecedents of his colleague, Lord Treasurer Oxford and Mortimer. He was nevertheless forced into a connexion with a party for which he was every way unfitted, by a theory, which harmonizes most of the irregularities of his life. His aim was to make England a great Monarchical and Ecclesiastical State; in the sense in which France was one,—and in which England has certainly never been. We do not mean that he deliberately

thought of crushing the House of Commons; but he laboured constantly to bring the Monarchical element into a prominence, which, since the Revolution, it has never permanently held. We are convinced that no fragment of this policy could have been carried out, without the loss of our liberties and the alteration of our national character. But it was obvious that if it were to have a chance of success, it could only be by an application of present opportunities, so immediate and complete, as almost to have the character of a *coup d'état*. The Queen was well disposed, and St. John must have known enough of the narrow obstinacy that distinguished the early Princes of the House of Brunswick, not to recollect that the Elector of Hanover was certain to avoid what, if a mistake in William, was at least a generous mistake — the seeking to employ the talents of every party in the service of the state. But the Queen's health was fast failing; and it was plain that whatever was to be done, must be done quickly. By a vigorous exertion of the prerogative, it was just possible that the Tory system might be so rooted in the country; and the Commercial and Dissenting interests so effectually crippled by concentrating power in the classes which most cordially detested them, that even the accession of a Whig King would fail to subvert such an organisation. And if the reaction could only be made strong enough to repeal the Act of Succession, as well as to exclude the Whigs, it is idle to suppose that any of the new Ministerial party would have regretted the result. The whole resources of the party were accordingly put in force for the occasion. A landed qualification was imposed on Members of Parliament. The Clergy were conciliated by the Act for building fifty new Churches. The Occasional Conformity Bill was passed. The Schism Bill received the Royal Assent on the very day of the Queen's death. Every means were employed to harass the Dissenters, and above all the Church of Scotland. But the great requisite was that with which alone we are now concerned, — the speedy conclusion of such a Peace as would deprive the English Whigs of Continental support, and ensure at least the Neutrality of France.

English interests were therefore abandoned at every step of the following negotiations; but even this is less painful to remember than the base treachery which compromised our honour with Holland and the Empire. Their true situation was not once fairly revealed either to the English people or to the Allies. Queen Anne began the dissimulation by volunteering an assurance that the Ministerial changes were not to go further than the removal of Sunderland; and the new Ministers were forward in professions of sympathy for the Allies, even on points which the French

Government distinctly knew that we were ready to relinquish. For this was the original vice of the transaction. Our Ministers, from the first, treated the French Government, to which they were professedly hostile, with far more confidence and cordiality than they showed to the Allies, to whom our country was committed by its public acts. This system was carried so far as even to affect the relation between the Government and its accredited agents. The information which we now possess, proves clearly that St. John had never seriously thought of preserving Spain for the Archduke; or of doing more than preventing the union of the two Bourbon Crowns on one head. But when the Allies resented the scanty offers of the new Preliminaries, St. John was not content to soothe the Dutch with promises of co-operation: he even inserted in Lord Strafford's instructions an order for insisting on the cession of Spain and the Indies;—which, throughout his official correspondence with France, he had uniformly acquiesced in relinquishing. On the opening of the Conferences at Utrecht in January 171 $\frac{1}{2}$ his bearing was still more extraordinary. Zinzendorf, the Austrian Envoy, naturally referred to the terms of Gertruydenberg, as the obvious basis of the new negotiation. Alarmed at the possible consequences of this appeal, St. John remonstrated with the French Ministers, in the tone of a man who presumes on long friendship to persuade another to make concessions to an unreasonable adversary. The same tone is carried through the whole discussion; and the French Plenipotentiaries returned it by communicating to their nominal opponents their plans for delaying or embarrassing the Dutch and Austrian Ministers.

For the Conferences nominally held at Utrecht were nothing but a blind; and in spite of Queen Anne's repeated protestations that she would act only in concert with the Allies, the real business was carried on in confidential letters between Bolingbroke and Torcy. We are not aware of a single point which the Plenipotentiaries, originally accredited by France and England, were called on to decide. At last the confidence between the hostile Governments became so strict, that, with an abandonment of decorum more scandalous than is elsewhere to be found, even during this negotiation, the English Ministers informed Torcy of their intention to enforce a suspension of arms on the Duke of Ormond; while at the same time they actually insisted that the latter should conceal his instructions from those Allies who had shared with us the trophies of Blenheim and Malplaquet, and whom a struggle of ten years, and the friendship of their commanders had cemented into a more homogeneous mass, and

kindled with more of a common spirit, than has, perhaps, ever existed in any other coalition.

The great feature in the Treaty of Utrecht was the establishment of the Bourbons on the Throne of Spain and the Indies. We must premise with respect to this Treaty, that it is one thing to find grave fault with its provisions, and another to echo every cry that was raised against it by the heated partisanship of the day. The cession of Spain and the Indies was, perhaps, more condemned than any other of its stipulations. But as far as Spain is concerned, we make no charge against Harley's Government. It was at best an ungrateful task to force a Sovereign on a country, and every day demonstrated more clearly the hopelessness of permanently reducing the Peninsula. Even the year that had elapsed since the Negotiations of Gertruydenberg, fertile of disaster to France in every other quarter, had brought her nothing but success in Spain. Except, however, with regard to Spain, there was no pretext for an English Government to yield one iota of the other terms of Gertruydenberg (terms, be it remembered, to which Louis had actually subscribed as a condition of opening the conferences), unless on the hypothesis of an allegiance, other than that due to the Queen and Parliament of England. A simple comparison of the Preliminaries of the Hague with the terms eventually obtained, will show the derelictions of the English Ministry on this point.

The Duke of Savoy was the only ally for whom our Government made any decent efforts; and even his interests were subordinated to the superior influence of France. Savoy was the one State whose claims were sure of a favourable consideration from the latter Power; for every addition to the existing Sardinian States went to form a counterpoise to Austrian ascendancy in Italy. But as far as the Continental interests of England at the beginning of the eighteenth century were concerned, it would have signified nothing if Austria had held the whole of Northern Italy. Nay, considering the chronic opposition to England in which Louis's Catholic policy placed the Papacy, the most extreme Ghibellinism would have been purely to our advantage. But France was to be favoured—even though, at the same time, we were constrained to be faithful to an ally; and, at one time, we find Bolingbroke actually urging France to support Victor Amadæus against Austria*—a length to which the French Ministers themselves, in their cooler judgment, declined to follow him. The really important point for Savoy, as for every State between the Ocean and the Vistula, was a bar-

* Letters and Corres. iii. 487.

rier against France; and this she was unable to obtain, except by ceding the Barcelonette,—a cession which had not been even named at Gertruydenberg.

But the abandonment of Spain to the House of Bourbon involved neither the abandonment of any compensation, nor the abandonment also of the Indies. On the first point a line had been distinctly traced for the Government by their predecessors; and it now was only necessary not to desert a path already entered on. When the Archduke Charles was established at Barcelona, the English Government had concluded with him a Treaty of Commerce, by a secret Article of which the trade of the Spanish Indies was to be opened to a mixed company of English and Spanish merchants. By the Barrier Treaty of 1710, a share of these, among other, advantages was given up to Holland. The ship in which the former treaty was sent home was taken by a French vessel; the letter-bags had been sunk, but were recovered, with their contents, by the skill and courage of a diver; and the French Government forthwith published the intercepted Treaty to all Europe. It is difficult to exaggerate, or even to conceive, the possible importance of this Treaty. Looking at the comparative energies of the three nations, at the small beginnings from which our Empire in Asia has grown to its colossal stature, and at the inexhaustible field opened in the virgin colonies of Spanish America, it is scarcely doubtful that the execution of this Treaty would have secured to England no small share in the dominions of Montezuma and the Incas. And, will any one pretend, that, if the Allies had been thoroughly united, Louis and Philip would not thankfully have ratified the treaty of Barcelona?

But, next, it is mere folly to say that the Indies must necessarily follow the fortunes of Spain. Few contrasts are more remarkable than that which subsisted throughout this war, between the obstinate patriotism that drove the Castilians and Arragonese to contest every defensible pass or stronghold, and the apathetic indifference of the American settlements.* They were perfectly careless to which of the parties they might be transferred; and the cordial co-operation of the Allied Powers (which nothing but

* Humboldt, *Nouvelle Espagne*, v. 62. According to the *Vernon Correspondence* (cited *Ed. Rev.* v. 75. p. 131.), the Spaniards of Peru openly avowed their inclination to France; while Montezuma, Viceroy of Mexico, would not suffer the orders from Spain to be obeyed, as long as Spain was looked upon to be under French influence. It was thought that Montezuma, whose countess was of Indian extraction, might set up for himself. A.D. 1699—1702.

the existence of a Tory Ministry prevented) would assuredly have assigned those Colonies to the House of Austria; and secured to us the privileges which that House had already stipulated to grant. It was the union of the Indies with the formidable marine of France that our ancestors principally, and with good reason, dreaded; and the indemnity for the Protestant interest which we are discussing, was by no means an Utopian scheme, taken up on the moment by the violent adversaries of the Peace. It was pointed at by Sir William Temple, the most philosophical of our diplomatists, who, in the 'Constitutions of the Empire,' &c., so long ago as 1671, had noticed the opening for English influence in Spanish America.* We are speaking only in the spirit of Defoe†, the most temperate of the Whigs, whose single heresy was an anxiety to give Harley the credit for good measures, which nothing but his own conduct in Opposition had rendered difficult or impracticable. We are speaking, finally, in the language of the Treaty of 1701, which Bolingbroke, with singular shamelessness, quoted as the model for the negotiations of Utrecht. If all these lessons had been regarded, Mr. Canning's daring policy would long ago have been anticipated; and the New World would have been called into existence a century before, to redress the balance of the Old.

We insist the more anxiously that there was a necessity for compensating Europe for the absorption of Spain by the House of Bourbon; because, while we acknowledge the necessity of that sacrifice, we are not the less conscious that it has been an irreparable misfortune. To urge against this, that occa-

* Temple, ii. 216.

† 'No man can say that I ever once said in my life that I approved the Peace . . . I printed it openly . . . that the Peace I was for, was such as should neither have given the Spanish monarchy to the House of Bourbon, nor to the House of Austria; but that this bone of contention should have been broken to pieces; that it should not become dangerous to Europe, and that the Protestant Powers, viz. Britain and the States, should have so strengthened and fortified their interest by their sharing the commerce and strength of Spain, as should have made them no more afraid of France or of the Empire. So that the Protestant interest should have been superior to all the Powers of Europe, and been in no more danger of exorbitant Powers, whether French or Austrian. This was the Peace I always argued for; pursuant to the design of King William in the Treaty of Partition, and pursuant to that article of the Grand Alliance which was directed by the same glorious hand at the beginning of this last war, viz. that all we should conquer in the Spanish West Indies should be our own.' — *Defoe's Appeal to Honour and Justice*, p. 21.

sions have arisen in which France and Spain have been at variance, is simply to repeat that the two Crowns were not actually on the same head. The great fact remains unassailable, that thrice from the Treaties of Utrecht to the French Revolution—in the war of 1740, in that of 1756, and in that of 1775—France and England were hostilely opposed, and that on each occasion France was joined by Spain; and that during the revolutionary war itself, from St. Vincent to Trafalgar, the naval strength of the allies greatly outnumbered ours.* It is true that Louis XIV. imagined a vain thing, in dreaming that this union could crush the empire of the English fleets; but it is not less true, that we never emerged from any one of these conflicts without having suffered deadly wounds. It is not less true, that but for this fatal Alliance, we should have triumphed at Havannah and Finisterre, at a cheaper price in blood and gold; and that when Paul Jones disgraced civilised warfare with his buccaneering butcheries, when De Grasse was ravaging Tobago, and a fleet of seventy Spanish and French vessels spread terror along the shores of Cornwall and Hampshire, we were paying the penalty for the treason of our rulers at Utrecht. The quarrel between Philip V. and the Regent Orleans is rather an illustration of, than an exception to, the steady policy which linked the two Bourbon Houses: for it resembled a civil, more than an international, struggle; and was simply an effort, by the nearest connexion of the minor Louis XV., to arrest the reaction which followed the death, and subverted the policy, of Louis XIV. This policy found its consummation in the Family Compact of 1761,—a league in which political interests had their share, but the inner cypher of which is brought to light by the remarkable circumstance, that when Maria Theresa was most closely allied to France, she begged to be admitted to a share in the new Treaty—and was distinctly refused, on the plea of her non-participation in Bourbon blood! The Family Compact survived the Revolution; and though nominally renounced in 1814, has never been abandoned by French Statesmen. It was but nine years ago (to come down no later), that the first blow was struck at Espartero's Regency, when M. de Salvandy, as Family Ambassador at Madrid, refused to hold himself accredited to that Minister. Even now, the Revolution of last February and the recent declaration of M. Bastide will scarcely warrant our listening with unconcern, to Mr. Hallam while he gravely recapitulates the charges against the Peace of Utrecht. In distant ages, and after fresh combinations of the European

* Alison's *Life of Marlborough*, 480.

‘ commonwealth should have seemed almost to efface the recollections of Louis XIV. and the War of the Succession ; the Bourbons on the French Throne might still claim a sort of primogenitary right to protect the dignity of the junior branch, by interference with the affairs of Spain ; and a late posterity of those who witnessed the Peace of Utrecht might be entangled by its improvident concessions.’ *

M. Mignet winds up the historical introduction to these negotiations, with an exposition of the geographically dependent character of Spain, and of the benefits she has derived from her connexion with France. The first point is argued with a disregard for national rights, which, from the pen of an official writer, contrasts remarkably with the Polish paragraph in the annual addresses of the late Chambers ; and on this, it may be enough to say, that the severest blow ever dealt to the independence of the Peninsula was the aid which Louis afforded to Portugal, thereby forcing Spain on the Pyrenees. For the second point, when M. Mignet looks to his own great and famous country, with its organised society, its unrivalled army, the elastic spirit of its statesmen, and the majestic unity, in spite of every convulsion, impressed on all its splendid civilisation, we can scarcely think he will seriously challenge a comparison between what France has developed for herself, and what she has crippled and thwarted in Spain. The dependent helplessness of Philip V. has clung, like a curse, to the dominions which his posterity have ruled. It has been equally fatal to their Monarchy of the last century, — to their Revolution of yesterday, — to their Constitutional Government of to-day. Not only has the spirit of the Family Compact infatuated and compelled Spain to be the handmaid of every French aggression, and to bear a heavy share of the losses incurred in every war with England ; but it has worked yet more fatally in reducing Spain to a condition of diplomatic tutelage, in which the destinies of the nation are not entrusted to its own energies, but made dependant on the struggles of rival ambassadors for influence. To the imbecility of the Austrian, the Bourbon Princes superadded the corruptions of French despotism ; but they imported no admixture of its high spirit, its national pride, or of its vigorous centralisation. Hear M. de Marliani, himself a Spanish Diplomatist, and an official of the House which M. Mignet delights to glorify. ‘ Partout ailleurs, la mauvaise organisation sociale a vécu à côté d’un gouvernement mauvais aussi, mais agissant régulièrement dans le cercle de principes organiques d’administration, tels que la civilisation des temps

* Const. Hist. iii. 293

‘ les comprenait. En Espagne, au contraire, à aucune époque
 ‘ et sous aucune forme, il n’a existé de gouvernement, autre que
 ‘ l’arbitraire et ses erreurs. L’administration publique n’a ja-
 ‘ mais eu d’autre règle que le caprice de ceux qui commandaient.
 ‘ Ce mal invétéré n’a subi aucune modification ; et il atteint
 ‘ l’époque actuelle avec l’autorité que donne la force des tra-
 ‘ ditions.’* Nor did the national character gain in gentleness what
 it lost in independence. While French manners, and art, and
 literature were eating at the very roots of Spanish nationality, in
 the single reign of Philip V., the victims of the Inquisition were
 no fewer than 9992, of whom 1032 were burnt alive.†

With the outlying portions of the Empire it has fared yet
 worse. Humboldt gives us a memorial from the Bishop and
 Chapter of Mechoacan, presented to the Spanish Court in 1799,
 which singularly illustrates the misgovernment of Mexico.‡ The
 Viceregal Administration was mainly bent on separating the va-
 rious races of inhabitants ; as if it sought actually to train them for
 such ferocious feuds and outbreaks as disgraced Peru at the end of
 the 18th century. With Naples and Sicily, which, though not
 ceded by the Treaty of Utrecht, have been governed by Bourbon
 Princes for a hundred years, it is the same. ‘ The Government here
 ‘ is only an additional cause of disorder,’ writes the President Du
 Paty in 1785. Count Orloff, a warm admirer of the Bourbons,
 dwells at length on the accumulation of all those abuses which
 a moderately wise Administration has in its power to remove ; on
 the fetters which the concurrent claims of the Crown and of the
 feudal proprietors imposed on agriculture ; on the flagrant system
 of the *corvées* ; on the baneful ingenuity with which the tithe
 system reached even to the instruments of labour.§ It is
 curious that the only benefits which the Kingdom of the Two
 Sicilies received from its French Government, were derived from
 its revolutionary rulers, and infringed by the House of Bourbon.
 The Governments of Joseph and Murat did much towards
 organising the administration, reforming the law procedure, and
 abolishing feudal rights. The only alteration introduced by the
 restored Bourbons formally authorised a secret trial on a
 Secretary of State’s warrant. || M. Mignet was writing in 1835 ;
 and it would be unfair to quote against him more recent in-

* Marliani, *Histoire Politique de l’Espagne moderne*, i. 8.

† Ibid. i. 116.

‡ Nouvelle Espagne, i. 435.

§ Orloff, *Mémoire Politique*, &c. sur le Royaume de Naples, iii. 179.

|| By the new code of 1819. See Lord Brougham’s *Political Philosophy*, i. 617, 618.

stances of Neapolitan misgovernment: but the testimonies we have already referred to are at least those of not unfavourable witnesses; and we are content to rest on them for a decision of the question which M. Mignet has raised. They will enable us to estimate justly that system of dynastic suzerainship on the part of France, and of subserviency on that of her Allies, the revival of which it has hitherto been the scarcely concealed aim of M. Mignet's book to advocate.

It is difficult for men of other countries to speak calmly of that system. To our mind it possesses fewer redeeming features than any other policy that, like it, has sacrificed individuals, and trampled on nationalities. The civilisation, for example, which the heroic genius of Alexander suddenly created, or that which was steadily advanced by the majestic line of Roman Consuls and Dictators, pleads irresistibly in defence of its promoters. For posterity feels nothing of the throes and struggles which usher every new form of society into being. We are accustomed again to relent, in judging the Mahomedans of the 7th century, the Crusaders at the close of the 11th, or the Revolutionary armies of France at that of the 18th, when we remember the absorbing fanaticism, the high faith in their mission, with which all of them in their turn triumphed over the powers and dominions of the ordinary world. But there are no such compensating points in the remorseless policy which built up the magnificent fabric of the Bourbon Monarchy. That policy derives its sole interest from its consistent unity of scheme, and from the spell which bows our imagination before any display of an unflinching, individual will. In these, indeed, no period is richer than that which we have been examining; nor shall we find them any where more completely illustrated than in the great King whom we have followed nearly to his grave. However History may have qualified the profuse adulation of his contemporaries, enough remains, after every deduction, to secure him a position among the ablest Rulers of his country,—by the side of Henry IV., of Richelieu, of Napoleon. And whatever political or social changes France is destined to undergo, we do not anticipate that she will ever cease to look back with respectful admiration upon Louis XIV. as alone representing and embodying a very brilliant epoch of her development,—an epoch, however, which has passed utterly away, and which, fortunately for mankind, it is for ever impossible to recall.

ART. V. — 1. *The Case of Mr. Shore.* London: 1848.

2. *Apostacy. A Sermon in reference to a late Event at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.* By the Rev. W. J. E. BENNETT. London: 1847.

3. *A Reply to 'A Statement of Facts' made by Mr. Alexander Chisolm, B. A., in reference to a late Event.* By the Rev. J. E. BENNETT. London: 1847.

HENRY VIII., who spared neither man in his anger nor woman in his lust, had not intended to spare that child of the Church of Rome—the Canon Law. He silenced its professors at the universities, forbade the granting of degrees in it, and nominated a commission for its reform. But, *beati possesores!* is a maxim of the law. Its masters of the science of defence have always been excellent in their own behalf. ‘Hal, thou knowest my old ward!’ Westminster Hall wore out Cromwell; and Henry VIII. was baffled by Doctors’ Commons. For commissions sometimes came to nothing, even under the Tudors. If ecclesiastical law had been looked into once in a hundred years for that most important of all reforms—the purpose of accommodating it to the intelligence and spirit of the times—it would have been impossible that there should have existed at this day such a case as that of Mr. Shore. And, even in the present state of things, such a law would never have rushed out like a spider from a cobweb upon its prey, in case episcopal authority had always the good fortune to be placed in prudent hands.

Mr. Shore was a clergyman of the Church of England—and, unluckily for him, in the diocese of Exeter. He seceded from the Church: and on his proceeding to officiate as a dissenter, his bishop turned the tables on him, proceeded against him as a deserter, and put him in the Ecclesiastical Court.

Under these circumstances, the Delphic oracle of Doctors’ Commons has been consulted; and the following response in the name of the advocate-general, Sir John Dodson, has gone the round of all the newspapers.

‘ 1. I am of opinion that a priest in holy orders of the Church of England, although styling himself a seceder from that Church, and being, in fact, a voluntary seceder therefrom, may be committed to prison for contempt of court in preaching as a dissenting minister, contrary to the lawful monition of the court. 2. It is quite obvious that neither deposition from holy orders, degradation, or excommunication, can confer on a clergyman a legal right to officiate or preach as a dissenting

‘minister. 3. I think that if the bishop were to degrade and
 ‘depose a clergyman from holy orders, he might be liable to
 ‘the penalties imposed by the statute 41 Geo. 3. c. 63., if he
 ‘attempted to sit in the Commons House of Parliament. 4. I
 ‘am of opinion that excommunication would not entirely release
 ‘a clergyman from his priestly character, so as to give him the
 ‘status of a layman. — Doctors’ Commons, Aug. 24, 1848.’

Nobody who has read the parliamentary proceedings in the case of Horne Tooke will question this opinion. The debates upon his eligibility to sit in the House of Commons, and afterwards on the bill to prevent persons in holy orders from sitting there, appear conclusive. (Parl. Hist. vol. xxxv. 1349. 1542.) But, what the law is, is one thing; what it ought to be, is another. On the legal question we willingly accept the authority of Sir W. Scott and of Lord Eldon. (1395. 1414. 1544.) On the political question we infinitely prefer the authority of Fox, Lord Grey, and Lord Holland, as intimated on that occasion.

The reasonable part of the clergy will not thank the Bishop of Exeter for reviving a discussion of this description — under circumstances so much resembling intolerance and oppression. Lord Thurlow objected, we think unreasonably, to the bill for preventing clergymen from sitting in the House of Commons. He called it a bill of disfranchisement. But in his disapprobation of the law of indelibility we cordially agree. Lord Thurlow observed, that—‘if it were the law that the character of a
 ‘clergyman was indelible, it was a little hard because a person
 ‘had been in orders thirty years ago, but had ever since left
 ‘off discharging the functions and enjoying the privileges peculiar
 ‘to priests or persons in orders, to tell him that he should belong
 ‘to no other profession, but should still remain a clergyman;
 ‘although he might from conscientious motives have felt it repugnant to his feelings to continue a clergyman any longer.
 ‘That several persons who had been ordained clergymen in their
 ‘early days, and were in possession of lucrative benefices, had
 ‘at a subsequent period conscientiously laid down those benefices
 ‘and quitted the profession, was a fact which must have come
 ‘within the knowledge of most of their lordships.’

The same indulgence which their diocesans have shown to clergymen falling off into Unitarianism, and latterly to clergymen relapsing into the Church of Rome, why could not the zeal of Dr. Phillpotts extend to Mr. Shore? Mr. Lindsey* was allowed

* Mr. Lindsey having resigned the living of Catterick, in Yorkshire, was the minister of Essex Street Chapel for about fifteen years.

peaceably to officiate in Essex Street Chapel: and Dr. Armstrong is officiating at present, as a Unitarian, at Bristol. Are Dr. Phillpotts and Mr. Bennett prepared to institute proceedings against Mr. Newman, and the flock of unhappy curates who, after the example of Mr. Newman, have attempted to divest themselves of their Anglican Orders? Or have they a sympathy for the Church of Rome, which they refuse to our Presbyterian ministry or to other forms of Protestant dissent? That the Church of England technically acknowledges the validity of the Orders of the Church of Rome, makes no difference in the present question. Since a Church of England clergyman cannot become a Roman Catholic priest, without treating his Anglican Orders as waste paper or something worse.

We could have been content that the mystery of Holy Orders should have remained a mystery of the closet and the profession. But Dr. Phillpotts has thought it fitting to force it to an issue; and has so chosen his ground as to make it a case of conscience and religious liberty. What endless oppression and hypocrisy, what a sacrifice of the inside of the platter to the outside, is comprised in the maxim — ‘once a clergyman always a clergyman,’ applied to a thinking age! A passage from Dr. Campbell’s ‘Lectures on Ecclesiastical History,’ may assist us in forming some sort of notion of the kind of reasons upon which these sacramental pretensions were originally founded, and on the con-

He was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Disney, who had been the rector of Panton and vicar of Swinderby, in the diocese of Lincoln. The Rev. Theophilus Browne, formerly a tutor of one of the colleges at Cambridge, was afterwards the minister of the Unitarian congregation, first at Warminster and next at Norwich. Another clergyman of the name of Stephen Weaver Brown, was for some time minister of the Unitarian congregation in Monkwell Street, London. The Rev. Thomas Fyshe Palmer, a fellow of Queen’s College, Cambridge, was for some time the minister of a small Unitarian congregation at Dundee. In 1793, the law of sedition was cruelly perverted against Mr. Palmer, one of the Scotch ‘martyrs’ to parliamentary reform. But no intolerant prelate had thought of persecuting him for withdrawing his spiritual allegiance. We have confined ourselves to a single case—that of clergymen converted into Unitarian ministers. The list might undoubtedly be enlarged; but it is long enough to entitle us to ask with what decency can the moral ignominy of perjury and apostacy be sought to be affixed by reasoners like Mr. Bennett, to a conscientious change of opinion—take for instance the history of Blanco White;—or under what colour of justice or discretion a law can be maintained, by which men like these may be sent to prison by bishops like Dr. Phillpotts, on the charge of contempt of court and of the Church of England?

sequences which their originators supposed them to involve. The decrees of the Council of Trent are among the authorities quoted by Lord Eldon in support of the doctrine, of which Mr. Shore is now about to be made the victim. The Popish pedigree of the doctrine is quite correct. The Church of England took it bodily from the Church of Rome: where it had been debated as a sacrament, and as a point of school divinity — never as a question of Scripture, or public policy or common sense. What passed at the Council of Trent upon the subject, we will sum up in the words of Dr. Campbell.

‘In regard to the indelibility, all agreed; insomuch that though a bishop, priest, or deacon, turn heretic or schismatic, Deist or Atheist, he still retains the *character*; and though not a Christian man, he is still a Christian bishop, priest, or deacon; nay, though he be degraded from his office, and excommunicated, he is, in respect of the *character*, still the same. Though he be cut off from the Church, he is still a minister in the Church. In such a situation, to perform any of the sacred functions would be in him a deadly sin; But these would be equally valid as before. Thus he may not be within the pale of the Church himself, and yet be in the Church, a minister of Jesus Christ. He may openly and solemnly blaspheme God, and abjure the faith of Christ. He may apostatize to Judaism, Mahomedanism, or Paganism — he still retains the *character*. He may even become a priest of Jupiter or a priest of Baal, and still continue a priest of Jesus Christ. The *character*, say the schoolmen, is not cancelled in the damned, but remains with the wicked, to their disgrace and greater confusion. So that even in Hell they are the ministers of Jesus Christ, and the messengers of the New Covenant. Nor is it cancelled in the blessed; but remains in Heaven with them, for their greater ornament and glory.’

The English Parliament will surely enter upon the subject in a different spirit, and settle it on other grounds.

ART. VI. — 1. *The Saxons in England; a History of the English Commonwealth until the Norman Conquest.* By J. M. KEMBLE, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1848.

2. *Codex Diplomaticus Ævi Saxonici.* Opera JOHANNIS M. KEMBLE. 5 vols. Londini, 1839-48.

FIFTY years have elapsed since Gibbon, reposing under the laurels he had won in the fields of Roman history, attempted to revive the interest of his countrymen in the annalists and

muniments of their forefathers. His appeal to the labours of the Camdens, the Savilles, and the Spelmans, was at the time ineffectual; for it was addressed to an age which regarded history as a vehicle for eloquence, rather than as a science with laws and objects of its own. The author of the appeal had himself indeed in his great work wedded philology to narrative; but his single example could not counteract a prevailing fallacy; and the provinces of the antiquary, the jurist, and the historian were then and long afterwards believed to be distinct. The track, however, which had been opened by Gibbon, was followed up by continental scholars. Wolf discerned that Bentley had contributed nearly as much to historical studies as to philology itself. Heyne perceived that the agrarian laws of Rome had still living relations to political economy; and Niebuhr, combining almost unprecedented resources with practical experience, treated ancient history with the enthusiasm of a scholar, the science of a jurist, and the sense of a contemporary statesman. The example of Gibbon and the German philologers, was at first more readily adopted in France than in our own country. When statesmen like Guizot, or men engaged in administration like Sismondi, sat down to write history, it was scarcely possible they should overlook its deeper and more comprehensive relations, or postpone the matter to the form. In the 'History of 'Civilisation,' and in that of 'the French,' accordingly, are united the functions of the antiquarian, the jurist, and the political economist. The reception of their works, both at home and abroad, was an indication that juster notions of history were becoming prevalent; and that readers would now require something more than skilful groupings and portraiture, or than graceful disquisition and agreeable narrative. The intrinsic virtues of the earlier school of historians were not indeed abrogated, but raised upon a firmer basis and applied to more catholic purposes.

With all the adjuncts of the press, of public libraries, of cathedral and corporate muniments, of government patronage, and of private enterprise or speculation, it must be admitted that, since the close of the 17th century until a comparatively recent period, very little advance had been made in the study of early English annals. One at least of our universities has a professorship of Anglo-Saxon, to say nothing of other chairs more or less connected by the design of their founders with legal or historical archæology. But endowments of this kind are only a security for scholarship when their subjects have a value already, in the university or the world. As soon as the opinion of a society has been sufficiently pronounced, its

principal places of education must obey the call. Accordingly, the recent enlargement of the educational system at Cambridge by the creation of new Triposes, and by calling the Professors into more active service, is evidence, we hope, of the commencement of a new era. An acquaintance with the legislation of Alfred and Edward I. will probably be esteemed ere long as worthy of academical honours and rewards as a knowledge of the constitutions of Solon and Cleisthenes: and he who can tell the difference between the *Demus* and the *Boulè*, will also be aware of the distinction between an alodial estate, and land held by copy of court roll. But the public ought to understand, that the change, to be effectual, must be carried further. It will not do to widen the bed of the main stream only, leaving its feeders and tributaries, the public schools, in their ancient state: And we expect that the eminent scholars who now preside over those nurseries of the future citizen will be soon induced to subtract at least a few hours in every week, from longs and shorts, in favour of the laws, the history, and the literature of the English people.

The sappers and miners are seldom of much account in the bulletins of a campaign; yet their services are not less essential than those of the fighting men. The readers of Dr. Henry and Mr. Sharon Turner are probably diminishing daily in number: their materials were indifferent, their style was worse; but their industry and good intentions cannot be mentioned without praise. The names of Dr. Lingard and Mr. Hallam occupy a much loftier and more permanent position. Their works, indeed, embrace a far wider range than mere archaic history; but even in the latter department their labours have an integral worth, as well on their own account as for what they have stimulated others to undertake. It is, indeed, delightful and encouraging to younger students, to find that the researches which occupied the earlier vigils of these distinguished writers continue to employ them still. Forty years intervene between the first and the third editions of Dr. Lingard's 'Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church,' or rather between its original and its present form—for the third edition is almost a new work. A similar period has elapsed since the early chapters of Mr. Hallam's 'Middle Ages' were composed. The 'Supplementary Notes,' which he has recently published, are as honourable to the author as they are instructive to the reader; nor are any portions of them more valuable or more gratifying than those in which he acknowledges his obligations to later or more mature inquiries. The spirit displayed in this last work of Mr. Hallam's reminds us of a fine trait in Virgil's character, recorded by Donatus. 'Refert Pe-

‘dianus, benignum, cultoremque omnium bonorum atque eruditum (Maronem) fuisse, et usque adco invidiæ expertem, ut si quid crudité dictum inspiceret alterius, non minus gauderet, ac si suum fuisset.’ It would be superfluous to enlarge upon the merits of those writers whom Mr. Hallam, in his preface to the Supplementary Notes, distinguishes with especial mention as legal or historical antiquaries. Yet it is impossible, treating of Anglo-Saxon learning, not to recall the services of Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Allen and Sir F. Palgrave. At the same time the very names Mr. Hallam has enumerated leave us something to regret. In no country exist more elements for an historical school, equal, if not superior, to those of Germany or France, than in England. In our laws, our customs, our records, and even in our daily phrase and associations, we have the materials; and both in the passing and the rising generation of Teutonic antiquaries and philologists we should also have the men. In the archæological societies which are springing up, even in our second-rate provincial towns, we have the machinery for correspondence and collaboration; yet it cannot be said at present that England possesses an Historical school. We have church-restorers in abundance, and editors more or less competent of old ballads, old plays, and old divines. But an Historical school is something else and something higher than archæological societies, than antiquarian societies, or than special societies, however comprehensive, or however efficient. We will not fling another stone at the defunct Record Commission: we will only express our mortification at a lost opportunity. That commission, in fact, failed as much from the want of historical organisation in the age, as from its own shortcomings or faulty construction. But what government patronage could not effect, private or associated enterprise bids fair to accomplish. ‘The English Historical’ and ‘Ælfrie Societies,’ among others we might name, are supplying the antiquarian with texts on which he can rely, and with materials and prolegomena, digested and elucidated with exemplary care and diligence. We are advancing, however slowly, in the right direction. The idea of what history should be, what auxiliaries it should enlist, what alliances it should court, is daily becoming clearer and more complete. And it is now our agreeable task to welcome a publication which combines much of the learning of the seventeenth century, with the more critical and scientific spirit of the present time.

‘We have purposely placed together at the head of this article Mr. Kemble’s Collection of the Anglo-Saxon Charters and his history of ‘The Saxons in England.’ They are too intimately

connected with each other to be considered apart. The prefaces to the 'Codex Diplomaticus,' and the careful edition of the text of these muniments, would alone raise that work far above the level of a compilation, even if it did not contain so large a proportion of hitherto unpublished materials. To the 'Saxons in England,' the 'Codex Diplomaticus' stands nearly in the relation of cause to effect; while the historical volumes, in their turn, are the fruits of scientific philology applied to copious and original resources, and supported by various and pertinent auxiliary knowledge.

It is curious to compare the contents of the 'Codex Diplomaticus,' and the authorities cited in the 'Saxons in England,' with the following passage from the fourth book of Milton's History of England:—

'Left only to obscure and blockish chroniclers, whom Malmesbury and Huntingdon (for neither they nor we had better authors of those times), ambitious to adorn the history, make no scruple oftentimes, I doubt, to interline with conjectures and outlines of their own: them rather than imitate, I shall choose to represent the truth naked—though as lean as a plain journal. Yet William of Malmesbury must be acknowledged, both for style and judgment, to be by far the best writer of them all: but what labour is to be endured, turning over volumes of rubbish in the rest, Florence of Worcester, Huntingdon, Simeon of Durham, Hoveden, Matthew of Westminster, and many others of obscurer note, with all their monachisms, is a penance to think. Yet these are our only registers; transcribers one after another for the most part, and sometimes worthy enough for the things they register. This travail, rather than not know at once what may be known of our ancient story, sifted from fables and impertinences, I voluntarily undergo; and to save others, if they please, the like unpleasing labour: except those who take pleasure to be all their lifetime *raking the foundations of old abbeys and cathedrals.*'

If history ought to deal with conspicuous men only, and the deeds which made them so, the chronicler of early periods will often echo Milton's complaint: and whether he represent them 'as lean as a plain journal,' or garnished with mythical ornaments and accretions, he will be unable, however willing, 'to sift his story from fables and impertinences.' But if, turning from the individual to the race, he build, not upon the shifting surface of personal character, but on the firm ground of recorded law, surviving custom, and ethnical analogies, even the 'obscure and blockish chroniclers' will be found fraught with

interest and instruction. By that very 'raking the foundations' of old abbeys and cathedrals, which Milton thus deprecated, Mr. Kemble has not only given a solid basis to his own work, but has also supplied all future antiquarians with a series of muniments which afford us authentic glimpses of the actual life of our forefathers.

A reader, accustomed to Anglo-Saxon history as treated by Turner, Lingard, or even Lappenberg, may at first experience some surprise, and perhaps discouragement, at the rare occurrence of personal names and anecdotes in the present volumes of the 'Saxons in England.' In place of kings and stirring incidents, we are introduced to the laws, ethnical or local, which prepared this one of the many homes of the Teutonic race for becoming the theatre of great developments. We are presented with the phenomena of the nation rather than with the accidents of the individual. Mr. Kemble's method is however scientifically correct. For this is the order which nature prescribes to itself in developing the germs of national life; and it is in accordance with the practice of eminent historical philologists. The main disease which affects early history universally, is the conversion of social laws and phenomena into personal symbols. It is this which, in Roman history, for example, has been the source of so much confusion; which has embodied the acts of the Ramnes in the concrete Romulus, and disguised the expansion of the race under a legendary bedc-roll of its kings. By reversing the ordinary process, and by analysing, first the elements of the polity, and allowing the symbols of them only their probable value, Niebuhr imparted precision and permanence to what before was indistinct and fluctuating. 'Tollitur persona, res manet,' is a maxim of archæological science, as well as of civil law. By a similar inversion of the common method, the author of the 'Saxons in England' deals with the *physical* characteristics of the land so far as they modified the *social* development of the race; with the social development of the race, so far as it educed *the idea, the law, and the institution*; and with these, lastly, as they moulded the individual either in his corporate functions or his personal life. Kings and incidents are but the casual, and sometimes the exceptional results of these deep-seated fontal causes.

We should, however, be doing Mr. Kemble great injustice if we led our readers to suppose that instruction only, and not entertainment, would be found in his pages. We have but slender tolerance for antiquarian discussions which deal with details irrespectively of some central law or connecting principle, and are not enlivened by their relations either to past or present

life. Mr. Kemble's book is vital and practical; and therefore instructive and picturesque. We are not presented, for the twentieth time, with legends which have occupied nearly every historian of Saxon England, from Echard and Guthrie to Pinnock and Mrs. Markham. But in place of Hengist and Horsa, of Æthelbeht's conversion, of Edwy and of Edgar, we have an animated picture of our now densely peopled and actively civilised England, in an age when man contested the marsh, the forest, the moorland, with their ancient inhabitants; when he preferred the hill side or the clear spring to 'towered cities,' or, as the pioneer of civilisation in our western Thulè, laid the foundations of the Kingdom, in the narrower circles of the Mark, the Shire, and the Federation. Mr. Kemble has a quick perception of the identity of the substance, under the variations of the form; of the import and application of ethnical analogies in cognate or in dissimilar races; and of the palpable or secret processes which, in successive generations, affect the progress without impairing the permanence of a state. 'Too much ignorance,' as he has before observed in an earlier work, 'prevails in England respecting the habits of our Saxon ancestors; too many of our most polished scholars have condescended to make themselves the echoes of degenerate Greeks and enervated Romans, and to forget the amphibology that lurks in the word *Barbarous*: while want of power to comprehend the peculiarities of the Saxon mind — without which no one will comprehend the peculiarities of the Saxon institutions — has led others to describe the ancestors of the English nation as savages half reclaimed, without law, morals, or religion.' But the true mission of the Germanic people was to renovate and re-organise the western world. In the heart of the forest, amid the silences of unbroken plains, the Teuton recognised a law and fulfilled duties, of which the sanctity, if not the memory, was nearly extinct among races who deemed and called him a *barbarian*. He felt and he revered the ties of family life, chastity in woman, fealty in man to his neighbour and his chief, the obligation of oaths, and the impartial supremacy of the laws.* And it is the portraiture of the Teuton doing his appointed work, in re-infusing life and vigour and the sanctions of a lofty morality into the effete and marrowless institutions of the Roman world, which is drawn in the volumes before us.

It is almost superfluous to observe that Sir Francis Palgrave, in his learned and brilliant essays on the 'Rise and

* *Leges, rem surdam, inexorabilem.* Liv. ii. 3.

'Progress of the English Commonwealth,' has preoccupied some of the ground now re-surveyed by Mr. Kemble. We have no wish, nor is it indeed within our province, to draw a parallel between these learned and accomplished scholars. It is the sciolist only who endures no brother near the throne; and who dreads and grudges the fame of a successor. The 'Saxons in England' differs materially in its idea, its plan, and its purpose, from the 'English Commonwealth;' but the same libraries will contain both works; and some future historian of Anglo-Saxondom may enter upon the labours of both his predecessors, with equal gratitude for the difficulties they have removed, and the light they have shed upon his path. The annals of a state so fully, and indeed so systematically developed as England, afford ample scope for independent and successive research. It has been said, with nearly equal point and truth, that, in English history, since the revolution of 1688, 'every character is a problem; and every reader a friend or an enemy.' The remark may be modified and applied to periods of much earlier date. The materials for archaic history also are abundant; the questions numerous and intricate; and the theories based upon them are, and will long continue to be, eagerly discussed. But discussion tests and disseminates truth; and the most earnest inquirers are ever the readiest to admit new elucidations, or even corrections of their own views, — to welcome the discovery of new resources, and the results of further investigations. We remember, when Niebuhr's doctrines on Roman history were first published, that an American journalist lamented that such an innovator had ever been born, to unsettle the established faith in Romulus and Publicola. We cannot sympathise with this Transatlantic distress. To us it is rather a subject for gratulation, that one age and one nation have produced two such guides and explorers of the past, as Sir Francis Palgrave and Mr. Kemble.

It would be easy, by merely tabular references, to state the points of coincidence between them; but it would speedily exhaust our limits to note their respective divergencies. Both treat of the incunabula of the English nation and commonwealth; and both, therefore, necessarily traverse much ground in common. Both, however, have a genuine stamp of originality, whether they differ or agree. Perhaps we cannot do better than refer to Mr. Hallam's 'Supplemental Notes' for an authentic tribute to the diligence and accuracy of these richly endowed archæologists. From his award few persons will dissent — the award of a writer of almost unexampled candour and of a discernment and erudition as rarely surpassed.

The following synopsis of Mr. Kemble's chapters may, however, assist the reader who desires to compare the recent publication with its predecessor. The first book of the 'Saxons in England' is appropriated to the Saxon and Welsh traditions of the Teutonic invasion and occupation of this island; to the divisions of the land under the several forms of the Mark, the Shire, and the smaller sections of territorial estates—the Eðel, Hid or Alod—and to the distinctions of rank, in its primary sense, of the free and unfree, and in its secondary attribute—the gradations of the free, from the king to the corol. A survey of Saxon Heathendom, as the religious bond of the Teutonic race generally, or as the particular creed of its English representatives, completes the first of the two volumes now published. The chapters of the second book group themselves around the introduction of Christianity, and the progressive consolidation and extension of the regal power. The offices of the duke or ealdorman, of the gerefæ and the bishop, the functions of the witenagemot, the privileges of the royal court and household, the municipalities, the poor laws, and the church, are examined under their respective heads, and are the principal points of nominal rather than actual contact with Sir Francis Palgrave's *History of the English Commonwealth*.

Mr. Kemble himself describes his book as 'a series of essays on the progressive growth of the English monarchy till the time of the Norman Conquest.' In a subject where a multitude of questions are to be answered, and perhaps nearly as many fallacies to be dispersed, the form of essays is preferable to that of continuous narrative. While treating of a somewhat similar period in a nation's annals, Dr. Arnold has seasonably remarked, that 'explanations and discussions must occupy a large space in this part of our history; for when the poetical stories have been once given, there are no materials left for narrative or painting; and general views of the state of a people, where our means of information are so scanty, are little susceptible of liveliness, and require at every step to be defended and developed. The perfect character of history in all its freshness and fulness, is incompatible with imperfect knowledge: no man can step boldly or gracefully while he is groping his way in the dark.'

The first chapter of the 'Saxons in England' gives a rapid sketch of the Saxon and Welsh traditions of the occupation and conquest of Britain, by immigration or invasion from the coasts of Germany and the shores of the Baltic Sea; and of the miserable condition in which the land was found by these invaders. The exhaustion of vitality in the Roman empire has, perhaps, no

livelier exponent than the fact that on the withdrawal of the legions, *Britannia Romana*, — so long the nursery of Roman armies, the prize of Roman capitalists, and the home of more than one *Cæsar*, — sank at once beneath the invader. Neither Gruter nor Boeckh, nor any collectors of inscriptions, have been able to throw much light on the internal government of Britain as a Roman province. From the Itineraries, from extant remains of colossal masonry, from the names of many of our most flourishing cities, from military earthworks and other impressions on the face of the land, and from tradition general and local, we infer that few provinces of the empire were more completely *Romanised* than this island. Yet all that had been acquired during four centuries of civilisation vanished, not merely before the sharp axes and long words of the Teutons, but before the undisciplined rabble which, on the retreat of the legions, poured down from the Grampians, and broke through the walls of Antoninus and Severus. In the writings of the later Romans — in Apuleius and Sidonius Apollinaris especially — and in many ecclesiastical records, we are made acquainted with the partial depopulation of the provinces south of the Alps and the Balkan. Provincial capitals, like Pella and Larissa, soon came to be separated by wide tracts of land thrown out of cultivation; and it reveals a fearful internal decay, when Marcus Aurelius, recruiting from every part of his wide dominions, could barely raise 30,000 men to oppose the Marcomannic league. But the decline of the southern provinces was gradual; and was suspended from time to time by the necessary or the politic infusion of new colonies of *adopted* barbarians. Were our information more copious or precise, we might probably trace a similar gradation of decay in Britain. As it is, the historian is involved in inextricable perplexities. The Roman occupation of this island certainly was not merely military. The few *civil* inscriptions we possess speak of *Triumvirs*, *Quatuorvirs*, and other municipal or fiscal magistrates. As the personal strength and discipline of the soldier degenerate, more care and labour are bestowed on material fortifications. Yet how or wherefore crumbled away the ‘Cyclopean walls’ of Chester, Leicester, and many other sturdy encampments, before tribes unprovided with even the rudest artillery? Into what bottomless undiscernible gulf were precipitated the Roman municipia and their institutions? ‘The oracles are dumb!’ — and we know really more of the Britons whom *Cæsar* invaded and *Agricola* subdued, than of the Britons whom *Honorius* left exposed to the savages of the Grampians and to the adventurers from the Elbe and the Baltic.

The details of a long and doubtful struggle between the

Saxons and the Britons are unsupported by credible authority. The dates and the events are alike traditional; and it has ever been the melancholy consolation of the vanquished, to record the prowess of their ancestors and the defeats of the victors. Such stories, indeed, belong to the Epical side of history; and the only pretext for repeating them is that assigned by Milton, who — ‘bestowed the telling over even of these reputed tales, in favour of our English poets and rhetoricians, who by their art would know how to use them judiciously.’ Milton himself meditated at one time a British Epopeia; but his intended hero, king Arthur, fell under the heavy hands of Sir Richard Blackmore. There is, however, no reason to suppose that the island was prostrated at one blow, like Prussia by the single battle of Jena. Neither the force of the invaders, the physical circumstances of the land, or the known dispersion of the victors for some generations afterwards, indicate simultaneous, or even a rapid conquest. Here and there a courageous leader or a favourable position may have really enabled the aborigines to obtain temporary successes over the intruders; and the pressure of calamity have even imparted vigour to the degenerate provincials. At the same time it is probable, that the advance of the Saxons would be much facilitated by the earlier-settled Teuton tribes in Britain. These might at first oppose, but they would ultimately coalesce with kindred invaders against the alien Kymri, and embrace the opportunity of wresting new settlements for themselves. That the eastern coast of Britain, long before the supposed landing of Hengist and Horsa, was resorted to by adventurers from the mainland, had been already suggested by Thierry. A Roman procurator, with the title of *Comes Littoris Saxonici per Britannias*, certainly commanded the sea-board from the site of Portsmouth to Wells in Norfolk. But, as Mr. Kemble remarks, neither analogy nor criticism allow us to interpret *Littus Saxonicum* as the district ravaged by the Saxons, rather than the district occupied by them. Indeed it has never been questioned that the Littus Saxonicum on the mainland, took its name from its Saxon occupants; and with a fair wind the voyage from the mouth of the Elbe to Yarmouth Roads or the North Foreland, might be performed by far less hardy navigators than our Saxon progenitors. But there are other reasons for discrediting the received story of the first arrival of the Saxon on our shores.

‘It strikes the inquirer,’ remarks Mr. Kemble, ‘at once, with suspicion, when he finds the tales supposed peculiar to his own race and to this island, shared by the Germanic populations of other lands; and with slight changes of locality, or trifling variations of detail,

recorded as authentic parts of *their* history. The readiest belief in fortuitous coincidences and resemblances gives way before a number of instances whose agreement defies all the calculation of chances. Thus, when we find Hengist and Horsa approaching the coasts of Kent in three keels, and Ælli effecting a landing in Sussex with the same number, we are reminded of the Gothic tradition which carries a migration of Ostrogoths, Visigoths, and Gepidæ, also in three vessels, to the mouths of the Vistula, — certainly a spot where we do not readily look for that recurrence to a trinal calculation, which so peculiarly characterises the modes of thought of the Kymri. The murder of the British chieftains by Hengist is told *totidem verbis* by Widukind and others, of the old Saxons in Thuringia. Geoffrey of Monmouth relates also, how Hengist obtained from the Britons as much land as could be enclosed by an ox-hide; then cutting the hide into thongs, enclosed a much larger space than the grantors intended, on which he erected Thong Castle — a tale too familiar to need illustration, and which runs throughout the myths of very many nations. Among the Old Saxons the tradition is in reality the same; though recorded with a slight variety of detail. In their story, a lapfull of earth is purchased at a dear rate from a Thuringian; the companions of the Saxon jeer him for his imprudent bargain; but he sows the purchased earth over a large space of ground, which he claims, and by the aid of his comrades, ultimately wrests from the Thuringians.

The decay which affected Britain in common with other provinces of Rome, the ravages of the Pictish hordes, and the immigration of the Teutons, without exterminating, or even in many districts expelling, the old Keltic inhabitants, were necessarily accompanied by many violent or gradual changes in the tenure of property and the social features of the country. The towns of which the first rush of war had spared were deserted, and slowly disappeared; bridges, roads, and the other means of internal communication with which the thoughtful policy of Rome always supplied its provincials, being no longer state-property, fell into ruin or disuse; and the surface of the island was covered with the deserted vestiges of a premature and impotent civilisation. The few districts, which through the valour of their occupants or the strength of their position, remained comparatively unaltered, were now isolated from one another by wide and desolate tracts; over which the forest, moor, and marsh, and their gregarious or solitary tenants resumed their ancient sway. But as soon as the stream of Saxon immigration subsided in its first channels, the midland and eastern districts of England were overspread by a network of communities, each containing in itself the germ of a new political and social life. Even at this early stage the distinction manifested itself between the civilisation of the past and the future. Among the Greek and Roman races, the city with its municipal institutions was always the germ: with the

Teutonic tribes the formative principles were tenure of land and distinction of rank; and, not until the elements of their civilisation had lost their primal character, did they adopt rather than develop proper municipal institutions. From this difference resulted directly opposite effects. As soon as a municipium enlarged its territory by war or amalgamation, its central power began to oscillate. The instinct of expansion undermined the narrow and exclusive basis on which the municipal polity rested. In Greece, indeed, the readiness with which its migratory people poured itself forth in colonies, averted these immediate effects: while at Rome, war, by absorbing and occupying the superfluous population, and by suspending from time to time the ordinary forms of government, prolonged the existence of the state. But the ultimate result was in both cases alike. For neither could the Grecian republics, from the first, resist the inward pressure of their own factions, — nor afterwards the assault of the feudal and military kingdom of Macedon: nor could republican Rome wield the increasing burden of its dependencies, without submitting to the necessity of a Sulla or a Caesar. The looser and ampler dimensions of the Teutonic system of government were better fitted to reconcile and employ these conflicting tendencies. Up to a certain period of development they could at once obey their expansive instincts, and retain their central vigour.

The primitive germ or unit of an Anglo-Saxon kingdom then, was the Mark or march (*mearc*). It was a miniature state: the principle of whose being, as regarded other similar communities, was separation; as regarded itself, was an intimate union of all its individual members. As its name denotes, it is something marked out and defined, by settled boundaries, by peculiar and systematic laws and symbols of distinction. As an essential condition, the mark comprises both arable and pasture land; or, in other words, land which individuals occupy under certain relations to the community, and land which the community itself occupies, without allotment or severance to individuals. We can only present the general features of the system: the details and the evidence must be sought in Mr. Kemble's pages. But, at no period, however remote in the records of our forefathers, do we lose the traces of this organisation. Even the Romans, who regarded the Teutonic tribes as *barbarous*, never represent them in a purely nomadic state; but as deriving their livelihood partly from agriculture, and partly from the breeding of cattle. Had travellers or maps existed at that early period, they would have afforded us a picture of numerous isolated communities, whose contiguous homesteads were surrounded by broad patches

of corn land and pasture, and whose arable and meadow land were fenced in by dark rings of forest, or by heaths pastured in common by the herds and flocks of the small republic. No 'wandering merchant bending beneath his load,' no adventurous stranger smitten with the desire of roaming from land to land, brought his wares or his tidings to those remote villages. A stranger was an enemy: commerce was unknown: and such precautions were taken against danger or innovation from without, that the laws imposed on every one who crossed the forest the burden of proving the harmlessness of his intentions. But although the outer world was thus excluded, the inner world of each mark was a busy and thriving scene. The cares of agriculture, particularly in an age when implements were rude and drainage imperfectly practised, were constant and onerous. There were neither roads to convey, nor markets to receive, the produce of the mark. The Saxons must, therefore, have been themselves the consumers as well as the raisers of bread corn; and their early documents prove that the labourer and even the serf was as well fed as the Hampshire or Norfolk ploughman of our own days. The wealds of oak and beech, which covered so large a proportion of the land, and the unenclosed meadows which formed at least a moiety of the *ager publicus* of each mark, supported large herds of oxen, sheep, and especially swine. To each serf and domestic servant were allowed two loaves of bread daily, besides a certain portion of flesh; and the large quantities of ale which are reckoned among the dues payable from land, or as gifts to religious establishments, presume a copious supply of cereales for the purpose of malting. The boundary forest or marsh was appropriated both to the uses of man and to the worship of the gods,—especially to the guardians of the boundary and the land-mark. In the wood and on the moorland dwelt (such was the popular and not unsalutary creed) the monster and the dragon, 'more talked about than seen.' Beneath the dark and silent umbrage, wood spirits bewildered and decoyed the wanderer to his destruction; and the sacred centre of the forest may even have had its *Diana Taurica*.

Two causes are perpetually at work at the root of society, to disturb its movements and to alter its relations. Not only do the passions of man incite him to surpass and supplant his neighbour, but the progress of population also compels him to exertion and adventure. The state of society which we have now briefly sketched could not therefore be of long endurance. Its importance to history consists in its being the archetypal form which developed a series of systematically expanding communities. The process, by which two or more marks combined, and

the gradual conversion of all the several communities into one commonalty or kingdom, are thus described by Mr. Kemble: —

‘The natural tendency, however, of this state of isolation is to give way: population is an ever-active element of social well-being; and when once the surface of a country has become thickly studded with communities settled between the marks, and daily finding the several clearings grow less and less sufficient for their support, the next step is the destruction of the marks themselves, and the union of the settlers in larger bodies and under altered circumstances. Take two villages, placed on such clearings in the bosom of the forest, each having an ill-defined boundary in the wood that separates them, each extending its circuit woodward, as population increases and presses upon the land, and each attempting to drive its mark further into the waste, as the arable gradually encroaches upon this. On the first meeting of the herdsmen, one of three courses appears unavoidable: the communities must enter into a federal union: one must attack and subjugate the other: or the two must coalesce into one on friendly and equal terms. The last-named result is not improbable, if the gods of the one tribe are common to the other: then perhaps the temples only may shift their places a little. But in any case the intervening forest will cease to be mark, because it will now lie in the centre, and not on the borders of the new community. It will be converted into common pasture, to be enjoyed by all on fixed conditions; or it may even be gradually rooted out, ploughed, planted, and rendered subject to the ordinary accidents of arable land: it will become *folcland*, public land, applicable to the general uses of the enlarged state, nay, even divisible into private estates, upon the established principles of public law. And this process will be repeated and continue, until the family becomes a tribe, and the tribe a kingdom; when the intervening boundary lands, cleared, drained, and divided, will have been clothed with golden harvests, or portioned out in meadows and common pastures, appurtenant to villages: and the only marks remaining will be the barren mountain and moor of the frontiers, the deep unforded rivers, and the great ocean that washes the shores of the continent.’

The term Mark had three distinct meanings, connected, however, by their common relation to land. It was the territorial district itself, some of whose features we have described; it was the boundary of such district; and it was the member of a state, in the collective personality of the dwellers within its precincts—the mark-men. These, like the members of every other political body, had rights and privileges, either as respects themselves, or as respects all other outlying communities, whether a rival nation or a rival village. In its two former senses, at least for all practical purposes of local or central government, the mark is now extinct. Mr. Kemble, it will be seen hereafter, thinks it possible that even now, a knowledge of the metes and bounds of these ancient territorial divisions might be recovered. In many places perhaps it might. But the thing itself has passed

away. The original villages have merged into larger divisions, into counties, into a kingdom,—into ‘the great kingdom of England, having wood and desolate moorland and mountain as its *mark* against Scots, Cambrians, and Britons; and the sea itself as a boundary against Frankish and Frisian pirates.’ But of the third import of the term, there will be some traces in the law of our landed tenures, until the manumission of manors is made compulsory. ‘According to the custom of the said manor,’ is a phrase well-known to copyholders who pay, and to stewards and lords who receive fines and fees. Much light might still be thrown upon this branch of the subject if, as Mr. Kemble suggests, the *very early* customs found in the copies of court-roll in England were collected and published. This, ‘if’t were done, ’t were well that it were done quickly;’ for the custodiers of manorial archives are seldom sufficiently on their guard against damp and worms. And since it has long been the practice to go no further back than three lives in drawing admissions, such a collection could not possibly affect the interests of lords of manors or their stewards; while it would furnish invaluable materials for law and history. There is great variety, we know, in the customs of manors; and there was probably the same diversity in the customs of marks. And as one manor is now wholly independent of any other in its usages, insomuch that the process of admission even to contiguous fields, if holden under different manors, is sometimes wholly unlike, so with the custom of one mark another mark had no concern; and the markmen, within their own limits, were seised of full power and authority to regulate their own affairs, to provide for their own support and their own defence, as seemed most conducive to their own advantage. In an age which sanctioned the right of private warfare, and possessed neither a central capital nor a national church, such independence made each mark an integral state, in which the principal markman—subsequently represented by the manorial lord—was either by inheritance or election the patron and defender of the simple freemen—their envoy to correlative communities when the affairs of one or all required adjustment, and, unless otherwise disqualified, their leader in the field. The *mearcbeorh* appears to denote the hill or mound, where in modern phrase ‘the court was holden,’ and where at stated periods the free settlers met to do right between man and man. It mattered not whether these communities were small or large. The isolation and independence of each were not affected by the area included. Some marks, indeed, were probably of considerable extent, contained large occupations, and were capable of bringing a respectable force into the field. A hundred heads of

houses, protected by trackless forests, and in an age nearly void of the means of internal communication, would constitute a body politic, well able to defend its rights and privileges.

The deeper we explore the history of tenure in land, the further we recede from any traces of equalisation of rank or property, and from any grounds for a theory of communism. The political condition of the Teutonic freeman was indeed determined by the amount of his landed property. And herein is one of the many services which the philologist renders, not merely to history but to society in general. He dispels the phantoms which theorists ever and anon conjure up. Rousseau's 'noble savage' and a people of communists, are as extravagant fictions as what 'poets fabling tell' of the spirits of flood and fell, or of the malignant tenants of the mine and the forest — and are much more mischievous. Even philosophers of a graver cast, when they attempt to devise what man may have been, or what he would be in some untried condition of society, instead of ascertaining by research and induction what he has been actually, are not exempt from these mistakes. We would undertake to compile from Plato's Republic, a pamphlet which a communist would applaud; and take perhaps for a plagiarism from his own dogmas. Since, indeed, — except we admit Mr. Sewell's dreams, that 'such things are an allegory,' — we see little reason why, in political matters at least, Plato should be accounted a sage and Fourier a sophist. It is not the least among Mr. Kemble's merits that he is exempt from this spirit of theorising. His positions are a chain of consecutive inductions, from which we may, indeed, dissent; but we cannot deny to their author the praise of having based them on facts, and of having arrived at them by the legitimate processes of logic and practical experience. In the picture he has drawn of these old markmen, and of their wise jealousy regarding rights and duties, we have an example of healthy instincts and applicable principles, worth whole libraries of speculative legislation.

The subject of cognatio or *sibscæst* is another interesting feature in the history of the Marks. We can merely afford to refer to it and to the very valuable Appendix (A) in the first volume, in which the patronymical names of the marks and the dispersion of their families and eponymi, are considered in detail. There are few more costly works than county histories: and there are perhaps few, as they have been executed hitherto, in general more worthless. The local antiquary, however, possesses in the hints and materials supplied by Mr. Kemble the means of rendering this branch of archæological research as fruitful of results as it has hitherto been, for the most part, barren. For the benefit of persons engaged in such inquiries — and if conducted on a

right system none would be more useful — we subjoin a striking passage, which, being contained in a note, might possibly be overlooked. It refers, indeed, to the ‘Codex Diplomaticus,’ but it is connected with the history of the mark:—‘Many modern parishes may be perambulated with no other direction than the boundaries found in the “Codex Diplomaticus.” To this very day the little hills, brooks, even meadows and small farms, bear the names they bore before the time of Alfred; and the mark may be traced with certainty, upon the local information of the labourer on the modern estate.’

We are inclined to think that the following suggestion also might be profitably adopted by the committees and contributing members of archaeological societies. It is good to have correct notions about church architecture and symbols; but it would surely be desirable to extend the machinery of corporate working, to the elucidation of historical and legal, as well as ecclesiastical antiquities.

‘It is more than one could now undertake to do, without such local co-operation as is not to be expected in England as yet; but I am certain that the ancient marks might still be traced. In looking over a good county map we are surprised by seeing the systematic succession of places ending in *-den*, *-holt*, *-wood*, *-hurst*, *-fald*, and other words which invariably denote forests and outlying pastures in the woods. *These are all in the mark*, and within them we may trace with equal certainty, the *-hāms*, *-tūns*, *-wordigs*, and *-stedes*, which imply settled habitations. There are few counties which are not thus distributed into districts, whose limits may be assigned by the observation of these peculiar characteristics. I will lay this down as a rule, that the ancient mark is to be recognised by following the names of places ending in *-den*, which always denoted *tubile ferarum*, or pasture, usually for swine.’

The second and final form of unsevered possession in land is the *Gá*, or the union of two, three, or more marks in a federal bond, for religious, judicial, and even political purposes. In England the ancient name *Gá* has been almost universally superseded by that of *scír* or shire; although in Germany the technical term *gau* or *bant* has been retained. The natural divisions of the country are for the most part the divisions also of the *gá* or shire; and the size of the *gá* consequently depends partly on the accidental limits of hills, waters, or moorlands, and partly on the peculiar circumstances of the marks themselves at the time of their federal union.

We give the following outline of the *Gá* in the author’s own words, both for its own sake and because it displays a curious analogy between the practice of our Teutonic ancestors, and that

of a people generally dissimilar in their territorial and federal arrangements:—

‘As the Mark contained within itself the means of doing right between man and man, *i. e.* its Mark-mót; as it had its principal officer or judge, and beyond a doubt its priest and place of religious observances, so the county, Scír or Gá, had all these on a larger and more imposing scale: and thus it was enabled to do right between Mark and Mark, as well as between man and man, and to decide those differences the arrangement of which transcended the powers of the smaller body. If the elders and leaders of the Mark could settle the mode of conducting the internal affairs of their district, so the elders and leaders of the Gá (the same leading markmen in a corporate capacity) could decide upon the weightier causes that affected the whole community; and thus the Scíregemót, or Shiremoot, was the completion of a system of which the Mearcmót was the foundation. Similarly as the several smaller units had arrangements on a corresponding scale for divine service, so the greater and more important religious celebrations, in which all the Marks took part, could only be performed under the auspices and by the authority of the Gá. Thus alone could due provision be made for sacrifices which would have been too onerous for a small and poor district, and an equalisation of burdens be effected: while the machinery of government and efficient means of protection were secured.

‘At these great religious rites, accompanied as they ever were by the solemn Ding, placitum or court, thrice in the year the markmen assembled unbidden; and here they transacted their ordinary and routine business. On emergencies, however, which did not brook delay, the leaders could issue their peremptory summons to a bidden Ding: in this were decided the measures necessary for the maintenance and well-being of the community, and the mutual guarantee of life and honour. To the Gá then probably belonged, as an unsevered possession, the lands necessary for the site and maintenance of a temple, the supply of beasts for sacrifice, and the endowment of a priest or priests; perhaps also for the erection of a stockade or fortress, and some shelter for the assembled freedmen in the Ding. Moreover, if land existed which from any cause had not been included within the limits of the Mark, we may believe that it became the public property of the Gá, *i. e.* of all the Marks in their corporate capacity; this at least may be inferred from the rights exercised at a comparatively later period over waste lands, by the constituted authorities, the duke, count, or king.’

Strike out from this account of an Anglo-Saxon Gá a few technical terms and some local peculiarities,—the accidental and not the essential properties of the institution,—and it might serve for a description of the Latin confederation, which at different periods was the rival, the ally, and the equal or subject member of the Roman commonwealth. The thirty townships of Latium correspond to the original marks; the senate, or curia of burgbers,

who alone, either as occupants in person or as subletters, enjoyed the *ager* or markland, answer to the markmen. The annual or extraordinary meetings of the delegates of the markmen at the solemn *Ding*, *placitum* or court, had also its Latin pendant. For the Latins, at least, in the earlier periods of the League, met beside a fresh spring and in an inviolable wood, — the spring and the wood of Ferentina. They transacted business in the open air, and in the presence of their fellow-townsmen, who were not, indeed, competent to speak or to vote in the federal assembly, but who, as members of particular *curiæ*, observed and scrutinised the sentiments and the suffrages of their delegates. Subsequently, a temple, erected by the league, served as a council chamber. It was dedicated to Jupiter or Diana; to the one as the guardian of oaths and federations, to the other as the guardian of marks or boundaries. The temple and its *temenos* — its shireland — was the public property of all the townships; and the terrors of the law, or of a convenient superstition, guarded the shrine and its enclosure from profane encroachment. The *curia* of each township sufficed for its own municipal government, unless perhaps in cases of migration from one section of the league to another, with its ever-appendant questions of intermarriage and reciprocal trade. But the disputes of two or more townships were discussed at the ordinary or special meetings of the league, which also regulated such wider and more complicated questions as might arise with foreign states, the cognate communities of the Volscians and Rome.

The interest attached to the subject of the *Gá* and its phenomena is much increased by the circumstance that ‘some of the modern shire-divisions of England have in all probability remained unchanged from the earliest times.’ The general proportions of the *Gá* to the shire have, however, been much obscured by the policy or pedantry of the Norman chroniclers; who refer to our shires by the names they still bear, and superciliously pass over, what they might have told us, the names of the ancient divisions. Our limits are so far from allowing us to follow Mr. Kemble in his minute dissection of this subject, that they restrict us to a strong recommendation of his chapters on the *Eðel*, *Híd*, or *Alod*; which, resting principally on numerical calculations, are less capable of a brief and partial survey.

We have seen a regular principle of evolution pervading the system of landed-tenure among the Anglo-Saxons. The Mark is incorporated in the *Gá*, without altogether foregoing its proper attributes; the *Gá* expands into the Kingdom without surrendering all its original functions. A similar principle operated upon the distinctions of rank — the second element of a Teutonic

state. The freeman was the stem from which sprang immediately the noble, and ultimately the king. The noble was one with the freeman in respect of the rights, privileges, and duties of the latter; but he was more than the freeman, in respect of his ampler rights and privileges, and his more honourable duties. Both noble and freeman were landowners; since tenure of land was the condition of full freedom; but the estate of the noble was probably larger, his mark-rights more extensive, and his exemptions from predial services more numerous. Both noble and freeman were members of the *Ding*, or general meeting: but the noble directed, and finally executed the resolutions of that deliberative body. The simple freeman could vote at elections: the noble might be elected priest, judge, or king; and because his life was valuable to the state, as well as to the family, his *wer-gild* was higher than that of the *ceorl*. Lastly, and as a consequence of his ampler privileges and peculiar functions, the noble had a generic appellation — *Eorl*, *Æðele*, or *Ríce*: and if to his birth-rank were added official dignity, he was entitled *Ealdorman* (*princeps*), *Wita*, *Wuota* (*consiliarius*), or *Optimas* (*senior* or *melior*).

The following extract is a portion of Mr. Kemble's description of the freeman, the basis of all the superior social gradations.

‘His rights are these. He has lands within the limits of the community, the *eðel* or hereditary estate (*κληρος*, *hæredium*, *hýde*) by virtue of which he is a portion of the community, bound to various duties, and graced with its various privileges. For although his rights are personal, inherent in himself, and he may carry them with him into the wilderness if he pleases, still *where* he shall be permitted to execute (exercise?) them depends upon his possession of land in the various localities. In them he is entitled to vote with his fellows upon all matters concerning the general interests of the community; the election of a judge, general, or king; the maintenance of peace or war with a neighbouring community; the abrogation of old or the introduction of new laws; the admission of conterminous freemen to a participation of rights and privileges in the district. He is not only entitled, but bound to share in the celebration of the public rites of religion, to assist at the public council or *Ding*, where he is to pronounce the customary law by ancient right, and so assist in judging between man and man; lastly, to take part, as a soldier, in such measures of offence and defence as have been determined on by the community. He is at liberty to make his own alliances, to unite with other freemen in the formation of gilds or associations for religious or political purposes. He can even attach himself, if he will, to a lord or patron, and thus withdraw himself from the duties and the privileges of freedom. He and his family may depart, whither he will, and no man may follow or prevent him; but he must go by open day and publicly (probably not without befitting ceremonies

and a symbolical resignation of his old seats), that all may have their claims upon him settled ere he departs.

‘The freeman is born to arms, *schildbürtig*: he wears them on all occasions, public and private; he is entitled to use them for the defence of his life and honour; for he possesses the right of private warfare; and either alone or with the aid of his friends, may fight, if it seems good to him. If he be strong enough, or ill-disposed enough, to prefer a violent to a peaceful settlement of his claims, he may attack, imprison, and even slay his adversary — but then he must bear the feud of his relations.

‘Beside the arms he wears, the sign and ornament of his freedom is the long hair which he suffers to float upon his shoulders, or winds about his head.

‘His proper measure and value, by which his social position is ascertained and defended, is the *wergylde*, or *price of a man*. His life, his limbs, the injuries which may be done to himself, his dependants, and his property, are all duly assessed; and though not rated so highly as the noble, yet he stands above the stranger, the serf, or the freedman. In like manner his land, though not entirely exempt from charges and payments for public purposes, is far less burdened than the land of the unfree. Moreover, he possesses rights in the commons, woods, and waters, which the unfree were assuredly not permitted to exercise.

‘The great and essential distinction, however, which he never entirely loses under any circumstances, is, that he aids in governing himself — that is, in making, applying, and executing the laws by which the free and the unfree are alike governed: that he yields, in short, a voluntary obedience to the law, for the sake of living under a law, in an orderly and peaceful community.’

From our conceptions of the Anglo-Saxon king and noble it is essential to exclude most of the associations and phraseology derived from Norman feudalism. Not only had they little in common; — but the Anglo-Saxon king and earl held their dignity, as well as their land, in the character of freemen, or representatives of freemen, without reference to, or derivation from, a lord paramount. The later maxims of feudalism have been a stumbling-block to some of our most distinguished archaeologists in their researches into Anglo-Saxon history. The earlier system, indeed, gradually converged into its opposite; but the change was wrought, not through the territorial noble, but through the noble by service.

The age of Charles I. was remarkable for the zeal with which antiquity was explored, and legal or political precedents scrutinised. The interests and the passions of the time gave zest to the inquiry — whether a constitutional monarchy or right divine were to be upheld as the doctrine of our Teutonic progenitors? But in truth the idea of royalty entertained by Anglo-

Saxon legislators corresponded with neither the Cavalier nor the Puritan theory; and the modern practice of shifting the responsibility of the monarch upon his ministers would hardly have found favour in their eyes. The limited and ceremonial king, who was actually neither priest, judge, nor soldier, they would have regarded as a *roi fainéant*;—a king, after the pattern of the Basilicon Doron, they would have deemed no better than a Greek *tyrannus*. The possible virtues of the man could not, in their estimation, have atoned for the vicious principle of his title and pretensions. Yet, whatever may have been the practice of particular tribes, kingship, in a certain sense and even with something of a *jure divino* import, seems rooted in the German mind and institutions. The office arose partly out of the nature of a Saxon community, and partly out of the military and migratory habits of the earliest Teutons. Each mark or *gá*, being in itself a state, was at times involved in war with its neighbours; while it was constantly occupied at home with the public offences or the private suits of its members. Each had also its several or its federal temple, for its peculiar or its national forms of worship. The soldier, the judge, and the priest were, therefore, as essential to its political existence, as the forest or moorland of the border to its territorial completeness. What convenience dictated, religious faith and civil tradition confirmed. The early colonists had been led by supposed descendants of the divine Opinn. They were his children, and knew his will: they were informed by his spirit, and protected by his power. Hence, in every community was implanted a Sacerdotal germ, and—since the priestly and judicial offices were at first combined—the germ also of the civil functions of kingship. The warrior stands in a different relation to the community. ‘Peace is the natural or normal state, that for which war itself exists; and the institutions proper to war are the exception, not the rule.’ But in a period of imperfect settlement, when the neighbouring mark might be hostile—and the Keltic *perioeci* or borderers, were always objects of suspicion and precaution—the exceptional state would differ but little from the natural, and the warrior be no less indispensable to society than the priest or the judge. Mr. Kemble has stated many more preliminary causes and conditions of kingship in a Teutonic community. For these we must refer to his text; while we pass on to the distinctive attributes of an Anglo-Saxon king.

In the late Mr. Allen’s ‘Rise and Growth of the Royal Prerogative,’ the subject of Anglo-Saxon kingship is handled with unrivalled learning and acuteness. But he has not exhausted the question; because, at the time he wrote, some of the docu-

ments, which Mr. Kemble has since procured, were not accessible. Most readers of English history may have yet to learn that royalty was much more widely spread than even over the eight kingdoms which once existed together in Saxon England. The 'Codex Diplomaticus' furnishes many names of kings unmentioned by the general historians, but who were reigning at the same time with the eight, seven, or six predominant kings. The functions of these inferior kings were, however, rather sacerdotal and judicial than, strictly speaking, regal—they were, in fact, judges of a small circuit. Of all the constituents of kingship, those which appertain to war are most readily detached from the rest. The power of the sword may be delegated to younger, more adventurous, or more popular claimants; but between the pronouncer of the dooms of man and the interpreter of the will of the gods, there long prevails an intimate, though not an essential connexion. War, too, is migratory, while the temple and tribunal are the visible centres and fixed resorts of the community. The priest-judge, therefore, may easily exist beside a more powerful or enterprising 'brother of the throne,' without either sacrificing his own powers, or encroaching upon those of his superior. When, however, many smaller districts are combined into one, when both the tribunal and the temple or church embrace a wider circumference, and even the ordinary leader in war yields to the superior skill or valour of some fortunate competitor, the merely judicial and sacerdotal king sinks also into a subordinate rank, and becomes a subregulus, or, in Anglo-Saxon phrase, an ealdorman. From this period—the time of the military, judicial, and priestly powers having each become partially depressed—we may date the establishment of kings, at once hereditary and elective, and of the kingdom in its complete Teutonic type, representing the freemen, the nobles, and the *folcricht*, or public law of both estates.

The position of the Anglo-Saxon king in his relations with the nobles and the freemen, was a lofty one; and even to modern conceptions his privileges were extensive. But there were many stringent and salutary checks upon a capricious or systematic abuse of power. The elective principle, though generally in abeyance, was never wholly abandoned. The territorial nobles were not dependent on the king for their lands, their arms, or their rank; they were inspired by the love of freedom, and they retained the habit as well as the right of making and administering the laws. In his mearc-mót and his shire-mót the free-man possessed the machinery for combination; the pursuits of agriculture invigorated his physical powers, and both the traditions of his ancestors and the example of his neighbours fostered

in him a passion for independence. Moreover there was one bulwark against arbitrary rule, which both expressed and implied in the people that raised it, an invincible purpose to resist despotic encroachments. The notion of territorial title was never involved in the idea of an Anglo-Saxon king. 'The kings were kings of tribes and peoples, but never of the land they occupy,—kings of the West-Saxons, the Mercians, or the Kentings, but not of Wessex, Mercia, or Kent.'

'So far, indeed,' continues Mr. Kemble, 'is this from being the case, that there is not the slightest difficulty in forming the conception of a king totally without a kingdom:—'

"Solo rex verbo, sociis tamen imperitabat,"

is a much more general description than the writer of the line imagined. The Norse traditions are full of similar facts. The king is, in truth, essentially one with the people; from among them he springs; by them and their power he reigns; from them he receives his name: but his land is like theirs, private property: one estate does not owe allegiance to another, as in the feudal system; and least of all is the monstrous fiction admitted, even for a moment, that the king is owner of all the land in a country.'

A full description of the rights of Royalty will be found in the Second Chapter of Mr. Kemble's Second Book. But the following are a few of the rights claimed, the privileges enjoyed, and innovations imperceptibly introduced by the Anglo-Saxon monarchs.

The king possessed the right of calling out the national levies, the *posse comitatûs*, for the purposes of attack or defence. He could recommend the more important causes, at least, to the consideration of the public tribunals, and might take the initiative in public business. Like all other freemen, he was a landed proprietor, and depended for much of his subsistence on the cultivation of his estates. His means as a land-owner were, however, so disproportionate to his station that his principal expenditure was supplied from other sources. In the first place he was entitled to gifts in kind from his people; and in course of time, by an easy process, these freewill offerings were converted into settled payments or taxes. Like the Roman patrician and the feudal baron, the Anglo-Saxon king received also from the freemen customary aids; as, for instance, on his own marriage or that of his children, and on occasion of a progress in his kingdom, or a solemn festival at his court. As conservator of the public peace, he was entitled to a portion of the fines inflicted on criminals: and if the lands of a felon were forfeited, they fell to the king as the representative of the

whole state. His share of booty taken in war was suitable to his rank; and as the sole protector of the stranger, he was probably entitled to a portion of the stranger's wealth or service. Tolls on land and water-carriage, the settling of the value and the form of the medium of exchange, as well as fiscal regulations generally, were among his original or, acquired privileges; and treasure-trove was his, because where there is no owner, the state, of which the king is the representative, claims the accidental advantage. In the second place, he was possessed of rights which, though not directly contributing to his revenues, augmented his power and resources. He might demand the services of the freemen for receiving and conducting heralds, ambassadors, or distinguished strangers from one royal vill to another: forage, provisions, or building-materials for the royal residence were conveyed for him: accommodation was due to him when hunting or fishing, for his hawks, his hounds, and servants. The Duke, the Gerefæ, perhaps even the members of the Witenagemot, were appointed by him: and as the head of the Church, he had considerable influence in the election of bishops, and in the establishment or the abolition of sees. Finally, the king had the right to divest himself of a portion of these attributes; and, by conferring them upon delegates, he might conciliate the reluctant or reward the compliant.

‘But the main distinction,’ Mr. Kemble observes, ‘between the king and the rest of the people, lies in the higher value set upon his life, as compared with theirs. As the wergylde or life-price of the noble exceeds that of the freeman or the slave, so does the life-price of the king exceed that of the noble. Like all the people, he has a money value, but it is a greater one than is enjoyed by any other person in the state. So again his protection (mund) is valued higher than that of any other; and the breach of his peace is more costly to the wrong-doer.’

The right to entertain a comitatus, or body of household retainers, became, in process of time, the source of other and more extensive attributes of royalty,—in the end establishing a new order of nobles, whose origin was in the crown itself. The institution of nobles by service was indeed the principal cause of the decline and downfall of the nobles by birth and property, and therefore of an organic change in the whole system of Anglo-Saxon polity. Had the patricians of the Roman commonwealth agreed, at an early period, to convert their clients into a comitatus, the plebeians would never have made their way to the superior magistracies; and the history of Rome, like that of Veii and Volsinii, might have been read in the annals of some rival and conquering state.

One problem is at the root of all the revolutions of society, from Gracchine reforms to revolts of Jacquerie, viz.; how to reconcile the established divisions of property with the demands of an increasing population. Under almost any circumstances of social being, men possessed of sufficient food and clothing multiply too rapidly for their increase to be balanced by the average of natural or violent deaths. But nations which, like the Anglo-Saxon invaders of Britain, establish a given number of households upon several estates, will probably so much the sooner experience the difficulty of providing for a surplus population. In modern parlance, hands are thrown out of work; and in communities of this description, where agriculture is confined to a simple routine, and commerce does not exist, war and adventure are the resource of the unemployed. The consequence is, that the community, which cannot cast them off upon the wastes or the frontiers, will be imperilled by a floating population of the young, the hardy, and the necessitous. Manufactures are performed by household labour; emigration has its own heavy charges; the land is already divided; so that, except on the large estates of the nobles, the poor freeman cannot live without forfeiting whatever makes life valuable. Some sort of service he must perform for bread; and the most honourable and congenial is military service, — which, at the same time, is the most likely to require and to recompense him. The hall of the noble and the court of the prince are seldom without incentives and encourager its to dependence and ambition.

‘The prince,’ we proceed in Mr. Kemble’s words, ‘enriched by the contributions of his fellow-countrymen, and the presents of neighbouring states or dynasts, as well as master of more land than he requires for his own subsistence, has leisure for ambition and power to reward its instruments. On the land which he does not require for his own cultivation, he can permit the residence of freemen or even serfs, on such conditions as may seem expedient to himself or endurable to them. He may surround himself with armed and noble retainers, attracted by his liberality or his civil and military reputation, whom he feeds at his own table, and houses under his own roof; who may perform even servile duties in his household, and on whose aid he may calculate for purposes of aggression or defence. Nor does it seem probable that a community would at once discover the infinite danger to themselves that lurks in such an institution. Far more frequently must it have seemed matter of congratulation to the cultivator, that its existence spared him the necessity of leaving the plough and harrow to resist sudden incursions or enforce measures of internal police; or that the strong castle, with its band of ever-watchful defenders, existed as a garrison near the disputable boundary of the mark.’

From the intimate relation between the prince and the *gesib* or *comites* there arose certain reciprocal rights and duties :—these sanctioned by custom or adopted from convenience, gradually formed themselves into a code of laws, which ultimately affected the condition and even the social existence of the freemen. In the earlier development of the *comitatus*, the idea of freedom is supplanted by the more questionable motive of honour, or, to speak more strictly, of rank and station. The comes may become, by gift from his employer, possessed of land, even of very large tracts. But he could not be the possessor of a free hyde, nor consequently bound to service in the general *fyrð*, or to suit in the *folcmot*. Wealth, honour, and rank were his abundantly, but not freedom. However, in exchange for freedom he escaped from the toilsome duties of the farm, and the irksome routine of the popular court and judicature, to the plenty of the castle, to its stirring adventure, and occasional repose. The mark-men might raze him from their roll, and give his land to a worthier holder; but the very crazure would recommend him to a lord who regarded the mark with no favourable eye, and the loss of his portion in the free land would secure his dependence, and perhaps be compensated to him fifty fold. The tokens of his servitude were numerous and palpable. The comes, however endowed or advanced, was a menial; housed within the walls, fed at the table and clothed at the expense of his chief. His life was not his own; it had been bought with a price. He could not contract marriage, nor bequeath his property, nor exchange his master, without special permission. He might not, like the freeman, atone for his offences by a pecuniary mulct; but was liable to degradation, expulsion, and even death itself. These, however, were the casualties of his position, which he might easily avoid, and which the interest, if not the humanity, of his chief would rarely enforce. In return for his sacrifice of freedom, and his liability to disgrace, the comes obtained a maintenance, a life of adventure, and with it the chance of preferment and his prince's favour. He had his portion of the spoil; he was admitted to the festival: for him and his fellows, as partaking the joys and sorrows of their chief, were the triumph and the banquet, the pleasures of the chace and the minstrel's song; the remembrance of danger shared and of fealty gallantly redeemed. As the royal power advanced, the place of the comes advanced also; and while the old noble, by birth, as well as the ceorl, sank into a lower rank, the noble by service won for himself lands and horses, arms and jewels, and titular distinctions, ecclesiastical and civil. Finally, the nobles by birth themselves became absorbed in the ever-

‘widening whirlpool. Day by day the freemen, deprived of their old national defences, and wringing with difficulty a precarious subsistence from incessant labour, sullenly yielded to a yoke which they could not shake off; and commended themselves (such was the phrase) to the protection of a lord; till a complete change having thus been operated in the opinions of men, and consequently in every relation of society, a new order of things was consummated, in which the honours and security of service became more anxiously desired than a needy and unsafe freedom; and the alods being finally surrendered, to be taken back as beneficia, under mediate lords, the foundations of the royal, feudal system were securely laid on every side.’

The concluding chapter of the first volume is occupied with a general survey of Anglo-Saxon heathendom. The historian of ‘an outworn creed’ should be neither a missionary nor a polemic in his feelings. He may admit the creed and the legends of his forefathers to be dark, inconsistent and unsatisfying, when compared with revealed truths and with the more critical and humane spirit of a later era. But he misunderstands his office if he treats them with intolerance or disrespect. He is not an iconoclast, but an artist who, while restoring some dilapidated shrine, can never forget that it was once hallowed and is still beautiful. It is an opposite but equally grave error, to view the symbols and doctrines of an extinct faith through the medium of Pantheism. Earnest they once were, and held by earnest men; or they had never been rooted in the heart of generations, to whom nature was a living presence, and notional abstractions nearly unknown. Mr. Kemble has avoided both these mistakes, in his synoptical view of the Anglo-Saxon Pantheon. Although obliged by his limits both to condense and omit, he has illustrated the subject from many sources hitherto unexplored or unemployed; and has treated it throughout with an imaginative and philosophical vigour, which renders this chapter perhaps the most original and interesting in the volume. We have already noticed the firm tread and wide excursions of Mr. Kemble in the provinces of the jurist and the political economist. In the present chapter he has breathed into the dry bones of antiquarian research so true a spirit of poetry and eloquence, that he presents us with the theology, the ceremonies, and the superstitions of our ancestors, invested with much of their simple and earnest faith, as well as their robust, and, at times, sublime thoughtfulness. The prudence or contempt of the first Saxon Christians, indeed, has left but a sparing notice of the state of things which Augustine and his brother mission-

aries superseded. The early period at which Christianity prevailed in England, adds to the difficulties which beset the subject. The fall of heathendom and the commencement of history in this island, were contemporaneous; and the missionaries or the monks who could have recorded the errors they overthrew, sought rather to destroy the remembrance of a belief and ritual, which in their eyes were impious; but which yet might have retained too strong a hold on their half-converted neophytes. The materials still available for a history of Saxon heathendom are, therefore, chiefly indirect, casual, and widely scattered. Incidental notices in the annals of the Teutonic races generally, minute and isolated facts preserved not always in writing, but orally or symbolically, in popular superstitions and local customs, in legends, in provincial adages, and even nursery tales, are among the best sources of information now remaining to us. The penitentials of the Church and the acts of the witena-gemôts are full of prohibitions against the open or the secret practice of heathendom; yet neither these, nor Beda, nor the various works to which Beda gave rise, supply the sacred names in which the fanes were consecrated, nor the peculiar attributes of the objects of worship. The historian is, therefore, obliged to resort to other authorities, founded on traditions even more ancient, and which yield more copious, if not more definite, accounts. Mr. Kemble's earlier labours as the editor of *Beowulf* have been of great service to his later and more voluminous work. He had already broken ground in this obscure and unfrequented region, in a little treatise written in German, and entitled '*Die Stammtafel der Westsachsen.*' Sir Francis Palgrave had before discerned the importance of the genealogies of the Anglo-Saxon kings as materials for the history of Anglo-Saxon mythology. 'These,' Mr. Kemble observes, 'contain a multitude of the ancient gods, reduced into family relations, and entered in the grades of a pedigree, but still capable of identification with the deities of the North and of Germany.'

With his peroration of this most important chapter we close our analysis of the first book of the '*Saxons in England.*' The extract is long, but it is a specimen of the author's clear and cogent style, and of the equally philosophical and reverent spirit in which he regards a solemn and imaginative creed.

'I believe in two religions for my forefathers: one that deals with the domestic life, and normal state of peace; that sanctifies the family duties, prescribes the relations of father, wife and child, divides the land, and presides over its boundaries; that tells of gods, the givers of fertility and increase, the protectors of the husbandman and the herdsman; that guards the ritual and preserves the liturgy; that pervades the social state and gives permanence to the natural, original

political institutions. I call this the sacerdotal faith, and I will admit that to its teachers and professors we may owe the frequent attempt of later periods to give an abstract, philosophic meaning to mythus and tradition, and to make dawning science halt after religion.

“The second creed I will call the heroic; in this I recognise the same gods, transformed into powers of war and victory, crowners of the brave in fight, coercers of the wild might of nature, conquerors of the giants, the fiends, and dragons; founders of royal families, around whom cluster warlike comrades, exulting in the thought that their deities stand in immediate genealogical relation to themselves, and share in the pursuits and occupations which furnish themselves with wealth and dignity and power. Let it be admitted that a complete separation never takes place between these different forms of religion; that a wavering is perceptible from one to the other; that the warrior believes his warrior god will bless the produce of his pastures; that the cultivator rejoices in the heroic legend of Wóden and of Baldr, because the cultivator is himself a warrior when the occasion demands his services: still, in the ultimate development and result of the systems, the original distinction may be traced, and to it some of the conclusions we observe must necessarily be referred; it is thus that spells of healing and fruitfulness survive when the great gods have vanished, and that the earth, the hills, the trees and waters retain a portion of dimmed and bated divinity long after the godlike has sunk into the heroic legend, or been lost for ever.

‘We possess no means of showing how the religion of our own progenitors or their brethren of the continent, had been modified, purified, and adapted in the course of centuries to a more advanced state of civilisation, or the altered demands of a higher moral nature; but, at the commencement of the sixth century we do find the pregnant fact, that Christianity met but little resistance among them, and enjoyed an easy triumph, or at the worst a careless acquiescence, even among those whose pagan sympathies could not be totally overcome. Two suppositions, indeed, can alone explain the facile apostacy to or from Christianity, which marked the career of the earliest converts. Either from a conviction of the inefficacy of heathendom had preceded a general indifference to religious sanctions, which does not appear to answer other conditions of the problem, or the moral demands of the new faith did not seem to the Saxons more onerous than those to which they were accustomed; for it is the amount of self-sacrifice which a religion successfully imposes upon its votaries, which can alone form a measure of its influence. The fact that a god had perished, could sound strangely in the ears of no worshipper of Baldr; the great message of consolation,—that he had perished to save sinful, suffering man,—justified the ways of God, and added an awful meaning to the old mythus. An earnest, thinking pagan, would, I must believe, joyfully accept a version of his own creed, which offered so inestimable a boon, in addition to what he had heretofore possessed. The final destruction of the earth by fire could present no difficulties to those who had heard of Surtr and the Twilight of the Gods, or of Allfather’s glorious kingdom, raised on the ruin of the intermediate

divinities. A state of happiness or punishment in a life to come was no novelty to him who had shuddered at the idea of Nástrond: Loki or Grendel had smoothed the way for Satan. Those who had believed in runes and incantations were satisfied with the efficacy of the mass; a crowd of saints might be invoked in place of a crowd of subordinate divinities; the holy places had lost none of their sanctity; the holy buildings had not been levelled with the ground, but dedicated in another name; the pagan sacrifices had not been totally abolished, but only converted into festal occasions, where the new Christians might eat and drink, and continue to praise God: Hréðe and Éostre, Wóden, Tiw and Fricge, Ðunor and Sætere retained their places in the calendar of months and days: Erce was still invoked in spells, Wyrð still wove the web of destiny; and while Wóden retained his place at the head of the royal genealogies, the highest offices of the Christian church were offered to compensate the noble class for the loss of their old sacerdotal functions. How should Christianity fail to obtain access where Paganism stepped half way to meet it, and it could hold out so many outward points of union to paganism?

We have unwillingly passed over many of the sections in the first book of the '*Saxons in England*;' and with even more reluctance we pause on the threshold of the second. But if our preceding analysis and its accompanying extracts suffice to show that an important and in many respects an original contribution has been made to the history of our Laws, our Race, and our Commonwealth, we may securely commend the remaining and more interesting portions of these volumes to the reader. The Mark, the Ealdorman, the Fachde and the Wergylð, the Hl'ð and the territorial noble, the distinctions of the free and unfree, are now either swept down the gulph of generations, or so modified as to have lost nearly every original feature. But in the commonwealth of England, there yet remain the king, the peer and the house of representatives, the shire and the municipalities, an aristocracy descending to a middle class, and a middle class rising towards an aristocracy:—these are still left intact, after all the mutations of time, and amid the present concussion of races akin to ourselves in blood, in feelings, and in institutions. We have little scruple, therefore, in merely referring the reader to the chapters in the second volume, which treat of the '*Growth of the Kingly Power*,' '*The Rights of Royalty*,' '*The King's Court and Household*,' '*The Gerefa*,' '*The Ealdorman or Duke*,' and '*The Witen-gemót*.' These questions have been handled also by preceding antiquaries and historians; and to the topics comprehended in them the reader acquainted with the works of Allen, Hallam, and Palgrave, will be less in want of an introduction.

Our conviction of the value of Mr. Kemble's researches is not, however, affected by the pre-occupation of the ground by others.

His work bears throughout the marks of original investigation, both as regards its materials and the employment of them. He has indeed legitimately availed himself of the aid of his predecessors in Anglo-Saxon history, but he has also drawn largely on manuscript sources. He has had the benefit of Mr. Thorpe's collection of the Anglo-Saxon laws,—one of the few good deeds of the Record Commission—has rescued from neglect nearly a thousand charters, and thus stands upon a vantage-ground in great measure provided and consolidated by himself. The sixteen years which have elapsed since the 'English Commonwealth' was published, have advanced the study of archaic history more than all the labours of the previous half century. We have, in the interim, naturalised Niebuhr, familiarised ourselves with the philological and legal science of Grimm and Savigny, and resumed Anglo-Saxon studies with a zeal and an intelligence never before exemplified in this department. Not only is the language itself made more accessible by Dr. Bosworth's dictionary and Mr. Thorpe's excellent grammar and analecta, but enterprising publishers, like Mr. Bohn, have found it worth their while to print in cheap forms the Anglo-Latin Annalists and the Saxon Chronicle. In the preface to his 'English Commonwealth' Sir F. Palgrave mentions his obligations to Mr. Allen. We remember Sir James Mackintosh observing, at the time, that the combined investigations of two such men would discharge all future writers from the necessity of repeating them. But the bounds of our knowledge, even in history as well as physical science, may be said to be continually advanced; and the publications of Allen, Palgrave, Thorpe, Petrie, and Kemble, are probably the stepping-stones only, and not the final bridge, between the days of our progenitors and our own.

We cannot, however, bid farewell to Mr. Kemble without a few observations, which apply to his historical labours generally. We began our review of 'the Saxons in England' by pointing out the dependence of archaic history on philology, and with the wish and the hope that the example of Gibbon and the German antiquaries might be more sedulously followed. The perusal of what Mr. Kemble has accomplished on this occasion, both gratifies and strengthens the feeling we there expressed. As critics, indeed, we might complain that he has left us so little of our proper functions to exercise. We have vainly attempted to abridge his various essays without marring their contents or their connexion: And we are sensible that every omission imposed on us by our limits removes some necessary link or weakens some appropriate illustration. That Mr. Kemble has so generally subjected his narrative powers to the statement

or discussion of new or controverted points, shows him more zealous for his subject than for immediate reputation. With half the materials he has here amassed, he might have been a brilliant theorist: he has chosen the straighter and more arduous path of elucidation and induction. Anxious as Montesquieu or De Tocqueville to systematise phenomena and to establish laws of universal application, he is as minute and scrupulously patient in collecting and sifting his authorities, as if he were a herald engaged in making out the title to a peerage. His positions, on the present occasion, will doubtless be many of them controverted. For his book has vitality enough to provoke assaults, before it can hope to assume its rightful station among historical works. But the assailant must provide himself with various and well-tempered weapons for the encounter. The mere antiquary, jurist, or etymologist, will not succeed single-handed. We have nothing to suggest, except for the general reader's sake, that in a future edition some at least of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin citations be translated. They will lose little in Mr. Kemble's version. Also, the narrative would be at times improved if some matters at present incorporated in the text were transferred to the notes or appendices. Where they now stand, the crude authorities or extracts sometimes obstruct the argument or mar the clearness of the statement. With these suggestions our official murmurs cease. In renewing our acknowledgments to the author for his full, lucid, and very learned exposition of Saxondom in England, we need scarcely say, that we shall gladly hail his entrance upon the later periods of his story; — when dramatic interest in persons will accompany his commentary on institutions, and our Teutonic ancestors be represented in their rise, maturity, and decline, by Æthelbert, Alfred, and Edward.

ART. VII.—*Papers relating to the Treaties of Lahore.* Presented to Parliament by her Majesty's Commands, 1847.

WE wish that some more agreeable occasion than an impending war had suggested the following observations on a portion of Indian History possessing considerable interest and value. We take, however, the opportunity as it occurs, and will endeavour to convey some information respecting the brief career of a state which in singularity of origin and constitution is second to none even in the wonderful records of Oriental revolutions.

Like all the other kingdoms of Hindostan with which from

time to time we have been brought into contact, the Sikh State, considered as one of the substantive powers of India, is of very recent formation. It may perhaps surprise some readers to be told that the forces of the English were never engaged with those of any prince who had possessed for a century the power which he pitted against us. We never met an army of the Mogul. His name and authority were occasionally employed, it is true, for the purpose of imparting some dignity or substance to the pretensions of an enterprising leader; but there was no force really representing the Imperial authority. Our antagonists were either lieutenants of provinces which had been converted in the last or even in the present generation into independent principalities; or military adventurers who were battling their way to greatness through the political chaos around them. To this general character of our adversaries the Sikh state offers no exception. On the contrary, its history illustrates with unusual clearness the singular conditions of Oriental dominion; at the same time that the incidents of its original constitution explain many of the difficulties of our present position and many of the embarrassments which await us hereafter.

● Though the Punjab—the country of the ‘Five Rivers’—presents, on the map of India, the appearance of a peculiarly compact and well-defined territory, yet it possesses in reality fewer of the characteristics of a consolidated and durable state than even that straggling principality of Malwa, which still represents the territorial acquisitions of Scindiah. The Punjab may be more truly defined as a ‘geographical expression’ than any country to which that depreciating phrase has been yet applied. A certain recognised district was always comprised between the natural boundaries of the Sutlej and the Indus; but this territory never gave birth to a distinct nationality or constituted a separate kingdom, or an independent state. There was never, in short, during any known period of Indian history, a king, or prince, or people of the Punjab, as distinguished from the rulers and tribes of Delhi or Afghanistan. The province was never known in any integral form except under that denomination of ‘Runjeet Singh’s dominion,’ which it acquired about forty years since; and which its present title still represents. Before this time it served as a channel for that stream of conquest which was perpetually flowing from west to east, and was alternately incorporated, more or less completely, either with the kingdom of Candahar or the kingdom of Delhi.

Even with this unsubstantial locality the Sikhs are not nationally identifiable. They have neither dynastic nor terri-

torial traditions. They do not exclusively belong to the Punjab, nor does the Punjab exclusively belong to them. There are more of them to be found on the east of the Sutlej than on the west of the Chenab. They have now, however, for more than half a century, maintained a possession and exercised a dominion extraordinary even among the anomalous events of Oriental history; and though the very recent struggles in these parts must have necessarily abated the misconceptions usually prevalent on Indian affairs, and introduced to general notice some of the leading characteristics of the Sikh State, yet we still think it advisable to record so many of the facts as may furnish the best materials for general conclusions.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, there was born in the Punjab a Hindoo of respectable caste named Nanak. He assumed the office of religious teacher, in which capacity he endeavoured to demolish the distinctive and unsocial institutions of Hindooism; and, after, breaking down the barriers of caste, to reconcile Hindoos and Mahometans in the acceptance of a common creed, formed of a popular combination of both religions, though leaning more nearly to his own. This task he so far accomplished, that he was enabled to bequeath to a selected successor, together with certain recognised duties, a numerous and faithful class of followers. So steadily was this office of Gooroo, or spiritual teacher, perpetuated, that it gradually communicated a substantial form to the new sect, who soon constituted a distinct, though not influential, element in the population of those parts. The succession to this Theocratic leadership appears to have been irregular; being determined sometimes by bequest, sometimes by nomination, sometimes by descent, and sometimes, as we learn from an Imperial decree of Aurungzebe's, by legalised election. Nanak, like most such teachers, had left certain written precepts behind him, which, with other similar documents, were compiled by the Gooroo fifth in descent from the founder, into the *Adi-Granth*, — the present religious book of the Sikhs, which, amidst offerings of flowers and jewels, and throngs of martial devotees, lies daily open before the Gooroo on the ground-floor of the great gilded temple of *Umrtsir*.

In its origin, and throughout a considerable period of its progress, the doctrines and disposition of the new community had been essentially peaceable and inoffensive. Its members had sunk their various denominations in the common title of 'Sikhs,' or disciples; under which name they began to muster strongly in the Upper Punjab, though there is no reason to suppose that they were formidable either in numbers or capacity; and many of the wonderful events related of this early period

of their career may be reasonably attributed to the afterthoughts of prouder times. At the beginning, however, of the seventeenth century, that famous Gooroo above mentioned as the compiler of the Sikh Koran, was thrown into prison by the Mahometan governor of the province—and in this confinement he died. From the general bearing of the traditions on the subject, it seems clear that nothing had occurred in the demeanour or position of the Sikhs themselves to change the pacific relations hitherto subsisting between the sect and the Imperial government; but that the catastrophe alluded to was caused by the private machinations of a rival zealot, who had been offended by the rejection of his own contributions to the canonical volume. Be this, however, as it may, a rupture immediately took place between the Sikhs and their Mahometan rulers; and the former were henceforth subjected to that persecution, which so proverbially effects the reverse of the purpose intended. It is not to be presumed that the Sikhs had at present acquired any of that power or character which they afterwards displayed,—though the seeds of both were doubtless sown at this early period. But the circumstances of the times were against them. The Mogul empire was then in the zenith of that power which for so very short a period was really its own; and although the Rajpoots of Ajmere might already defy the crusading zeal of the Mussulman emperor, yet no such resistance was to be expected from the small and as yet unwarlike community which was silently growing up on the banks of the Ravee. There is no doubt that at this period the doctrines of the Sikhs began to disclose that animosity against other forms of religion by which they were afterwards distinguished. Still it may be inferred, as well from the scanty notice of the facts contained in Mahometan histories, as from that particular decree of Aurungzebe to which we have just referred, that the very weakness of the sect protected them from the violence which they soon after incurred.

Fifth in descent from the murdered priest, and tenth from Nanak, came the celebrated Gooroo Govind; who communicated to his followers the spirit in virtue of which they have since been exalted to antagonism even with British power. Retaining the original tenets of the sect, he practically changed its character, by transforming its distinctive quietism into a traditional spirit of ambition and revenge. To strengthen his ranks, he admitted proselytes of all classes, to a perfect and immediate equality with the tribe of original disciples. To secure the force of unity and consolidation, he added the external characteristics of apparel, to common tenets of faith. The hair and beard of a Sikh were to be unshaven; he was to be dressed in blue, and,

in some shape or other, was always to carry steel about his person. These precepts of their first military chief are still rigidly observed by the fanatic *Akalis* or *immortals*—a sect professing to maintain in peculiar purity the true doctrines of Govind. When Govind proclaimed that all Sikhs should be equal, his wisdom foresaw that the level should be no abasing one. To denote at once the martial character, and exalt the general pretensions of his disciples, he assumed for himself and his followers the denomination of *Singh*—or lion—which had been previously appropriated by the military class of Hindoos—the high-born tribes of Rajpootana. The results of these changes were not long in disclosing themselves. What is chiefly remarkable is, that in little more than a century such provisions as these, suggested by the necessities of a crisis, should have actually communicated to a religious sect recruited from all races, countries, and creeds, the physical characteristics of a distinct nation. Though few in number, and as we shall presently see, holding their local habitation by no title but that of the most recent conquest, the Sikhs were yet found, upon our first relations with them, to exhibit a common national type, as distinguishable as that of any people of India. Taller than the swart Sepoy of the Deccan, or the sturdy Goorkha of the hills; thinner than the robust recruit of Oude or Allahabad; and darker than his immediate neighbours of Cashmere and Cabul; the Sikh presents an outward figure no less peculiar and cognisable, than that military temper and character which generations of persecution and resistance have contributed to form.

It seems probable that Govind took the initiative in his movements, and that he directed them indiscriminately against all around him. But the Mogul was still too strong, and the Gooroo too weak,—and his first struggle ended only in discomfiture. After a brief career of desperate deeds and hopeless enterprises, Govind fell a victim to private assassination,—leaving his disciples enriched by nothing but his spirit and his example. This inheritance, however, was by no means neglected. After the fall of Govind the Sikhs had settled under a new chief named Bandu; who availed himself of the confusion ensuing upon the death of Aurungzebe to lead his followers to actions more resolute than any they had yet attempted. Bursting suddenly from their last retreat, they crossed the Sutlej, defeated the Imperial troops in a pitched battle, and ravaged the country with the most horrible ferocity up to the very waters of the Jumna. Though checked for a moment, they again returned to the charge, and soon displayed their rebellious standards even at the gates of Delhi. The eldest son and successor of Aurung-

zebe, who was then reigning as Bahadur Shah, was suddenly summoned from his campaigns in the Deccan and Rajpootana, to oppose the incursions of an obscure community of religionists, who had already mastered the province of Sirhind, and were actually represented as threatening the conquest of Hindostan. The presence of the Emperor, however, now arrested the torrent, and the Sikhs were driven back to their hills; but they again issued from their fastnesses six years later, under the same leader, though with views less of conquest than of revenge. After ravages exceeding in atrocity even those of their previous irruption, they were overpowered by one of the Imperial generals; and in 1716 Bandu, with some hundreds of his followers, was sent in triumph to Delhi, where their offences were expiated by a cruel and ignominious death. The blow was followed up by a most rigorous persecution. The sect of the Sikhs was publicly proscribed, and they were hunted and destroyed like wild beasts of the hills. That they were not exterminated will be evident enough; but such was the merciless character of the proscription, that they appear no more on the stage of Indian history for nearly thirty years.

What is historically important in these details is the change in the political character of the Sikh community. Their first relations with the government of Delhi, as we have seen, were peaceable and unobtrusive; and even when called to order by the lieutenants of Aurungzebe, they were treated more as heretics than as rebels — more as infidels than as enemies. But the precepts of Govind fundamentally altered the constitution of their body. By one of those incidents so common in Eastern history, in which a tumultuous assemblage of fanatics or freebooters is suddenly metamorphosed into a compact community, bent on founding a dynasty and a dominion, the Sikhs were transformed from inoffensive religionists into formidable invaders; and we have seen that a design of conquest was openly avowed on the first occasion of their irruptions. Their pretensions demanded even the presence of the Emperor; and not without good reason, for less terrible hordes than that of Bandu had before now subverted thrones in Hindostan. From this period their proceedings receive a notice not previously accorded to them in the pages of the Mahometan historians. What their numbers were we cannot precisely tell; but they could hardly have been great, — since at this moment, when they are making head against the British arms, and when the persecutions of their early days must have been amply compensated by fifty years of triumphant nationality, the whole Sikh population is probably below half a million of souls. Nor is their local habitation at the time of which we

are speaking more exactly defined. Their first collision with the Mahometan government drove them from Umritsir and the banks of the Ravee, to the foot of the hills. After crossing the Sutlej on their first foray, they seem never entirely to have quitted the left bank, but to have seated themselves generally on the upper course of that river, — between the mountains and the present British post of Loodianah. They extended their incursions, unchecked, on one or two occasions, to the walls of Lahore, their present capital; but without retaining any permanent possession of the country. The hill rajahs, who were partly Mahometans and partly Rajpoot Hindoos, they managed to keep in submission; and the subjugation of these petty chiefs was a common preliminary to their more important operations. ‘Tell your master,’ said a lieutenant of the Emperor to a Sikh envoy before a battle, ‘that this army is not one of Rajas and Ranas, but that of the great Aurungzebe.’

To carry away a general impression of the facts, the reader should bear in mind that, throughout the first half of the last century, the Punjab was an integral part of the Mogul empire; and more immediately indeed and practically subjected to the court of Delhi, than either the province of Bengal or the intervening district of Rajpootana, where the martial tribes of Hindoos still asserted a kind of independence. But in the Punjab there was at that time no warlike class or ambitious ‘nationality’ to gainsay the Imperial will. Lahore and Mooltan had been among the very earliest prizes of the Mahometan conquerors of Hindostan; and it would be difficult to point out among the nominal departments of the Mogul empire, any single one which was and had ever been more completely and uninterruptedly an Imperial possession than the Punjab. It was not even, as now, an outlying or border province: for Affghanistan was to the Moguls what Calcutta is to us; and though their most splendid seats of power were at Agra and Delhi, yet their *point de depart*, at least in earlier days, might rather be placed at Candahar. Cabul and Lahore supplied the Mahometan emperors with places of coronation and sepulchre; and the high road from the latter city to Delhi, is to this day distinguished by a succession of pillars for the convenient measurement of the distance between one royal seat and another. ‘The Agra and Lahore of great Mogul,’ which Milton supposes Adam to have seen in vision, was the political fact of Milton’s time. In the upper part of this province, then, clustering at the foot of the hills, in which they took refuge one day, and from which they sallied the next, there dwelt a small body of religious fanatics; bearing no kind of numerical proportion to the rest of

the population, but formidable from their unity of purpose and from the military character which their asceticism had recently assumed. Eastward they even stretched beyond the strict limits of the Punjab, though not reaching its extremities towards the West; and perhaps it would be more accurate to say that their habitation lay along the off-shoots of the Himalaya chain, between the Upper Jumna and the Upper Chenab. This cis-Sutlej settlement, however, should not be overlooked; since it figures significantly in subsequent transactions.

More memorable events were now impending over the empire of the Moguls; and it is amidst this tumult of revolutions that we first see the Sikhs rising into rank among the substantive powers of India. They were thought to have been virtually extirpated; but when Nadir Shah (A. D. 1739) crossed the Punjab, on his return from the conquest of Delhi, among the tribes who hovered about the flanks and rear of his heavily laden army, and whose forbearance and aid the sagacious Persian did not disdain to purchase, were certain fugitive Sikhs. The terror, too, of Nadir's name had driven many of the peaceable inhabitants of the Punjab from the plains to the hills — where they found in the exasperated relics of Bandu's following a worse enemy than those from whom they had fled. Strengthened by these acquisitions, and encouraged by that keen perception of opportunities which seems never to have forsaken them, the Sikhs seized the occasion of general dismay to descend again into the plains; and though they did not as yet recover their ancient settlement, they constructed a new stronghold on the Ravée, where their numbers were rapidly recruited by converts either as desperate or as ambitious as themselves.

It was at this period that the several powers of this portion of Asia began to assume that relationship to each other which conduced so signally to our own advances upon the scene. The Mogul empire was virtually at an end; indeed the Persian invasion had been rather the signal than the cause of its dissolution. Irrespectively, however, of its three great lieutenants, who, in Bengal, Oude, and the Deccan, were severally contemplating the establishment of their own independence, and two of whose representatives survive to this day, there were other powers of distinct origin and rapid growth, all of which coveted, and some of which might have possibly seized, the imperial supremacy of India. The kingdom of Cabul, instead of an obedient province, had become a hostile and a threatening state. The long oscillations of fortune between Affghanistan and Persia, after consigning each country alternately to the horrors of barbarous conquest, resulted, on the death of Nadir Shah, in the undis-

turbed superiority of Ahmed Shah Abdallee — the founder of the shortlived Dooranee empire, and the progenitor of the reigning House of Cabul. Thus, on the right bank of the Indus, there was now a powerful kingdom, the frontiers of which were likely enough to be extended at the expense of the Punjab. A still more formidable cloud was gathering in the South. The Mahrattas, a local tribe of the Malabar coast, comprising among their members all the four ordinary castes of Hindoos, and distinguished mainly by a restless and warlike spirit, which had been fostered by the steady successes of three quarters of a century, were gradually pushing their way into the province of Rajpootana, and drawing nearer and nearer to the Sutlej. At the time of Nadir Shah's invasion, the successor of Aurungzebe was actually paying tribute to the chief of these freebooters; and it seemed possible enough that if Ahmed Shah should not found a third Affghan dynasty at Delhi, the sovereignty of Hindostan might at length revert to Hindoos. There were other minor powers, with no insignificant prospects of dominion, but of whom it is less necessary to speak at present. Practically, it may be said, that at the date of the battle of Plassey the supremacy of India appeared to lie between the Mahrattas and the Abdallee Affghans.

In this way was the Punjab isolated between two powerful antagonists — though it was still nominally governed, as before, by a Mahometan viceroy, keeping court at Lahore. But affairs were soon to be changed. Ahmed Shah crossed the Indus, overran the Punjab, and captured Lahore. And though the viceroy struggled against him for a time, yet, in the year 1751, the province of Lahore, that is to say the Upper Punjab, and that of Mooltan (which was always distinct), were, by Imperial cession, finally severed from the dominions of the Mogul, and united to the new empire of Cabul. The Sikhs were now brought into collision with a more formidable power than one wielded by any of the lieutenants of a decrepid empire. At the commencement of the confusion they had contrived to possess themselves of the Jullundar Doob, between the Beas and the Sutlej — the very territory which they ceded the other day to ourselves in ransom of their whole dominion. As Ahmed Shah himself rarely remained long in the Punjab, the Sikh forces, either alone or in temporary alliance with the Mahometans commissioned to recover the Imperial domains, made repeated and successful attacks upon the garrisons left behind. Their strength was augmented at this period by an unusual accession of proselytes: For as one of the rules of the sect prescribed the maintenance of its poorer members by the richer, a vast number of those whom war had

ruined, resorted to a community which offered so tempting a refuge. On one occasion they succeeded in compelling the Affghan commander to evacuate the capital of the Punjab, and retire to Cabul; and thus, for the first time, they became possessed of the city of Lahore—in virtue of which ephemeral sovereignty they coined rupees, with an inscription expressive of the conquest of the Punjab by the Singhs. Their triumph, however, was of short duration. They had enlisted in their cause the ever-ready hordes of the Mahrattas; and these rapacious and enterprising adventurers were rapidly proceeding to annex the whole province to their own possessions, when Ahmed again crossed the Indus, and, at the great battle of Paniput, decided for the moment the question of the supremacy of India. After dealing this terrible blow to his principal antagonists, he turned upon the turbulent Sikhs, and almost exterminated them by a successful surprise. Nevertheless, their vitality and enterprise still survived in invincible vigour: so that at length, when the Doorance chief was summoned westward by disorders in his own kingdom, they showed themselves in force enough to reoccupy their ancient strongholds, and to possess themselves of others, until, at Ahmed's death, they became the acknowledged masters of the province of Lahore.* Upon this final establishment of their 'nationality,' if such a term may be here employed, we speedily find them discharging the accepted functions of Oriental states—that is to say, tendering their alliance to all parties indiscriminately, to serve the prospects of the moment. In 1776 they appear leagued with the Mahrattas and Rohillas, under the name of the Emperor, for the invasion and partition of Oude,—a project which Mr. Hastings considered serious enough to call for a little counter-plotting. A few years afterwards we find them attacking the Rohillas at the instigation of the Mahrattas; and they are mentioned, in 1785, among the states to which Shah Alum was likely to betake himself, for the purpose of recovering, by a combination of the Imperial pretensions with some more substantial power, the dominion and territories which had passed from his hands.

It is now time to say something concerning the form of government adopted by this singular people: For the consideration of their institutions in this respect, will be found no less explanatory of their present position and relations with ourselves, than what we have recorded of their origin and progress is calculated to throw light on their national disposition and character. We have mentioned that no Gooroo, or spiritual leader, was elected after the death of Govind. This is said to have been in fulfilment of a prophecy which limited the number of Gooroos to ten. A tem-

poral authority, however, probably not very different from that of the Gooroo, was exercised by Bandu, and, in all likelihood, by others after him; but there are, of course, no means of correctly ascertaining what form of government was observed by the fugitives from the Mogul and Affghan swords. When, however, they finally emerged from their hiding in the hills, and descended in triumph upon the plain, an entirely new constitution was brought into operation. Habituated by their late dispersion to act in separate detachments, and under a variety of leaders, the Sikhs were now clustered in small bodies round several Sirdars, — each of whom declined to acknowledge a superior. Towards the close of the last century, this state of things passed into a kind of military oligarchy, or federative republic. The territories under their control were divided into twelve principal districts, termed *Misuls*, of unequal extent and power; each of which was presided over by its own chief or Sirdar. The general affairs of the commonwealth were debated in a national council; in which the supremacy was successively assigned to the most powerful chiefs of the time. This was the constitution of the country on our first being made acquainted with it. Ample opportunities of observation were afforded to the British officers, when Lake crossed the Hyphasis in pursuit of Holkar, in 1805; and the attention of our most intelligent countrymen was attracted to the habits and institutions of a people at that time new to them. It was found that every Sikh's hand was against his brother. Now that the scourge of external persecution had been stayed, there was no union or common purpose among them. Their villages and towns were all walled and fortified against the every day incidents of civil warfare; and Sikh chiefs were constantly making applications either to the Mahrattas or ourselves for aid against their nearest neighbours. We declined entertaining these proposals; while Holkar lent a willing ear to them, though without avail. The most important fact is, that at this time the Sikhs, though in full and complete possession of the Upper Punjab, were not so powerful but that two hostile armies could enter their country, without giving themselves any serious concern about their reception. Before General Lake withdrew, he exhibited to the astonished Sikhs the wonders of his artillery practice, — a lesson in which they were afterwards to acquire a fatal proficiency.

At this moment, however, there was slowly rising into notice a chief who was destined to play the most conspicuous part in the history of the Sikh state. A small and inconsiderable *Misul* had been under the direction of Churut Singh; who bequeathed it to his son Maha Singh, after having greatly enlarged it by

intrigue and violence. Maha Singh trod successfully in his father's footsteps; and left a son, RUNJEET SINGH, who speedily outstripped both in the same track. At the time when our armies were in the Punjab, as above referred to, Runjeet, though marked as a rising and ambitious Sirdar, was reckoned to be master of no more than eight thousand horse; and the effectiveness of this force was much damaged by the discontent and turbulence of the half-subdued chiefs out of whose retainers it had been formed. Yet this calculation, though made by a most competent observer, Sir John Malcolm, seems hardly reconcilable with the attitude assumed by Runjeet towards the British government, only a few months later. Having established a more or less definite supremacy over all the Sirdars west of the Sutlej,—that is to say, over all the Upper Punjab,—Runjeet Singh turned his eyes towards those minor Sikh states, which we have mentioned as representing some of the earliest settlements of the sect between the Sutlej and the Jumna. Such an interference with states still conceived to be under British protection, was deemed not a little presumptuous; although as scarcely a twelvemonth had elapsed since Sir George Barlow had proclaimed, at the sacrifice of our own engagements, that the Jumna must be the boundary beyond which the British could not attempt to act, Runjeet might not unfairly assume a protectorate which we had chosen to decline. A different character, however, was now on the Viceregal throne of British India. Lord Minto demurred at once to the pretensions of the Sikh rajah; and after Runjeet had satisfied himself by deliberate and cautious examination of the nature of our force, he prudently withdrew his claims; and concluded a treaty of friendship, which was never very seriously disturbed throughout the remaining thirty years of his life. By simultaneous conventions, these cis-Sutlej Sikh states passed definitely into our protection—under which they have ever since remained. They comprise the districts of Sirhind and Malüa, between the Sutlej and the Jumna, and include upwards of thirty rajahs of various rates of power. The most substantial was the rajah of Patialah, who possessed a revenue of some six lakhs, (60,000*l.*) and a force of three thousand horse and foot. The others muster from a thousand to five hundred horse each, with which they are bound to join a British expedition when called upon; and to give every facility for the passage of troops to what was now our north-western frontier, the Sutlej. These levies were found substantially serviceable to us in the Nepal war; perhaps, a private dread of the encroaching Ghorkas was instrumental in stimulating their zeal on this occasion. Although as purely Sikh in constitution as any rajahship of the Punjab, these protected states have usually

been well content to receive for our unobtrusive authority in exchange for the mischievous institutions of their brethren. The most memorable instance to the contrary, is that of the Patialah rajah; who, — when the Durbar of Lahore, in 1845, followed the example of Runjeet in selecting the affairs of those states as a pretext for a collision — was found to have been seduced from his allegiance, and, as will be recollected, was hanged for his pains.

From these times down to so recent a date as 1859, the representation of the Sikhs and of the Punjab was centred in the person of Runjeet Singh. It is to be remarked, that our relations with north-western India and central Asia have invariably been influenced by considerations of European policy. Our Indian governments appear to have cherished a kind of traditional repugnance to any native connexions in this direction. Nor was any important intercourse ever established between British India and the Mahometan states on the Indus. The Ameers of Scinde were utterly without influence on the early politics of Hindostan; and although, as we have observed, the Punjab under the Moguls was always an integral part of the kingdom of Delhi; yet, since its severance in the middle of the last century, it had been in no way connected with the new empire which was rising on the Ganges. On two occasions only was this reserve interrupted; on one, from the dread of France, which entailed no serious consequences; on another, from apprehensions of Russia, the results of which, though they led to the expeditions to Afghanistan and the conquest of Scinde, have hardly yet, perhaps, been fully disclosed. The first of these occurred in 1808, when, in order to counteract the presumed designs of Napoleon upon our Indian empire, the famous quadruple embassy was devised — and Mr. Elphinstone, Sir John Malcolm, Mr. Hankey Smith, and Sir Charles Metcalfe, were despatched to the courts respectively of Cabul, Tehcran, Hyderabad on the Indus, and Lahore — with instructions to enter into treaties of amity and mutual defence with the several sovereigns. We are not immediately concerned with the issue of the first three of these missions; and the particulars of that more directly under notice have been pretty well anticipated in our previous remarks. What it is desirable, however, to observe, is the character which was thus communicated to the Sikh state by this its impersonation in such a chief as Runjeet. The Punjab was now distinctly recognised as a sovereign and independent state, and on a footing of equality with the older powers of the country; and as it was in the undisputed possession of the Sikhs, they reaped the full credit and advantage of the nationality thus derived. The commanding talents and indomitable energies of Runjeet

had amalgamated the discordant interests of an inconsiderable federation into a respectable state, — of which, at the same time, he had constituted himself the recognised head and representative. Nor was there anything strange, on a stage like India, in such a self-created and extemporised dynasty. Hyder Ali's title to power had been weaker; those of Scindiah and Holkar in no degree stronger. The characters of Indian history indeed, were commonly supplied by similar creations, until our supremacy ruined the favourite profession of founding kingdoms: — and to this day we, as lords paramount, recognise the claims and guarantee the possessions of more than one representative of a Mahometan trooper. Runjeet, after establishing his sovereignty over the other Sirdars, turned his attention to the outlying districts of the Punjab, and successively brought them under his control. Hitherto, though the Sikhs were undoubtedly the dominant race in those parts, yet the actual boundaries of their dominion were but very indistinctly defined.* The great bulk of the population of the Punjab was still unconnected with them, either by creed or race; and in several provinces, both of the hills and the plains, Mahometan governors retained a kind of independence. All, however, now fell before Runjeet's arms, by a succession of victories, which it is not necessary to enumerate. He had definitely possessed himself of Lahore as early as 1799; and had then lost no time in directing his force against that very fort which is now the scene

* In Rennell's Map and Memoir (1788), the 'Dominions of the Seiks' will be found represented as extending far beyond the utmost frontiers ever reached by Runjeet. They reach from Attock to below Bukkur on the Indus, towards the west, and to the Jumna, within a short distance of Delhi, towards the east; including portions of Scinde and of Rajpootana, and the whole province of Mooltan, excepting a small district round the fort. In fact, the larger moiety of these 'dominions' lies east of the Sutlej. But the reader must be very cautious in considering the boundaries laid down in this excellent map as equivalent to the well-ascertained limits which figure in modern charts. Indeed, it would have been impossible, in those days, to delineate exactly the territories of such a state as the Sikh Federation.

The present divisions of the Punjab, and the distribution of its population, are nearly as follows: — Lahore and its immediate dependencies contain about 2,000,000 inhabitants, in which the bulk of the pure Sikhs is included; Jummoo and its dependencies about 1,000,000; Cashmere and its dependencies (now united in the same state with Jummoo), 500,000; Peshawar and its dependencies, 600,000; Deera Ismail Khan, with the districts west of the Indus, 450,000; Mooltan and its dependencies, about 750,000.

of war—Mooltan. This city, the capital of the province of the same name, forming the southern angle of the Punjab, was then governed by a Mussulman named Moozuffer Khan, who sagaciously propitiated the Sikh chieftain with tribute and professions, — while he reserved to himself the means of resisting any more serious encroachments on his independence. This practice met with no more than its ordinary success; and though the fatal day was postponed for several years by a repetition of the device and on more than one occasion by a resolute defence, yet at last Runjeet appeared before Mooltan determined on a conclusive conquest. This was in 1818. The siege cost him three months of desperate campaigning, notwithstanding the extraordinary excellence to which he had already brought the Sikh artillery; but in the end the fort fell—and Mooltan was finally incorporated in the new kingdom of the Punjab.

Our relations with the new power thus created on our north-western frontier were, as we have said, uninterruptedly amicable. The truth is, that Runjeet affords an example, almost unique in Indian history, of precisely the kind of neighbour which British interests require. To say that his character was devoid of Oriental faithlessness or duplicity, would be to pay it too high a compliment; but it was at least not deficient in that sagacious policy which supplies the want of a higher sentiment prompting to honesty of conduct. He had no peculiar friendship or esteem for us. On the contrary, his darling pretensions had been circumscribed by our interference, at a moment when there was little else that could have checked them. But the Sikh chieftain, unlike the princes of Hindōstan, deliberately and by careful observation, had assured himself, first, of our power, and, after a longer interval, of our good faith and forbearance. His earliest notions of our prowess were collected from Holkar, when the Mahratta chief retired before Lake's dragoons into the country of the Sikhs; and they were confirmed by his own personal observation, on the advance of the British army in pursuit. Still he was not yet fully satisfied of our strength; and the retrograde policy of Sir George Barlow was well calculated to unsettle the impressions respecting our character which Clive and Cornwallis had left. Coincidentally with that experimental movement against the cis-Sutlej principalities which we have mentioned above, he entered into communication, as has since been ascertained, with the native powers of the Peninsula, to discover whether any league or alliance offered good promise of the restoration of Hindōstan to rulers of its own race. But his wary intelligence soon detected the relative weakness of our antagonists, and convinced him that he had nothing to hope, as

against ourselves, either from Mahometan or Mahratta. His measures were taken accordingly. Queen Elizabeth did not defer to the rising spirit of her Commons, with more opportune sagacity than Runjeet to the attitude of Lord Minto. Though originally bent on pushing his dominion eastward, and warranted in his purpose, as we have seen, by pretexts of unusual plausibility, he yet, at the Governor General's bidding, retired beyond the Sutlej, — retaining but a nominal authority in a few petty states; and from that moment the relations established between us were never disturbed. Uneasy and suspicious at first, and naturally unable to persuade himself that a power which could do so much should abstain from doing more, — he for some time regarded us with anxiety; and this indefinite distrust was reciprocated by the British government, which had been impressed with an undue idea of his latent power. But such mutual misapprehension, though sufficient to retard a perfect cordiality, was no obstacle to a relationship with the Punjab as serviceable as our authorities could desire. How Runjeet Singh might have conducted himself had any serious misfortune befallen us, it is unnecessary to conjecture. It is enough to say that he was superior to that temptation, so irresistible to most Eastern minds, of considering the first reverse of fortune as an instantaneous justification for treachery and assault. In the ruler of the Punjab we always found an ally sufficiently tractable and compliant, and readily available for any of those defensive leagues by which we occasionally sought to protect our north-western frontier. Above all, he was a monarch competent to control, not only himself, but his subjects. He held the fierce spirits of the Sikhs well in hand; and could always be trusted for the tranquillity of his own dominions. Left at leisure to pursue his own conquests across the Indus and in the hills, he returned the compliment by religiously observing the limit of the Sutlej. A long and prosperous reign co-operated with the opportunities derived from our alliance in enabling him to raise his military force, by means of European arms and discipline, to a pitch of excellence never before witnessed among the native powers of India; but this, so far from troubling us, came at length to be thought conducive to our security. By these means were we furnished, on our most exposed frontier, with an ally whose prudence was guarantee for his fidelity; whose firm grasp of power enabled him to debar others from attempts which he had discarded himself; and who secured us in that blessing which we have never before or since enjoyed — a settled boundary and a neighbour who was master of his people.

The consolidation of the Punjab into such a compact and

definite inheritance as it has lately exhibited, was owing no less to the lengthened reign than to the personal prowess of its first sovereign. For nearly forty years the country of the Five Rivers was identified in the eyes of the British government with the sceptre of Runjeet Singh. So narrow are the limits within which the history of mutual intercourse is thus reduced, that the very state of things which attracts our notice at present succeeded almost immediately upon the death of the monarch with whom our first relations had been commenced. On the 30th of June, 1839, the old 'Lion of Lahore' expired; to the great affliction of his people, and the serious concern of all who looked beyond the moment. A few weeks showed on what sure grounds these apprehensions were based; for no Bedlam of nations broken loose could ever have been precipitated into more desperate freaks of crime and madness than such as now became the order of the day between the Sutlej and the Indus. We will cut these tales as short as possible, but the narrative is so characteristic of the people with whom we have to deal, and of the country which we are still engaged in settling, that it would be unwise to omit some recital of the principal incidents.

At the death of Runjeet Singh there survived the following real or putative claimants to his crown and dignity. The eldest and undoubted descendant of the late monarch was Khurruk Singh, who also had an adult son, named Nonchal Singh. Besides these true representatives of his blood, there were others whose legitimacy appeared less questionable in the eyes of the Sikhs than it may probably do in those of the reader. Shere Singh, though never acknowledged by Runjeet himself, was held to be his son by many people, and was highly popular with the soldiery. Cashmeera Singh and Peshora Singh had been formally adopted, when young, by the capricious old chieftain; and named after the respective expeditions against Cashmere and Peshawur, in which he chanced, at the moment, to be engaged. Over and above this miscellaneous assortment of representatives, there was a reputed son of a woman who had acquired some little renown as a dancing-girl, and such favour with the old Maharajah, that he is alleged, in the last years of his life, to have actually married her. Whether this boy was really descended from either the mother or the father assigned to him by interested reports, is extremely doubtful; but so conspicuous have his claims been rendered by the extinction of others, that at this moment he is Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, under British protection the recognised sovereign of the Punjab; while his mother, better known as *The Ranee*, has only recently

exchanged the royal palace of Lahore, for the almost equally dignified abode of a state prison.

To these facts must be added, in order to facilitate the comprehension of what is to follow, some specification of persons and parties at Lahore when Runjeet expired. The iron rule of the old monarch had effectually disarmed all the chiefs who might have been his rivals in power; nor was there any competition in the Punjab for any favours but his. There were, however, several families which had risen along with his own, either by connexion or patronage, and his death left them the most important in the kingdom. The family of Runjeet is said to be traceable up to the latter period of the 15th century; but, without entering into the credibility of this genealogy, we may state that, about four generations ago, it split into three lines—one of which produced Runjeet's stock, and the other two the stocks of Majeetia and Scindinwallah respectively. The numerous members of these houses now supplied the most conspicuous personages in the politics of the Punjab, as will be easily discovered by a reference to the signatures appended to the recent treaties. It may be remarked that, since the name of Singh is common to the whole race of Sikhs, and the *prænomena* are not much diversified, the proper name of an individual is usually distinguished by the addition of the family title, as Lena Singh Majeetia, Lena Singh Scindinwallah, Uttur Singh Scindinwallah, and so forth. Next to these great houses comes that of Attareewallah; not connected indeed by kinship with the late royal line, but allied to it by marriage—a daughter of the house having been selected for the wife of Nonehal Singh, by whom, however, she left no issue. To this family belongs Chuttur Singh, the Sirdar now in open insurrection against us in the Hazareh district; and whose son, Shere Singh, so recently deserted from our ranks to those of the enemy, with the troops under his command.

But, besides these, there is another family which, although neither royally connected nor even of Sikh extraction at all, deserves, for several reasons, more consideration than any or those yet mentioned. We must ascend a little in history to tell the story properly, but we are sure that its singularity will be held to warrant the digression. Nearly six-hundred years before the Christian era, two Rajpoot brothers are said to have migrated from Ayodhya, or Oude, to the banks of the Sutlej. One of them claims to have founded the ancient principalities of Rajasthan; from the other descended the less dignified dynasty of Jummoo. Omitting the records of seventy-nine intervening generations, we may say that in 1742 the reigning Rajah of

Jummoo died, leaving three sons. The little principality had grown in strength and repute under the rule of successive chiefs; and its independence was, somewhat contemptuously, recognised even by the Mogul Emperors themselves. The line of Rajahs was perpetuated by the eldest of the three princes above mentioned, but at length, in 1809, it failed. Runjeet had long set his eyes upon this little hill fortress, and had even made some attempts upon it, which, by the usual mixture of bribery and resistance, had been hitherto averted. Now, however, he seized the promising opportunity, and advanced against it in force. The family of the deceased Rajah fled across the Sutlej, and the town of Jummoo passed definitely, like so many other districts, into the hands of the Sikhs. But though the eldest line had failed, yet of the youngest there survived issue three brothers: Gholaboo, Dehanoo, and Suchetoo; who, after various adventures in search of a fortune, took service with Runjeet Singh himself; and, in their several capacities, gradually rose, through his especial favour, to the highest honours of the state. At last, in 1818, they were all created Rajahs together: Rajah Soochet Singh held high command in the cavalry; Rajah Dhyani Singh was all powerful as vizier; and Rajah Gholab Singh regained, on feudal tenure, the old family principality of Jummoo.

This is not, however, the only point of view from which the Jummoo family deserve to be regarded. In addition to their court interest, they were the representatives of a distinct class of the population of the country. The highlanders of the Punjab have little in common with the inhabitants of the plains. Living under the jurisdiction of their own chiefs—either Rajpoot or Mahomedan—they include but few Sikhs; and thus supply an element which, more easily than any other, can be brought into antagonism with the dominant race of the Punjab. Of the people, indeed,—that is to say, of the great bulk of the population of this kingdom,—we hear absolutely nothing at all; they seem prepared to acquiesce in any dominion under which they may fall. But, at the period of which we are speaking, the Sirdars and chiefs were divisible by religion and politics into three classes; the Mahomedans who were the most numerous, but the least influential; the Rajpoots of the highlands, called also ‘Dogras,’ or hill-men, who compensated for the smallness of their numbers by their great wealth and peculiar sagacity; and the Sikhs, still the ruling caste, but whom long dominion had made improvident and careless. Now, at the death of Runjeet, the circumstances which we have related had vested all the powers of the state in the Dogra party, represented, as we have described, by the three brothers of Jummoo. Gholab Singh was the most

powerful chief in the kingdom; Dhyan Singh was firmly established in the all-important office of vizier; and Soochet Singh was next to his brother in favour and command. It is unnecessary to state that this ascendancy of the Dogra party was vehemently attacked: indeed the clearest idea of the coming catastrophes will be obtained by conceiving that the two factions of the Dogras and the Sikhs were struggling for the possession of power. At the time that these events occurred, Gholab Singh had several sons, but Dhyan Singh, the vizier, only one — who was named Heerat Singh, and who will presently become a very conspicuous personage indeed.

Khurruk Singh succeeded in peace to his father's throne; but signalised his accession by superseding Dhyan Singh, in favour of one of his own courtiers, Chhet Singh. Hereupon Dhyan Singh burst into the palace and poinarded the new minister and other cabinet officers, before the eyes of his sovereign. Khurruk Singh on this adopted the Oriental practice of shutting himself up, — in which seclusion he soon died a death either natural or otherwise. The next step in the succession was no less regular than the first. Nonehal ascended the throne of the Punjab without dispute; but as he was returning through the north gate of Lahore, from his royal father's funeral, a stone dropped, either accidentally or otherwise, from the crown of the arch, and killed both him and the eldest son of Gholab Singh, who was sitting in the same howdah.

Hitherto the crown had descended in the undoubted lineage of Runjeet; and if the succession had been extraordinarily rapid, its course had at least not been quickened by any overt acts of regicide. Now, however, there was a struggle for the vacant throne. Shere Singh was said to have been long destined by the Vizier, and was certainly looked to by the people, as the next representative of the deceased sovereign: But the mother of the late Nonehal Singh was unwilling so soon to part with power; and she found ready allies in the Scindinwallahs, of whom the chief at that time was Uttur Singh. The contest thus developed between the two parties lasted several days: it involved a regular siege of Lahore, and was attended, in its details, with an almost incredible carnage. Victory at length declared for Shere Singh and the Dogra faction. Uttur Singh and Ajeet Singh, two of the leading Scindinwallahs, were driven across the Sutlej into the British territories; and a third, Lena Singh, was captured and imprisoned. Shere Singh now mounted the throne of the Punjab, and, after an interval of simulated reconciliation, caused his late rival, the Queen Mother, to be stoned to death by her own slaves. The Dogras thus recovered the vizierate; and,

indeed, all the preliminary catastrophes are sometimes imputed to their own intrigues for this purpose. As the new monarch had a son and heir, Pertaub Singh, and as he was himself highly popular and not wanting in talent, there was now some reasonable prospect of a quiet settlement.

But Shere Singh was the slave of the national vice of his countrymen—drunkenness*; and so far was his reason overcome by his excesses, that he slighted the party which had raised him to power, in favour of that which had opposed his elevation. He released Lena Singh, recalled Uttur Singh and Ajeet Singh from banishment, and consigned himself so wholly to their guidance and advice, that the ministry of Dhyan Singh became merely nominal. Distrusting, however, the durability of this anomalous favour, the Scindinwallahs resolved to clear all doubts, by murdering the besotted monarch. But they hesitated at attempting the deed without the privity and concert of Dhyan Singh, who was still powerful enough to have turned the catastrophe to his own benefit, if not admitted to the plot. In pursuance of their scheme, they are said to have obtained from their drunken and insensible master an order for the death of Dhyan Singh under the royal hand and seal, —which they produced to the minister, and with the expected result. Dhyan Singh signed

* No stories ever told of the northern nations can bear comparison with the description of Sikh habits in this particular. The reader will probably recollect that just before the ferocious outbreak of 1845, our minister was unable for days together to obtain an audience, in consequence of the helpless and prolonged intoxication of every individual of the Durbar—queen and all. On one occasion, when he attended with despatches of unusual urgency, he found Jowahir Singh (then vizier) dressed as a dancing-girl, and performing a drunken minuet before the court. On another, he met the whole Durbar going out on a gipsy-party, with a cavalcade of elephants, each of which carried a lady, a gentleman, and a large bottle of spirits. It was the same in old times. When Sir John Malcolm was in the Punjab with General Lake, he perceived that a highly respectable old sirdar, with whom he had been for some time conversing, at a review, seemed low and uneasy. On looking to an attendant for the cause, it was intimated that 'Fatteh Singh wanted his dram, ' but was ashamed to drink before the English sahib.' He was begged to follow his usual custom, which he accordingly did, with instantaneous relief. 'It was rare,' adds Malcolm, 'to see a Sikh soldier ' quite sober after sunset.' Runjeet commenced his calculations of Sir Harry Fane's abilities by asking how much he could drink; and it was said that the 'old lion's' own death was hastened by his breaking through his prescribed limits in this respect in order to appear to advantage before the British officers in 1838.

a counter-warrant for the death of his sovereign; and preparations were immediately made for the crisis. Shere Singh was enticed from his palace to a review; when he arrived at the spot, Ajeet Singh—who was walking about the garden repeating a Persian distich to the effect, that ‘his affairs were disordered,’ and he was no longer able to pay his soldiers,—turned round and shot him through the heart with an English rifle; meanwhile Lena Singh had cut off the head of the heir apparent Pertaub Singh, whom he found at prayers. Dhyan Singh soon joined the assassins; and displayed some concern at the literal execution of his warrant. As he was muttering something concerning the measures to be next taken, Ajeet Singh, who was behind him, fell back a step or two, and shot him through the shoulders, with the same rifle which had slain his master.

The reader may here remark, that though there was so bloody a contest for the management of affairs, there was no dispute about the order of succession,—that is to say, no scheme of transferring the crown from the recognised or even reputed line of Runjeet to any other. After the assassination of Shere Singh and his son, the succession was immediately held to devolve on the boy Dhuleep Singh—nor did either of the two factions choose to disparage his claims. This child had been always a *protégé* of the Jummoo family; among whose people, in the hills, he had been in fact brought up during the reign of Runjeet; and, indeed, it was strongly suspected that he owed his introduction into the royal family at least as much to Gholab Singh himself, as to his reputed father or mother. Dhyan Singh had died with Dhuleep’s name upon his lips. And all that the Scindinwallahs objected to, was the continued monopoly by Dhyan Singh of the high offices he had exclusively enjoyed under former sovereigns. Thus at this crisis both parties acknowledged the same claimant to the throne—but fought among themselves for the exercise of authority under his name.

No sooner had Ajeet Singh dispatched his victims, than he proclaimed the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh by beat of drum through the streets of Lahore—installed the Ranees in her palace, and invested himself with the administration of affairs. Dhyan Singh, however, had left a son named Hecra Singh, who was resolved to strike a bold stroke to recover his father’s honours and avenge his death. He betook himself accordingly to the house of Monsieur Avitabile, Runjeet’s European general; whither he summoned certain of the Sirdars, and made a successful appeal to their feelings. Backed by his uncles Gholab Singh and Soochet Singh, and supported by the powerful aid of Avitabile and Ventura, he advanced to the struggle; and, after

another most murderous siege, remained master of the city. On this he hastened to pay his homage to the little Dhuleep Singh, whose feet he kissed with all becoming reverence; but the Ranee's house was pillaged; and Ajeet Singh, Lena Singh, Uttur Singh, and every member of the Scindinwallah family who had not fallen in action, was murdered in cold blood.

Considering the respectable abilities of Heera Singh, and the removal of his opponents, it might again have been thought that these bloody Saturnalia would be for a while suspended; and, in fact, the administration was really conducted for a time with somewhat more vigour, though with little less barbarity. But Heera committed the error of Shere Singh, in lending himself to the designs of an unworthy favourite. Under the influence of this person, a Pundit named Julla, he treacherously assassinated his uncle Soochet Singh, to whom he was under great obligations. The natural consequence of this atrocity was the estrangement of his other and more powerful uncle Gholab, and the defection of many of his adherents; so that he at last found his only chance of safety to lie in flight. Of this chance he endeavoured, in company with Pundit Julla, to avail himself; but they were overtaken, and both put to death on the spot. So complete had been the sweep of these exterminating reprisals, that there now remained no representative of Runjeet but Dhuleep Singh; and no leading member of either faction except Gholab Singh of Jummoo. There were many more murders than we have thought it necessary to specify; though it may be right now to add three to the list. Cashmeera Singh, and the surviving son of Gholab Singh, had been both killed by Heera Singh; and Peshora Singh had been killed by Jowaheer Singh — a personage hitherto unnoticed, but who will strut his own brief hour upon the stage immediately.

It must now, however, be observed, that the general recognition of Dhuleep Singh had conspired with the extinction of the old competitors for power, to introduce upon the stage a faction entirely new — that, namely, of the personal favourites of the Ranee. Hitherto the contending parties had been composed of persons of some previous figure in the Sikh state; but the highest offices of government were now conferred upon men of the lowest character and extraction. Jowahir Singh, the Ranee's brother, was the first of these, and Lall Singh, her paramour, was the second. The former had been originally a muleteer, the latter an itinerant pedlar. On the death of Heera Singh, the vacant place of Vizier was immediately filled by Jowahir Singh, who continued for a while to manage, after his own fashion, the affairs of the country; but having affronted

the army, which, had now become the most influential element of the Sikh constitution, he too was very soon murdered before the eyes of his mistress. It is remarkable, that the fatal charge against him was his instrumentality in procuring the death of Peshora Singh, as above described. Though this prince and his brother had notoriously no blood connexion with Runjeet, yet they were admired and revered by 'the Khalsa'* as the images of their ancient chief, — in much the same fashion that another prince has been just exalted by a more civilised nation as the genuine representative of Napoleon. When, however, their deaths had been thus promptly avenged, there was literally no man of note left but the old chief of Jummoo; whose conduct up to this moment and whose position at the present day, render it very desirable that we should convey as clear an account of him as possible — since we are much mistaken if he does not yet play the most conspicuous part in the modern history of the Punjab.

The connexions and descent of Gholab Singh we have already stated, as likewise the death of two of his sons — one of whom was killed on the elephant with Nonehal Singh, and the other murdered by Heera Singh. Virtually independent (since the death of Runjeet) in his own rajaship of Jummoo, he had hitherto kept discreetly aloof from the actual strife of parties; and had contrived to turn to his own aggrandisement all the various changes of fortune. Though the members of the Jummoo family appeared occasionally to be divided against themselves; yet it was surmised that this apparent difference was but a feint to secure, in any event, their own interests, and to arrive with greater certainty at their common object. It was remarked, even during Runjeet's life, that the younger brothers, though standing personally higher in the favours of their sovereign, always deferred to the elder, and willingly sacrificed their peculiar opportunities for the advancement of the House.

* This word, which is of constant recurrence in narratives of Sikh affairs, is rather curious in its signification. It has been described as meaning sometimes 'the State,' and sometimes a 'select body' of troops or other functionaries. But the truth is, that both interpretations are derived from one and the same signification of the word. *Khalsa* literally implies something 'select' or 'chosen'; and in this sense it meant the 'Sikh state,' with reference to its religious origin and constitution. Inasmuch, however, as every Sikh is a born soldier, the title has been not unnaturally monopolised by the troops; and 'the Khalsa' now means the body politic of the Sikhs as represented by the trained battalions of their regular army. The Sikh soldiery, indeed, style themselves 'the Khalsa,' much as the mob of Paris styles itself 'the people,' — and with a great deal more justice.

The Vizierates of Dhyan Singh and Heera Singh gave the wary old chieftain great facilities for enriching himself; and it is calculated that at least one half of the treasures of Runjeet have from time to time been transferred to Jummoo. At one period, when the murder of Heera Singh had given the Ranee's party a brief ascendancy over the Dogra faction, an expedition was actually despatched to Jummoo, for the purpose of recovering some of the appropriated hoards; but Gholab, after loading the envoys with treasure, waylaid them at a short distance from the gates of his fortress, put them to death, and recaptured his spoil. Subsequently, when the walls of Jummoo were actually invested by the Sikh army, he found opportunity to mingle with the troops, and by a judicious use of bribes and compliments, actually superseded the authority of their own commanders, and marched back to Lahore at their head. It was but a few months after these events that he was again summoned to the capital, as we have observed, to conduct affairs at the moment of the rupture with the British; but after coquetting awhile with so serious a charge, he wisely declined it. Enterprising and audacious in his personal character, yet shrewd, calculating, and patient, he more nearly than any of the Sikh Sirdars resembles his patron Runjeet. Of his disposition towards ourselves, it is enough to say that he has always found it to his interest to keep on good terms with us; and the prudent forbearance of the Rajpoot adventurer has been already rewarded with a royal title, and with the independent sovereignty of more than one fourth of the old dominions of the Sikhs.

Now, however, a new power was soon to precipitate the solution of all these politics in its impetuous career. It is for the purpose of exhibiting a picture of Sikh nature when left to its uncontrolled development, that we have recounted this series of crimes; for it is to be remarked, that all these butcheries were enacted without any one of the ordinary provocations to civil war, as soon as the iron pressure of Runjeet's despotism was once removed.

Before turning, however, to the *Sikh army*, we must say a few words respecting the attitude, which the British Government maintained throughout all these atrocities towards the Durbar of Lahore. The uniform smoothness, if not cordiality, of our relations with Runjeet has already been noticed. At our first connexion with this chieftain in 1808, it had been thought advisable to establish a military station among the protected Sikh states on our own side of the river; and Loodianah was accordingly occupied as a British outpost. When, at a later period, some glimmering of future troubles was discernible, Ferozepore

was similarly occupied, and the reserve of the frontier force was pushed forward from Kurnal to Umballa. But, beyond these precautions, no demonstrations were made, on our part, either of suspicion or ill-will. We were ready to accept and to recognise any representative of Sikh nationality that might be pleasing to the people. Nor could it be said that, up to this period, we had received any intimation of a change of spirit towards ourselves,—though our fortunes in the East were just then exposed to unusual hazards. At the commencement of the Cabul expedition Runjeet Singh gave us all the aid and countenance which we desired—a result perhaps springing, not only from his characteristic policy, but from the jealousy excited in his breast by some recent successes of the Affghans. He died before the conclusion of its first promising stage; but even when reverses came thick upon us, disasters, which would have roused half the courts of Hindostan to insurrection, had no effect upon the hereditary prudence, in this respect, of the Lahore Durbar. Either from the traditions of old Runjeet's policy, or from some better perceptions of the truth, Shere Singh, who was then seated on the bloody and tottering throne of the Punjab, remained firm to the spirit of his alliance; and even volunteered the aid of a Sikh force to our discomfited columns. When, upon the murder of this prince, a clearer glimpse was obtained of the anarchy into which the Sikh state had been plunged, reinforcements were despatched to the stations of Ferozepore and Loodianah; and the eyes of the British Government were turned with some anxiety towards the frantic debaucheries of the Court of Lahore. Still, although the liabilities which we had incurred by our imperfect arrangements at the death of Scindiah, were presently to be discharged on the fields of Maharajpoor and Punniar, the external policy of the Sikh Durbar was not yet openly biassed by these tempting opportunities; and Heera Singh, who at that time was administering the affairs of the Punjab, remained faithful, as regarded ourselves, to the principles of his father, the great vizier. It deserves, indeed, to be remarked, that the British name was constantly kept before the eyes of the soldiery by the imputations which each party in turn cast upon the other of being leagued with ourselves for the destruction of Sikh nationality. This practice, perhaps, eventually produced its fruits. But there seems to have been no political party, even among the murderers and madmen whose detestable deeds we have been chronicling, which ever seriously contemplated a rupture with the British power.

The survivors, however, of the massacres were soon left with-

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out alternative. From the description we have given of Runjeet's reign and character, it will be readily conceived how potent an instrument of mischief he left behind him in his army. Greatly disproportioned to the population or the legitimate requirements of the state, animated by the hereditary doctrines of the sect, inured to action, habituated to conquest, strengthened by the imported discipline of Europe, and confident in such a train of artillery as had never been seen in India, this force was soon found incapable of subordination to any will less resolute than his who had now been removed. It seems not easy to reconcile the numerical strength of this army, which was mainly though not exclusively Sikh, with the census usually given of the pure Sikh population. It is true that the Sikhs, like the Normans of the eleventh century, are soldiers to a man; and that with people so trained the terms *adult* and *combatant* are pretty nearly convertible. Still, the estimate of Sir Alexander Burnes — which has passed muster with the best authorities, and which puts the Sikhs, in Runjeet's best times, at less than half a million souls — seems strangely opposed to the undoubted fact, that at least 75,000 fighting men were marched to the Sutlej in 1845. That the arsenals and the camps contained no fewer than five hundred guns of unusual calibre, and that for the service of these pieces there was an immense body of well-trained and devoted gunners, is beyond all question. A principle of union, too, had been introduced by the consolidation of the state under Runjeet; and, whatever intestine anarchy might exist, it was clear that, for external action, the forces of the Sikh nation were now available to an extent which had never been reached under the old federation of the Sirdars. On the temper, therefore, of this army, so constituted and so disposed, the convulsions of the state might be expected to operate with fatal and instantaneous effect. The successive removals of those chiefs and ministers to whom their allegiance and obedience had been paid, and the repeated appeals made to them by parties who were eager to purchase, at any price, such redoubtable supporters, conspired to carry their lawlessness and their pretensions to the highest pitch. They conceived themselves, as indeed they were, the ruling power of the state. They were, to all intents and purposes, the Sikh nation; and they presently resolved, in their drunken desperation, to show what that nation could do.

The designs of the army were facilitated by an extraordinary revolution which had taken place in its discipline. During the brief reign of Shere Singh, on one of the many occasions when the troops and the government were at issue, an indiscreet pro-

position had been made by the Vizier, that two deputies from every company, troop, and gun of 'the Khalsa,' should be despatched to a conference with the authorities. The scheme was promptly embraced; and, as will be readily imagined, was never afterwards discarded. These deputies were made permanent functionaries; and as they were chosen by the soldiery, and totally superseded the authority of the officers, there will be no difficulty in conceiving the results of such an arrangement. They were termed, in the language of the country, '*Punches*,' and the aggregate of their body was called '*the Punt*,' or, with its distinctive epithet, '*the Punt Khalsajee*.' In numbers the Punt amounted to about two thousand, out of which a more select directory was subsequently formed; and to the magnanimous resolutions of this military convention are to be attributed the events which presently ensued.

We have traced the anarchy of the Sikh state to a point, where the sole survivor of statesmen and princes was a dissolute and abandoned woman. It is probable, however, that at this period no minister would have been able to control the mutinous battalions, who had learnt their own strength and consequence. Already they had stepped on to the stage of politics; and had taken into their own hands the last few murders which remained to be perpetrated. But when the wary old chief of Jummoo returned to his own capital, and left the Ranee and the troops to deal with each other, there was no longer any semblance of restraint. The army became at once the depository of all the powers of the state. Even the most able and respected of the Sirdars were set aside, or dragooned into compliance. The troops desired occupation, and resolved to find it in making war against British India. It was in vain that the Ranee and the Durbar, drunken, profligate, and reckless as they were, protested against so suicidal a project. Consulting nothing but their own strength and lusts, the '*Punches*' insisted upon war; and with the wild revelry of the camp there now began to be mingled distempered dreams of the sack of Benares and the conquest of Hindostan. Such, and no other, were the sources of the war which has cost such bloodshed and anxiety. On the part of the British there was not the smallest provocation; on the part of the Sikh government there was not the smallest intention. Both were dragged into the conflict by the frenzy of a licentious soldiery, released from the ruling spirit which had called them into being, and which had heretofore sufficed to control them. There was nothing unnatural in the catastrophe. What a military historian alleges as a reasonable ground for the campaign of 1812, must have had at least equal weight with the

fiery and unlettered Sikhs: '*Enfin, sans tous ces motifs d'ardeur, le fond de l'armée était bon, et toute bonne armée veut la guerre!*'

Under such conditions and with such prospects, the Sikhs crossed the Sutlej; and fought those battles which there can as yet be no necessity for fighting over again. So much of the previous history of this singular people as was likely to be little known or recollected, and as tended to elucidate the embarrassments and probabilities of our present position, we have now endeavoured to sketch. But the bulletins of Moodkee, Aliwal, and Sobraon must be still fresh in the remembrance of the reader: we may therefore pass at once to those curious negotiations and compacts which have left us in our present situation of perplexity and trouble.

After the Khalsa battalions had been beaten, the far-famed artillery train captured, the capital surrendered, and the nation brought to confess its submission, Lord Hardinge was preparing to withdraw his victorious troops within the British frontier, when he received overtures from the surviving Sirdars for a continued occupation of the country. There was, in fact, no source of authority now left to the Sikh state. The Rance and her paramours were powerless; and even the Sirdars who had done less to forfeit the legitimate respect of the nation, had been proved incompetent to curb the license of a population in which every man was by profession a soldier. There was no prospect, after the withdrawal of the British garrison, of any thing better than the murderous anarchy which had preceded their advance. Starting, accordingly, from the avowed indisposition of the British to annex to their own dominions the province they had conquered, and urging with some plausibility the notorious fact that it had been dragged into the war against its own wishes and convictions, the Durbar preferred a request that the strong arm of British protection might be still lent them for a time, till the shattered machinery of the state could be organised anew. After some negotiations this request, accompanied with certain conditions, was granted. We will not recapitulate the details either of the preliminaries or of the conclusion, but will endeavour to convey briefly a general idea of the spirit of the transaction.

Were it not for the prevalent lack of information on Indian affairs, we should think it needless to explain the system of subsidiary alliance by which, unavoidably perhaps in our early history, we regulated our relations with states which it was necessary to control and inexpedient to absorb—and of which two such conspicuous examples still survive in the courts of

Lucknow and Hyderabad. The essence of the system was this, — that, in return for considerations duly stipulated and punctually discharged, we should maintain at the court of the native prince a force competent for all the purposes of domestic order. The external relations of the state were to be wholly under our control; but with its internal management we were, generally speaking, to have no concern. It is true that the stipulations of these compacts often came to be materially modified in practice*; but in all cases, their general effect was injurious to the protected state, and discreditable to ourselves. The native sovereign, debarred from the ordinary occupations of state intrigue, and relieved at the same time from all apprehension of domestic insurrection, surrendered himself without restraint to the dominion of his passions. The people, deprived of that resource to which extreme tyranny occasionally drives the subjects even of an Indian sovereign, were condemned to suffer in silence and despair oppression which was sanctioned by an invincible power. In this way the irresistible strength of a civilised nation was lent to the misrule of a barbarous government, — upon terms from which all consideration of the people was but too effectually excluded. We made the protected state our own, for our own purposes. As regarded any movement or alliance on the continent of Hindostan, any commercial duties or conventions, or any object which was conceived subservient to our security or our profit, the state was virtually British. But when the interests or improvements of the subject popula-

* We did, in point of fact, either reserve or claim to have reserved great discretionary power as to the uses to which our subsidiary force might be applied; and sometimes we allowed considerations of humanity even to over-balance those duties which were dictated by the strict letter of our engagements. It was rarely that this force, after our supremacy in Hindostan had been fairly established, was employed for any tyrannical acts. The question, indeed, was always a fertile source of dispute between the disarmed princes and ourselves. Thus we refused the aid of our force to the Peishwa against his southern Jaghirdars, and only partially lent it to Sadut Ali against his Zemindars. The *rationale* of the original arrangement was, that it preserved the princes in at least one half of their power. If civil and military power both had been taken from them, they would have become mere pensioned puppets, as some of them in truth were; but by the preservation of the former rights, they retained the most desirable privileges of sovereignty; while we, by assuming the latter, acquired all that we needed. And besides this, the practice of excluding all complaints of the subject population, discreditable as it was, had the effect of excluding the most productive source of future litigation.

tion was concerned, we withdrew altogether from the field, and guaranteed the undisturbed exercise of the most remorseless despotism, in return for the concessions which had been made.

Such an arrangement as this—an arrangement which in fact would have merely established some unprincipled government under the shadow of our name,—was that which the Sikh chiefs were most desirous of securing. They would fain have been protected in the independence of wanton misrule. What they wished for was that license of profligacy which the Durbar had previously enjoyed—disengaged from those liabilities of anarchy to which it had been recently exposed. Accordingly, after the occupation of the capital had been from time to time prolonged, and the definite withdrawal of the troops was at length announced, they communicated to the British authorities their anxiety on this important point. The considerations in virtue of which Lahore was at that time occupied by our troops, were these:—Since the Sikh army had been disbanded at our instance, and the country was notoriously insecure, it was but just that we should supply the temporary deficiency thus occasioned; and we accordingly furnished a British garrison for the protection of the young Maharajah and his capital: But inasmuch as this arrangement was purely temporary, and provided for no such contingency as our permanent connexion with the government, it of course gave us no warrant for demanding any voice in its internal councils. The perpetuation, therefore, of these conditions would have exactly answered the views of the Sirdars; and it was this for which they petitioned. It is highly to Lord Hardinge's credit that he protested from the first against any extension of such a system to the Sikh state. 'I do not think,' he wrote home, 'that the British government would be justified in supporting a native government in the Punjab, merely because it may conduce to the safety of a regent and a minister obnoxious to the chiefs and people, to whom the British government owes no obligations. Considerations of humanity to individuals, would be no plea for employing British bayonets in perpetuating the misrule of a native state—by enabling such a government to oppress the people.'

When such proposals accordingly met with no acquiescence, the Sirdars at length consented to the terms on which it had been resolved to tender them the favours they sought. It was stipulated, with regard to the independence and nationality of the Punjab, that during the minority of the Maharajah Dhuloeep Singh, the acknowledged sovereign of the country, its affairs should be conducted by a council of regency composed of leading chiefs and Sirdars; but, in order to escape the errors alluded

to above, it was further provided that the members of this council should be approved of by the British government; and that its acts should be all under the control and guidance of a British officer, with an efficient establishment of assistants, resident at Lahore. In the conduct of the administration it was agreed and declared that the feelings of the people should be scrupulously consulted; the national institutions and customs preserved, and the just rights of all classes maintained. For the due execution of this agreement it was provided that, not only the capital, but any military post in the Lahore territories should be occupied by a British force, of such strength and quality as the governor-general might think fit; and the expenses of such occupation were to be partly met by the inadequate contribution of two and twenty lakhs of rupees (220,000*l.*) annually from the Sikh treasury. At the expiration of the minority of the young Maharajah, or at any earlier period when such a measure might seem practicable to the parties concerned, all these provisions were to cease and determine; and the Punjab was to be delivered over, safe and entire, into the hands of Dhuleep Singh and his ministers. In default of any more regular or cognisable authorities to be found in the disorganised state, Lord Hardinge reverted to the precedents of its earlier constitution; and summoned a council of Sirdars to express freely their will and their intentions. It affords a startling view of the extent of the preceding assassinations to find that out of the sixty-six leading chiefs and Sirdars who were alive at Runjeet Singh's death—but seven short years before—thirty-six had been violently made away with, twelve had been killed in action with the British, seven had died natural deaths, and eleven only were yet surviving at Lahore! Of these eleven, seven affixed their seals and signatures to the treaty above mentioned; and the remainder, together with many officers and notabilities of inferior rank, attended in state with their Maharajah, at its public and formal ratification.

Such were the stipulations by which it was attempted to reconcile our duties and requirements, and to surmount the embarrassments arising from the conquest of a province which we were scarcely able either to retain with advantage or surrender with security. It will, of course, be in the recollection of our readers, that the non-participation of Gholab Singh in the aggression upon our territories, was acknowledged by his elevation to the rank of Maharajah—and the grant of his own principality, augmented by certain cessions, in full and independent sovereignty. Irrespective of other matters of convenience, this measure was presumed to be sound in policy; as it raised a

formidable rival to the Durbar of Lahore, and thus balanced in some degree the native Powers of the Punjab. Besides, however, that the whole affair was an experiment, unwarranted by any precedent in the political history of India, there were many obvious reasons for anticipating difficulties in its execution. In the first place there were two rival factions still surviving in the court of Lahore; that, as we have described it, of the Ranee and the creatures of her favour, and that of the more respectable Sirdars who demurred to her authority. The ascendancy had been secured to the latter party by the recent arrangements; but the consequent jealousies were sure to be prolific of intrigues. In the next place, though it was presumed, and, as events have shown, with great justice, that the population of the country would willingly accept our protectorate, yet there were serious elements of disaffection, — both in the savage soldiery of the disbanded battalions, and in the petty chieftains who were now compelled to surrender, for the needs of the state, those jaghires or grants of land which they had acquired by selling their swords to various parties during the recent anarchy. Lastly, there was the intractability of the greater feudatories; and the likelihood which existed that the governors of the outlying provinces would refuse either to recognise our authority or obey our behests. For it must not be forgotten that ‘the Punjab,’ as we have said, was no compact or well consolidated inheritance, which had descended from father to son through a long line of ancestry, nor any ancient or peculiar habitation of a definite ‘nationality.’ Runjeet had pushed his dominions to the north and west beyond even the natural boundaries of the Indus and the hills; and among the dependencies of the Durbar were now reckoned cities and provinces of which the subjection had sometimes, even under the iron rule of the conqueror, been little more than nominal. Yet on each or any of the various contingencies thus involved, our interference would be practically found necessary; nor was it long before events disclosed the responsibilities of the task we had undertaken.

We need not recapitulate incidents of such recent occurrence. It will be remembered that the chiefs of the province of Cashmere, which had been made over to Gholab Singh by the Durbar, refused at first to acknowledge their new sovereign, and that a campaign in the hills was nearly being the consequence; that the Ranee was next found intriguing against the established government, and that she and her paramours were removed from the scene; and that some minor plots, and no few rumours of more, kept the British authorities constantly upon the alert. At length came the present crisis, which bids fair to terminate

the existing arrangements, and to precipitate some new solution of the problem.

We have observed that Mooltan was one of the provinces brought at the latest period, and with the greatest difficulty, under the yoke of Runjeet. It has remained in the hands of the same family ever since its conquest; so that the Dewannee, or governorship, may almost be considered hereditary, and it will be readily imagined how reluctantly so powerful a feudatory would discharge his obligations to the Durbar. At the very commencement of our intervention, Moolraj, the present Dewan, was embroiled, upon the usual subject, with the court of Lahore, —that is to say, respecting the non-payment of his stipulated tribute to the treasury. By the mediation of our authorities these differences were at first temporarily adjusted; and at length, under our guarantee, the Dewan was even induced to trust himself in the city of Lahore, for the purpose of personally arranging a final and amicable compromise. After this he returned to his province; but some time subsequently it was agreed, or alleged to be so, that he should retire from his office; and in pursuance of this understanding two British officers departed in the spring of last year (1848) from Lahore to Mooltan, to receive his surrender and instal his successor. While in discharge of this duty, they were treacherously and foully murdered; Moolraj shut himself up in his fort, strengthened his defences, collected adherents from all parts of the country, and has since that time been permitted to defy with impunity the British power. The successive mails from India will have put our readers in possession of all the details respecting the military operations which have been as yet attempted; and we may therefore pass over this part of the subject, to our concluding considerations respecting the ascertainable character of the insurrection, its general influence on the empire of India, and the probable policy by which it may now be found necessary to supersede our experimental protectorate.

The last intelligence from the scene of action leaves, we fear, scarcely any reasonable doubt but that the chiefs of the Punjab are generally disaffected to that control which was the result of their own solicitations. Yet the circumstances of the case seem almost to preclude the possibility that the present state of things should have been the issue of any long-concerted plot. We can hardly imagine that any motive more extraordinary than the spectacle of one unsubdued and apparently prosperous insurgent, has been acting on the minds of those chiefs who have more or less overtly confessed their designs of insurrection. Nominally and ostensibly we are executing the decrees of the Lahore Durbar against one of its refractory feudatories; but in reality we are once

more brought into collision with the whole Sikh State — the Sirdars and troops of which, as far as they dare, are daily making common cause with the rebel against us. In addition to the causes of discontent which we have enumerated above, it is highly probable that the Sirdars are wearied of a restraint which deprives them of their old license, at the same time that it relieves them from their old responsibilities; and that they are willing to regain their independence at the expense of peace. We are doubtless suspected, to some degree, as foreigners and intruders; but it is certain enough that any native government which put the like curb with ours on lawlessness and extravagance, would be the object of the like conspiracies. We have never deprived our administration of its purely provisional character; nor have we ever violated the stipulations of our compact. That we should have to contend with local disturbances, was no more than we always anticipated; and arrangements were made by Lord Hardinge, by the full execution of which, this insurrection in Mooltan might have been effectually prevented from growing into a war. Still this matters but little to the decision of the main question; for if the Sirdars were really and at heart as indisposed towards us as they now appear, our experimental policy must needs have proved a failure; and a second conquest of the country could only have been delayed. And on the other hand, had the true feeling of the chiefs been with us, according to their professions and engagements, we could have readily dealt with any contumacious or disaffected individual; while if their faith was no firmer than it now would seem to be, our whole policy was built upon sand.

We need not waste words in anticipating the immediate result of the existing struggle. If our hasty and imperfect musters, three years ago, were sufficient, first to resist and finally to shatter to pieces the old Sikh army in all its insolence of discipline and strength, we can have no misgivings about the result, when the full force of British India is to be measured against the disarmed and disorganised remnant of this defeated host. Still it must be remembered that the Sikh troops, though disbanded, yet retain the formidable character inseparable from their habits and education. Under institutions which make every man a soldier, and war the chief duty of a citizen, it is difficult to break effectually the force of a nation. We have seen that it is one of the characteristics of this singular race, that even when beaten by a more powerful enemy, they have ever reappeared on the field with unsubdued and almost undiminished vigour. Nor is the fanatical spirit extinct among them. Though the generality of the Sikhs have

for some time disused many of the more rigid observances of their sect, yet the true spawn of the old brood still survives in the Akalees — those desperate enthusiasts, who, formidable by their numbers as well as daring, affect an unchanging attachment for all the harsh peculiarities of the ancient discipline. Even under Runjeet these Ironsides are said to have been so indiscriminately dangerous, that they were always paraded at a review, between two battalions of ordinary troops, — lest they should make a dash at any thing upon the field! It must be remembered also that, though we robbed the Sikh army of its sting, by sending its guns in triumph to Calcutta, we permitted the retention on the full establishment of at least 30,000 men, independent of the local force in Mooltan; and it is quite possible, if matters are indiscreetly managed, that every man of this force may be in the field against us.

As regards the possible influence of the struggle upon our Indian dominion, it is satisfactory to think that under few circumstances could a war be conducted with such safety as the present. Not only are Central India and the Deccan profoundly tranquil, but the Sikhs are precisely the persons with whom the very least sympathy is entertained by the inhabitants of Hindostan. In the infancy of their State they were always reputed as outlaws — little less barbarous than the wild tribes of the Vindhyan hills; and even in the earlier part of Runjeet's reign, they are described as a savage and ferocious people entirely disconnected from all around them. The recollections of their atrocities, and of the retributive severities of the government, have conspired with the misrepresentations, to which all such sects are subject, in assigning them a repulsive and odious character throughout all the countries which their name had reached. This odium was increased by the aggressive character of their religion. Not only were they infidels in the eyes of Hindoo and Mussulman alike, but they wreaked their puritanical hatred on Mussulman and Hindoo with equal and unsparing vindictiveness. The mosques and temples erected in the Punjab by the magnificence of earlier dynasties, have been gutted and defaced by the Sikhs, as some of our own cathedrals were by the troopers of Cromwell. No longer ago than 1826 a holy war was proclaimed against them. In so popular a cause as the rescue of the Mussulman principalities from their hated dominion, a fanatical preacher was enabled to levy a vast force of crusaders throughout Hindostan and the Deccan. From the strongholds of the Mahometan population — Lucknow, Delhi, Hyderabad, and Surat — even from Madras and Calcutta, were despatched supplies and reinforcements, until the undisciplined

mass mustered some forty thousand combatants. But this was in the days of Runjeet; and the disorderly rabble was soon scattered by his trained battalions, though the spirit of the enterprise lingered some time longer in the Punjab. Surrounded as they are by tribes of stanch Mahometans, the Sikhs are thus isolated from any probable sympathy or succour. Already we have seen in the recent operations, that levies from Cabul and Beloochistan promptly took service with ourselves against the Khalsa battalions—even when fortune seemed to be frowning on our arms; while the British province of Scinde and the allied State of Bhawalpore secure an easy passage into the heart of their country.

Our future policy will probably be the result rather of proved necessity than of hopeful speculation. Nobody imagines that we covet the possession of the Punjab, although, as we have observed, it would be altogether erroneous to consider it as a province geographically or historically separated from the empire of Hindostan. Its annexation would be popular in India; both from the natural preference with which all thoroughgoing measures are regarded, and from the increase of the two services which would necessarily follow. Nor can it be denied that any other expedient may be shown to want its warrant of likelihood after the failure of the last. Except under such a sceptre as that of Runjeet, the Sikhs seem incapacitated for living at peace among themselves. Even in the first ten years of this century, before Runjeet's monarchy was finally consolidated, they were described by Sir John Malcolm as preying upon each other with such insatiable animosity that they could never become, externally, a formidable state; and the narrative which we have sketched of the five years following on the old Lion's death proves how little the national character has since changed. If these tigers could be confined to their own jungle, we might perhaps shut our eyes to the bloodshed we had found it impracticable to prevent; but such anarchy is seldom circumscribed by its own frontiers, and we should infallibly have to fight on the Sutlej the battles we declined on the Ravee. It is something beyond the ordinary necessity imposed on conquest, which now impels us onward. *Auribus tenemus lupum.* We have got a powerful and ferocious beast in our clutches; which we have vainly tried to tame, and which we can neither conveniently hold nor safely let go. Perhaps a little respite may still be obtained by some ingenious modification of the conditions of our last protectorship; yet we can hardly persuade ourselves that the ultimate result will be anything but the advancement of the British frontier, to that river which forms the

historical boundary of India. That this consummation has been forced upon us, he must be a bold historian who would deny. For nearly half a century we acknowledged in Runjeet Singh an ally and neighbour after our own hearts,—one who was master of his own position and who could respect ours. For years again we watched the gathering tempest with only too great forbearance; and, in our endeavours to avoid offence, permitted it to burst abruptly on our heads. Yet not for all this did we exact a penalty; but instantly relinquished our rights of conquest; and lent the best aids of both our arms and our counsels to that very state which had been gratuitously arrayed for our destruction. Our experiment may have failed; but the failure can entail upon us no imputation save that of too great abstinence, too great generosity, and too charitable a conception of the disposition of our foe.

ART. VIII.—1. *First Annual Report of the Commissioners for administering the Laws for the Relief of the Poor in Ireland.* Presented to both Houses by her Majesty's Command. 1848.

2. *Papers relating to the Relief of the Distress, and the State of the Unions and Workhouses, in Ireland.* Series 4, 5, 6, 7. Presented to both Houses by her Majesty's Command. 1847–1848.

3. *Report of the Committee of the House of Lords on Colonisation from Ireland.* Ordered to be printed 17th June, 1847.

4. *Returns of Agricultural Produce in Ireland in 1847. Part I.: Crops. Part II.: Stock.* Presented to both Houses by her Majesty's Command. 1848.

‘ I do not hesitate to say that, in my opinion, there ought to be established between England and Ireland a complete equality in all civil, municipal, and political rights. When I say complete equality, I don't mean, because I know it is impossible, to have a literal equality in every particular. Here, as in matters of more sacred import, it may be that “the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life;” I speak of the spirit, and not of the letter, in which our legislation should be conducted. I mean that there should be a real, substantial equality, in political and civil rights; so that no person, viewing Ireland with perfectly disinterested eyes, should be enabled to say “a different law is enacted for Ireland, and, on account of some jealousy or suspicion, Ireland has curtailed and mutilated rights.” That is what I mean by equality.

‘ Let no one think I am making a reserve. I speak of the spirit in which we should legislate. I think it ought to be impossible to say that there is a different rule, substantially, with regard to the Civil or Municipal Franchise in Ireland from that which prevails in England.’

Such was one of the most remarkable passages in the memorable speech with which Sir Robert Peel closed his almost monarchical administration. It was one of the few passages which received cheers from the right as well as from the left of the chair. In those cheers we felt no wish to join.

We were not sure, when we heard these words, that we clearly understood them;—we are not sure that we understand them now. The words Rights and Franchises, when applied to the mutual relations of a people and its rulers, imply theories which have long been abandoned. They belong to times when the crown and the subject were supposed to have adverse claims;—when prerogative was the property of the one, and franchise the defence of the other;—when it was supposed to be the duty of the servants of the crown to preserve, if not to augment, its power, and the duty of the representatives of the people to restrain, and if possible, to diminish it. These times have long passed away. It is now admitted that prerogative and franchises, the duty of ministers and the duty of knights and burgesses, have one single and common purpose—good government;—that is to say, the government which will best promote the prosperity of the whole community. This is the right of the people against its government. It is the right of a union against its guardians, the right of a company against its directors, the right of a parish against its constable, the right of a client against his attorney. It is a right to have its affairs managed in the way most conducive to its welfare. In this right all other rights are merged; against this right no claim of the crown, or of any portion of the people, can prevail, or can be seriously urged. If Sir Robert Peel, then, when he claimed for Ireland equality of rights with Great Britain, meant merely to say that Ireland is entitled equally with England to good government—that she is entitled to be governed by the Imperial Parliament as she would be by a wise parliament sitting in College Green, he announced a principle perfectly true indeed, but, we trust, perfectly trite. We trust that no one doubts that she is so entitled, and we saw little reason for cheering a self-evident proposition.

We are ready, at the same time, to admit that the example of England must materially affect all Irish questions. There exists throughout the civilised world a principle, somewhat resembling

that of gravitation, which enables the institutions, the customs, and even the conduct of every separate country to influence the conduct, the customs, and the institutions of every other. Of course this mutual influence is greater between countries both members of the same empire. And it is probably greatest when exerted over the remainder of an empire by that portion of it which is the seat of the imperial government. The laws of the metropolis may not be imitated by her provinces; but they certainly will not be disregarded. The administration of these laws, the spirit in which they are carried out, will certainly be imitated. If Ceylon had continued subject to Dutch dominion, it is probable that the text of her laws would not have been what it is now. It is certain that her laws, whatever might have been their text, would have been turned to very different purposes. If the government of the dominant member of the empire be despotic, it will be difficult for those of the other members to be free. If it be constitutional, the others can scarcely remain despotic. The example of England made it impossible for Scotland to continue an aristocracy, with heritable jurisdictions and a nominal representation. Even if there were good reasons for believing that Ireland would be better administered by a government framed on the late Prussian model, under laws enacted by the crown, judges uncontrolled by juries, and with a press restrained by a censorship, no one would seriously propose to subject her to such a regimen. If she were a distinct state, it is possible that she might profit by following the example of Denmark; by surrendering her liberties to the crown, and exchanging turbulence, almost amounting to lawlessness, for the tranquillity of an enlightened despotism. But it is obvious that, while the democratic and aristocratic elements prevail in the rest of the empire, a pure monarchy could not work well in a single portion of it. That a government must depend on affection or on terror, and that if it govern by terror it must govern ill, are propositions so trite that they have become elementary. But, with Great Britain by her side, Ireland could not acquiesce in the loss of her liberties, however unfit for her social state some of them may appear. Her monarch could rule her only by fear, and therefore would rule her ill.

But we trust that those who agree with us in this doctrine will bear in mind the fact, which we have often remarked*, that the people of England and of Ireland—meaning here, by Ireland, the provinces of Munster, Connaught, some parts of Leinster, and

* See particularly the paper on the Extension of the Irish Poor Law, vol. lxxxiv. p. 268.

the whole county of Donegal — are among the most dissimilar nations in Europe. One is chiefly Protestant, the other is chiefly Roman Catholic; — one is principally manufacturing, and commercial, the other almost wholly agricultural; one lives chiefly in towns, the other in the country. The population of the one is laborious, but prodigal — no fatigue repels them — no amusement diverts them from the business of providing the means of subsistence and of enjoyment; but they consume almost as quickly as they acquire. That of the other is indolent and idle, but parsimonious. They can lay up a provision for the current year, and consume it, not according to their wishes, but their necessities. They can earn the comparatively high wages of a richer country, save them in the midst of temptations to expenditure, and beg their way home without touching their store. But they leave their potato grounds foul, merely to save the labour of weeding them; their cottages let in the rain, because they will not take the trouble to thatch them; a wake, or a fair, or a funeral, attracts from its occupations the inhabitants of a whole village. They can work for a master, and while his eye is upon them; but are negligent taskmasters to themselves. The one country possesses a large middle class, the other is divided between landlords and peasants: in one the proprietors of the soil are connected by origin, by interest, and by feeling, with those who occupy it; in the other, they are, in many cases, strangers, and, in almost as many, enemies. In one, public sympathy is with the law; in the other, it is with those that break it. In England crime is infamous; in Ireland it is popular. The parties which divide England have one common object, widely as they differ on the means by which it is to be obtained. All desire the welfare of the empire — all desire to see it tranquil and prosperous at home, and respected abroad. They believe, often of course erroneously, that the measures which they support will do good, and that those which they oppose will do harm; and it is on that account that they oppose or support them. The most numerous of the Irish parties desires that the existing institutions of the empire may work ill. It is delighted by the prospect of war, and gloats over the probabilities of defeat. It opposes whatever is likely to be useful, because it is likely to be useful, and rejects with loathing whatever is tendered to it as a favour or a grace. Colleges for secular instruction it denounces as impious; schools in which Protestant and Catholic may meet, are seminaries of infidelity, and a provision for its clergy is a bribe. It agitates for the sake of agitation; and selects for its avowed object an unattainable end, because it is

unattainable — because its mischief cannot be tested by experience, or its stimulus deadened by possession.

To give similar treatment to countries not merely different, but contrasted, is prescribing the same regimen to the weak and to the strong — to the excitable and to the apathetic — to the sound and to the diseased. Yet this, we have said before, and we repeat, is the treatment which we have applied to Ireland. Our law of real property, with its subtilties and its primogeniture — our equity, with its expense and its delays — our penal law, with its loopholes — our common law, with its puerilities — our habeas corpus — our trial by jury — our local magistracy — our free press — our popular elections — our freedom of association — our established church, and our Protestant creed — institutions which, by long practice, by constantly twisting and bending and hammering them, we have gradually moulded to our use — we have thrown into Ireland, as if whatever suits us must suit her. Except her constabulary, her national education, and her paid guardians, she has not a single native institution. Our creed she has rejected — our church she bears, because only the Protestant landlord would gain by shaking it off. The rest she has accepted — some, because she had no existing system for such purposes; and others, because, whether conducive or not to the welfare of the people, they pleased at least their vanity, — or, because she could not help it. Scotland has not been so managed. Though her union long preceded that of Ireland — though she has been governed for nearly a century and a half by an Imperial Parliament, her institutions are mainly her own. She has her own land tenures, her own church, her own civil law, and her own criminal law. They may be better or may be worse than those of England, but they are not mere copies. Of course we do not affirm that this difference in the treatment of Ireland and Scotland will account for the difference in their civilisation; but we have no doubt that it has been one of its principal causes.

* We accept, therefore, Sir Robert Peel's doctrine of equality of rights in England and in Ireland, merely to this extent, — that in legislating for Ireland, we must legislate for her, not as if she were a distinct state, but as a member of the empire. We must take into account the influence of the examples of England and Scotland on the feelings of her people; we must allow the democratic element to prevail to an extent which would be inadvisable if we looked merely to its immediate results; we must allow the people an amount of free action, which we know they will abuse, because worse evils even than that abuse will be produced if we restrain it. The elective

franchise must not be left to wear out, though we may know that it will be used in returning repealers; the press must not be silenced, though it be employed in provoking civil war; juries must be retained, though their verdicts may be liable to be warped by faction or by bigotry, or extorted by intimidation; the resident gentry must not be deprived of their magisterial jurisdiction, or the grand juries of their fiscal power, though we know that the one sometimes produces injustice, and the other peculation. But we refuse to call these necessities rights — we refuse to call our obedience to them concession or justice. When a physician, called in to prescribe for a man whose constitution has been injured by a long course of intemperance, allows him still to use stimulants, apparently injurious to his case, because he would be miserable, and perhaps would sink altogether, without them, he does not call that permission a grant or a concession — it is simply a measure of expediency. He allows it merely because worse evils would follow its refusal. A people stands towards its government in the same relation as a patient to his physician — each has a right to the best possible treatment — neither can have more, and neither ought to be satisfied with less.

Unfortunately, to a certain degree for ourselves, and to a much greater degree for the other portions of the empire, the people of England are prone, more perhaps than any other equally intelligent nation, to transfer to other countries their own notions; to suppose that they have the same wants and the same powers; to believe, in short, that their social system resembles ours even in its details. There is no subject on which we have done this more blindly or more mischievously than as respects the mutual relations of the owners, the occupiers, and the cultivators of land.

In England agriculture is generally managed by three classes of producers, known as landlords, farmers, and labourers. The landlord with us, is absolute master of the land, subject to the qualified and limited interest which he may choose to concede, or, to use the technical word, to let to his tenant; and he generally erects the necessary buildings, and makes the more expensive and permanent improvements. The farmer, in his turn, is master for the period of his tenancy, but is generally bound to treat the land in a predetermined manner, and he gives up the possession, without remonstrance, the instant that his term has expired. It is his duty to provide all the moveable live and dead stock, the wages of the labourers and the rates and taxes, and to pay periodically to the landlord, for the use of the land and buildings, a net fixed sum. The labourer is hired by the year, the

week, the day, or the job, provides nothing but his own person and clothes, and has no claim on any individual landlord or tenant, except for his wages. He has, however, a general claim on the occupiers of the land constituting the parish in which he is settled, for full support for himself and his family, if he cannot earn sufficient wages, or is out of employ.

These are the rights which we associate with the words landlords, farmers, and labourers. And when we find, in other countries, persons who appear to stand towards the land, and towards one another, in analogous relations, we call them by the same names, and fancy that these names imply similar rights and liabilities.

‘The first English conquerors of Bengal,’ says Mr. John Mill, ‘carried with them the phrase *landed proprietor*, or landlord, into a country where the rights of individuals over the soil were extremely different in degree, and even in nature, from those recognised in England. Applying the term with all its English associations, in such a state of things, to one who had only a limited right, they gave an absolute right; from another, because he had not an absolute right, they took away all right; drove all classes of men to ruin and despair; filled the country with banditti; created a feeling that nothing was secure; and produced, with the best intentions, a disorganisation of society, which had not been produced in that country by the most ruthless of its barbarian invaders.’ — *Mill's Logic*, vol. ii. p. 269.

With equal impropriety, and, we fear, with consequences that in time may be equally calamitous, we have transferred our English notions into Ireland. There are there also persons called landlords, farmers, and labourers, but they resemble their English types in little but name. In Ireland the landlord has been accustomed to erect no buildings, and make no improvements whatever. He is, in general, a mere receiver of rent: his only relation to his tenants is that of a creditor. They look to him for no help, and, on the other hand, he can exercise over them little control. It is very seldom that he prescribes to them any system of husbandry, or, if he do so, that he can safely enforce it. He cannot remove them if dissatisfied with their treatment of the land; still less can he do so for the purpose of throwing farms together, and introducing the processes which require large capitals and large holdings. Even at the expiration of a lease, the landlord who displaces the existing occupier is bold; the tenant who takes his place is rash. With the labourers the landlord has scarcely any relation whatever. If he have any demesne land in his own occupa-

tion, he may of course employ them in cultivating it. But this is seldom the case, or, to speak more correctly, seldom was the case, until the late calamity, by making the cultivation of land unprofitable, threw it in masses, waste and valueless, into the owner's hands. Farming by a gentleman is a trade still more unprofitable in Ireland than in England; and as the landlord does nothing for his tenants, of course he cannot employ labourers on *their* lands.

Again, the Irish farmer is not like the Englishman a capitalist, employing on a tract of perhaps three hundred acres a capital of 3000*l.*, maintaining thirteen or fourteen labouring families, and paying 9*l.* or 10*l.* a week in wages. The Irish farmer occupies from six to twenty acres, the average extent of a substantial farm being perhaps twelve. The farm buildings consist of hovels for the family, the horse, the cow, and the pigs — hovels built by the farmer or by his predecessor with stones and bog timber, and roofed with turf. The value of these hovels, as a foundation for tenant right, with that of the live stock and seed, and a few instruments of agriculture form the capital, which, on a farm of a dozen acres, may amount (exclusively of tenant right) to 20*l.* or 30*l.* 'If I were on my oath,' said one of the witnesses in the Irish Poor Law Inquiry, 'I don't think there is any man with 10*l.* in my town-land. The loss of a cow or two, or of 10*l.*, would either ruin a man, or make a man rich that got it: it would make a gentleman of him in a manner.'* The greater part of the labour required by his farm, so far as it is performed at all — for much that we should think requisite is neglected — is performed by the farmer himself, or by his family; for he seldom ventures to take a farm, or indeed can obtain one, which cannot be cultivated principally by the united labour of the father and mother, sons and daughters. If the family be small, so is the holding.

The labourer, again, is not like the English labourer, a mere cottager working on another man's land and for another man's benefit, and dependent for subsistence on his wages, when in employment, and on his parish when unemployed. He is in general the occupier of a patch of land, from 1 rood to 4 in extent, manured for him by the farmer, on which he raises the potatoes that are to feed his family. For this and for the site of his cabin, which he has probably built himself, he pays a rent worked out in labour. Thus, if the rent for the rood of potato ground be 2*l.* a-year, and that of the cabin 1*l.*, and his labour

He estimated at 6*d.* a day, he works for the farmer 120 days. The rest of his time he gives to his own potato ground or to fairs or wakes, or to cowering over the fire, or, if he is active and enterprising, he comes over to assist in getting in the English harvest, leaving his wife and children to beg during his absence. And if these resources are insufficient, he turns beggar himself.

Now the classes known by the names of landlords, farmers, and labourers in England and in Ireland respectively, must of course have some common attributes, or they would not have received a common name. But we have seen that they are separated by most important distinctions: and among these distinctions are many of their relations to one another, particularly those of the landlord to the labourer. In the agricultural districts of England, that relation nearly approaches that of feudal lord and serf. The labourer is entitled to be maintained in the parish to which, under the settlement laws, he is said to belong. From that parish, therefore, he seldom ventures to move, and to that parish if he do remove and require relief, he is sent back. He is therefore *ascriptus glebæ*. He necessarily acquires or inherits some of the qualities of a serf; he is improvident, and he is helpless. But he is neither idle nor indolent. He is not idle, because he has never been accustomed to seek his pleasures in amusement: *il se divertit moult tristement* in the beer house. He is not indolent, because he has been always accustomed to associate labour with wages, to look at employment as the source of comfort, and want of employment as subjecting him to the insolence of the parochial authorities, and to the *ennui* of the work-house. To which it must be added, that working under the eye of a master, or at piece work, produces habits of unremitted industry which cannot easily be acquired by the man who is his own task master.

On the other hand, the responsibility of his support really falls on the landlord; for though the poor rates are paid in the first instance by the occupier, they are of course eventually deducted from the landlord's rent: the landlord, therefore, has a strong interest in preventing the population of his parish from exceeding the number for whom there is profitable employment! and this interest is so obvious, that when there are more proprietors in a parish than one, they combine to effect it. The number of cottages is carefully kept down; persons not entitled to settlement in the parish, or, as they are usually termed, strangers, are kept out of it, or, if sometimes admitted when single, are sent away as soon as they marry. The necessity of supporting all the settled labourers is a strong motive for em-

playing them; and in fact they perform the whole agricultural work. To a considerable extent they are employed in the execution of the improvements which are effected in England by the landlords; but their principal employers are the farmers, whose time is spent in superintending their farms and disposing of the produce, not in following the plough or using the spade themselves.

Such were landlords, farmers, and labourers in England and Ireland respectively, when the potato crop failed in both countries. The consequence in England was distress; but as the English, like every civilised nation, use many different kinds of food, and employ a large portion of their incomes for purposes other than the purchase of food, the difficulty was met by an increased consumption of other articles, which would otherwise have been given to domestic animals; by a large expenditure in the importation of food from abroad; and by a diminished expenditure in clothes and other commodities not absolutely indispensable.

In Ireland the consequence was Famine: a calamity which cannot befall a civilised nation; for a civilised nation, as we remarked before, never confines itself to a single sort of food, and is therefore insured from great scarcity by the variety of its sources of supply. When such a calamity does befall an uncivilised community, things take their course; it produces great misery, great mortality, and in a year or two the wound is closed and scarcely a scar remains.

This, however, was a conduct which it was impossible to adopt in 1847. The course which an uncivilised country must have taken, which must have been taken by Ireland if it had not formed a part of the United Kingdom, was not open to a country with the power and the responsibility of England. The English resolved that the Irish should not starve. We resolved that for one year at least we would feed them. But we came to a third resolution, inconsistent we fear with the first, that we would not feed them for *more* than a year. How then were they to be fed in 1848, supposing their previous support, the potato, to fail again either by disease or for want of cultivation? The answer, according to English notions, seemed obvious. 'Of course they must be supported by poor rates. Property has its duties as well as its rights. The first duty of the landlords is to employ and support the poor. Bring in a bill extending the Irish Poor Law; commanding the appointment of relieving officers throughout Ireland, commanding them to relieve all the destitute, commanding the guardians of every union to raise the necessary funds, and if they fail to do so,

‘commanding the Poor Law Commissioner, to appoint paid officers in their stead, with unlimited powers of taxation.’

The opposers of such a measure argued that the landlords of Ireland have not, like the English landlords, succeeded to their estates subject to the burden of supporting or employing their poor. That this is no more their peculiar duty than it is that of the tailors of Ireland, or of the druggists of Ireland. That they are not, like the English landlords, assisted in the performance of that duty by a strict law of settlement, by a firm administration of justice, and by the habits of five centuries. That as to employing the poor, it was out of their power, since they had scarcely any land in their own occupation, and could not interfere with that held by the farmers. That the rental of England subject to poor rates is between eighty and ninety millions, and that of Ireland about fifteen: And that the burden which one country bears with difficulty, would crush the other within a very few years after it was imposed. And they asked, whether an Irish lodging-house keeper is bound to maintain all those who have established themselves in his apartments; or an Irish inn-keeper all who have forced their way into his tap-room? And whether occupying a hovel on a hill-side gives to the occupier and his family any better right to require the owner of the soil to support them for ever, than would be acquired against the owner of a house by a family who had hired one of its garrets? The usual answer of the English vulgar, both in Parliament and out of it, was, ‘The English landlords support their poor, therefore the Irish landlords must do so too.’ Forgetting, or perhaps not choosing to know, that the class which we call landlords in Ireland differs from that which we call landlords in England; and differs precisely in the points in which, to enable a poor law after the English fashion to act safely, it ought to coincide.

The act of 1838 had instituted a system of legal charity under strict limitations. Under its provisions Ireland was divided into 130 unions, and subdivided into 2050 electoral divisions, — the average population of a union being 62,884 persons, and its average area 160,000 statute acres; the average population of an electoral division being 4000 persons, and its average area 9200 acres. The unions are provided with 130 workhouses, erected at the cost of about a million sterling, lent for that purpose by the Imperial treasury. We believe that with one exception, that of Newtonards, the Irish unions have repudiated this liability, and while making use of the workhouses, are allowed to refuse or to neglect to repay the principal, or even any interest. Each electoral division in a union contributes its share to the general

expense of the establishment; and is charged separately, in account with the union, for the expenses of the paupers who were resident in it when claimants for relief. So far it resembles an English parish. But instead of rating itself for those purposes as is done by an English parish, it is rated by the union, and the rates, instead of being collected by its own officers, are collected by the officers of the union. A more important difference respects its area and population. Those of an English parish are respectively about 2500 acres and 1050 persons. Those of an Irish electoral division are, as we have seen, respectively 9200 acres and 4000 persons. Another important difference is the incidence of the rate. In England the whole is primarily paid by the occupier. It is only circuitously and when a new bargain is to be made, that it falls on the landlord; and then only as a deduction from his rent. In Ireland the landlord, called there the immediate lessor, pays the whole rate where the tenement is rated at less than 4*l.* a year, and *half* of it, and practically in many cases more than *half*, when the rent is higher.

We have said that it was a system of legal charity carefully restricted. No right to relief was conferred, no obligation to afford it was imposed. The guardians were merely *authorised* to relieve such destitute persons as they, in their discretion, should think fit, and to relieve them only in the workhouse. The check on the abuse of their discretion was a power in the Poor Law Commissioners, in case a board should neglect to perform its duties, to dissolve it and order a new election; and in case of a repetition of the neglect, to dissolve the new board and appoint paid officers to exercise its powers.

During the whole of 1846 and the greater part of 1847, the question as to the maintenance or the extension of the Irish poor law was debated vehemently. but certainly not more vehemently than its importance required.

‘ Neque enim lex ia aut ludicra petebant
Præmia.’

Those who demanded for the Irish people a right to relief unlimited in extent and unrestricted in form, believed that they were asking for something possible, and useful, and just. Those who resisted that demand believed that they were resisting a measure, incapable indeed of complete execution, but quite capable, even in the imperfect degree in which it might be carried out, of destroying what property remained to the landlords, what capital was possessed by the farmers, and what industry, and providence, and domestic affection belonged to the people of Ireland; that they were resisting, in short, a gigantic engine of confiscation and demoralisation.

In that controversy this Journal engaged in the article of October 1846, to which we have already alluded. A far more important part was taken by the House of Lords. A select committee was appointed to inquire into the laws relating to the destitute poor in Ireland. It sat from February till June, examined about fifty different witnesses, almost all of whom had been long and actively engaged in the administration of the Irish poor law, and concluded its labours in a manner now unusual in Parliamentary committees, by agreeing on a report.

As the result of their inquiry, they state that they 'do not hesitate in expressing their decided opinion that the introducing of *any* system of out-door relief would be dangerous to the general interests of the community, and more particularly to the interests of the very class for whose well being such relief was intended.'

The government adopted a middle course. It did not venture to withstand directly the English clamour, which required that the property of Ireland should support the poverty of Ireland. It did not venture to stand by the existing law, which, restricting relief to the workhouse, gave to the guardians a discretionary power to grant or deny it.

But it refused to confer on the able-bodied any *right* to relief; or to authorise the guardians to give to them out-door relief except in food, and under the sanction of the Commissioners, and only when the workhouse, from being full or infected, might be unfit for their reception. The Government further proposed to provide workhouse room for the able-bodied, by authorising out-door relief to the impotent, and to make the relief of the latter, either in or out of the workhouse, a duty incumbent on the guardians.

The Poor Law Extension Act was passed on the 8th of June, 1847; but as the Temporary Relief Act, an act on which we shall not comment at present, was in operation until the end of the following September, the Extension Act cannot be said to have taken full effect until the 1st of October, 1847. It has now been tried, therefore, for only about fifteen months—a time certainly not sufficient to enable us to ascertain from experience what will be its ultimate effects if it remain unaltered, but enough to show what is the direction in which the vessel is steering or drifting, and what is the course to which the helmsman is endeavouring to keep her.

Of these fifteen months, we have detailed information respecting the first eleven, — the last monthly return which we have seen ending the 31st of August, 1848. It is, perhaps, not unfavourable to a fair estimate of the working of the law, that

our information should terminate where it does. In September rumours of another potato failure were spread, and that alarm must have interfered with all social arrangements during the remainder of the year. But the preceding eleven months were disturbed by no peculiar physical calamity. They were not, certainly, a period of prosperity. But they were not a period of famine. There was distress; but it was the result of insecurity, or idleness, or despondency, not of the seasons. It was the act of man, not of God. The Poor Law Commissioners thus characterise the earlier portion of it in their first annual report, dated the 1st of May, 1848.

‘The general harvest (of 1847) was for the most part prosperous; and, contrary to much prediction on the subject, the potato crop showed itself almost universally free from blight, and the produce has since remained generally sound, as is proved by the state of the seed brought into market in this and the last month. The characteristic, therefore, of the present season of distress has been, the very small breadth of land planted with potatoes, causing the great price to which they rose in the market so early as the months of October and November. The price was even then so high as to place the purchase of this food out of the reach of the peasantry, even when employed and in receipt of agricultural wages; and very few of them had ventured to plant this crop, rendered so uncertain by two years’ blight, to a sufficient extent for the sustenance of their families.

‘On the other hand, the large importation of Indian meal into the country has so far reduced the price of that and other descriptions of meal, that the money cost of human subsistence is not much greater now than in seasons when the potato was in greatest abundance. We speak with the more confidence on this point, from the comparison which we are enabled to make of the cost of maintenance in the workhouses, with the cost in former years; which in 1843, 1844, and 1845, was about 1s. 5d. per head weekly, and at the present time about 1s. 6d., taking the average of all the Unions in Ireland

‘Under these circumstances, it was to be expected that the pressure of distress would not show itself so uniformly over the face of the country as in the preceding year. In districts where capital flowed freely, and employment was presented to the people even at moderate wages, they would fare better with the present kinds of food at the present prices than in former seasons. On the other hand, where, from want of enterprise or capital, employment did not present itself, the peasantry, being without the usual resource of potatoes, would necessarily fall into severe privation.’

We are not sure that the last paragraph is not an example of the besetting sin which we have already remarked as misleading

those who speculate on Irish matters — the transferring English notions to that most un-English society.

It seems to assume that the bulk of the Irish, like the bulk of the English, depend on wages — that they are maintained, like the English, by the flow of capital, and by employment being presented to them. The bulk of the Irish peasantry are their own employers — the capital on which they depend is not something flowing from without, but the result of their own labour, and of their own frugality. And nothing is more striking, in the long and intricate history of Irish distress, than the intimate connexion of much of that distress with the carelessness, the inactivity, and the improvidence of the sufferers. We will illustrate this by a few extracts, taken almost at hazard from the vast pile of blue books which form the Relief literature of 1847 and 1848 : —

Extract from the evidence of the Rev. H. Montgomery, taken by the Lords Committee on Colonisation from Ireland, the 18th of June, 1847 : —

‘ I have travelled through a considerable portion of Ireland in the course of the last two years. From Roscommon to Clare on both sides, but especially on the Connaught side of the river, I saw an immense population, apparently almost entirely unemployed, even in the early part of the harvest. In Roscommon, in Galway, and in Clare, there were tens of thousands of people who appeared to be entirely idle, their fields overgrown with weeds, their houses in a state of ruin, their persons foul and wretched, and altogether in a state of destitution which I did not believe existed in any portion of the world. The idleness appeared to be universal ; I saw scarcely any man working. The fields were overgrown with weeds. You might know a potato garden by seeing a green leaf occasionally appearing amidst luxuriant weeds, whilst men and women were standing about, or lying in the ditches in perfect idleness.*

Messrs. Lecky, Thomas, and Carey, the Vice-Guardians of the Ballinrobe, Castlebar, and Westport Unions, to the Poor Law Commissioners, Aug. 31, 1847.

‘ Every holder of a small tenement cultivates his own land, and requires no assistance beyond his own family, and when his crops are sown, there is no one to give him a day’s work : his neighbour is in the same predicament with himself, and the domains of the gentry are few and far between. The very low price of labour here is the natural result ; for even in the busy time of harvest the reaper receives, in general, no more than 8*d.* or 10*d.* per day, without food.

‘ As to the disposition of the labouring classes to find employment for themselves, an observer must arrive at rather an anomalous con-

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 112.

clusion. Experience proves that large numbers of both men and women yearly migrate to other lands to seek employment, and endure much hardship and privation in order to accumulate a small hoard, with which they return to their families; and yet at home the same individuals do not exhibit the same energy of character, neglecting many advantageous employments on their own gardens, in cleaning, weeding, and cultivating the land; and this at a time when the Government has been generously and lavishly supplying all their wants as to food. On Thursday morning last, on a journey of twenty miles from Westport to Ballinrobe, between the hours of 7 and 11, we did not remark a single individual in the fields, and only a few drawing turf from the bogs. And yesterday, between Ballinrobe and Castlebar, except in one or two meadow fields, we made the same observation. If they had the disposition to work, even for themselves, supplied as they are and have been, there is abundant opportunity; but we fear the disposition of the peasantry for honest labour and employment has been deeply and injuriously affected. We are often asked if there will be any public works, and to those we are convinced the people would fly with avidity, as there they would receive as much as their usual rate of wages, and be able to loiter away the time in pretended labour.*

Captain Kennedy, Inspector of the Kilrush Union, to the Commissioners, Feb. 24th and March 16th, 1848. — ‘All who received relief last year (45,000 out of a population of 82,353) expected its continuance, and still continue to importune and besiege the relieving officer. The great difficulty and danger here is in relieving a people who are not disposed to help themselves; and the landlord and tenant class set them the example of doing nothing. They all alike seem ignorant of the use of land, labour, or capital. The farmers who have money, job in meal, instead of growing it. I have no doubt that a large portion of the union will remain uncultivated, the land wasted by a succession of corn crops, and the occupiers without means or manure to put in any other.’†

‘They (the occupiers) seem determined,’ says Mr. Hamilton, the inspector of the Ballina Union, ‘to hold on by their spots of land, in the vain hope that government will both feed them and crop their farms. I was told by a most respectable person, that there are many farmers in this barony (Belmullet) who had plenty of seed last year, but did not sow a single field, in the hope that some person would do it for them; and the same want of energy appears to exist among all classes at this moment.’‡

* Papers relating to the Unions and Workhouses in Ireland, fourth Series, 1847, p. 41.

† Sixth Series, 1848, pp. 796, 797—804.

‡ Fourth Series, p. 87., Nov. 1847.

We have somewhat detailed statistics of the electoral division of Belmullet, from which Mr. Hamilton writes; and of the adjoining division of Binghamstown, both in the union of Ballina and the county of Clare. They contain together 182,376 acres; the population, according to the census of 1841, is 22,775, and the net rental, according to the Poor Law valuation, 10,922*l*. The number of persons rated as occupiers of land, according to the last return, was 392.

By the agricultural returns of 1847, which were made up in October and November in that year, it appears that, of these 182,376 acres, inhabited by 22,775 persons, only 2775 were then in cultivation, and that they were cropped as follows:—

	Acres
Barley - - -	451
Wheat - - -	2
Oats - - -	1057
Bere - - -	5
Rye - - -	20
Beans - - -	3
Potatoes - - -	298
Turnips - - -	600
Mangel Wurzel - - -	25
Flax - - -	8
Other Green Crops - - -	14
Meadow and Clover - - -	392

2775

or deducting the 400 acres of flax, meadow, and clover, 2375 acres producing food consumable by man—about one acre to ten persons.*

Such was the state in 1847, of a district containing a larger area than the county of Middlesex, and a larger population than the county of Rutland.

During the five months immediately succeeding the time when the Extension Act came into operation,—that is to say, from

* ‘Return of Agricultural Produce in Ireland,’ in 1847, p. 8. This return, and that of stock, are most useful documents, and do great credit to the constabulary who executed the enumeration, and to Captain Larcom, who presided over it. It is to be regretted that the return of stock is not given, like that of crops, according to electoral divisions, but according to baronies and unions. We trust that the next returns, which will be still more instructive than these, will be according to electoral divisions.

October, 1847, to February, 1848, both inclusive, — the poor rate collected throughout Ireland exceeded that expended by 220,860*l*. In March the proportions began to alter. In that month the expenditure was 179,151*l*., and the collection 138,449*l*. In April the expenditure was 169,386*l*., and the collection 111,981*l*. In May the expenditure was 164,576*l*., and the collection 114,518*l*. In June the expenditure was 184,385*l*., and the collection 121,571*l*. In July the expenditure was 188,643*l*., and the collection 95,452*l*.

In August, however, the coming in of the potato crop, and we fear the cheapness occasioned by the apprehension that it would not keep, somewhat reduced the expenses. They fell to 152,202*l*., while the collection slightly rose, amounting to 102,107*l*.

How much of this monthly excess was advanced from the Consolidated Fund we do not know. The advances by the British Association were as follows: — March 16,730*l*., April 22,999*l*., May 30,715*l*., June 39,155*l*., July 54,618*l*., and August 37,649*l*. During this period the net amount of debts due from the unions, after deducting the balances in their treasurers' hands, grew as follows: April 200,494*l*., May 209,369*l*., June 229,939*l*., July 262,104*l*., and August 272,295*l*.

The following returns show the progress of out-door relief in numbers, beginning from the earliest period for which we have seen a return, the week ending the 5th February, 1847.

Week ending		Persons.	Week ending		Persons.
5 Feb.	-	445,476	11 March	-	613,563
12 Feb.	-	464,002	18 March	-	568,834
19 Feb.	-	538,078	25 March	-	639,713
26 Feb.	-	537,987	1 April	-	643,999
4 March	-	654,712	8 April	-	638,141*

From this period up to the end of August, we have monthly returns. In April the average number receiving out-door relief was 722,279, in May it was 749,837, in June 805,653, in July 829,352, and in August 555,350. The coming in of the crop having diminished the numbers still more than the expenditure.

The monthly returns contain an important table, containing the proportion per cent. of persons relieved to the population of 1841.

Omitting decimals, it stands thus:—

1848.			1848.		
May.	Ulster -	3 per cent.	July.	Ulster -	3 per cent.
	Munster -	14 per cent.		Munster -	15 per cent.
	Leinster -	7 per cent.		Leinster -	6 per cent.
	Connaught	22 per cent.		Connaught	26 per cent.
June.	Ulster -	3 per cent.	August.	Ulster -	2 per cent.
	Munster -	14 per cent.		Munster -	10 per cent.
	Leinster -	7 per cent.		Leinster -	5 per cent.
	Connaught	25 per cent.		Connaught	18 per cent.

So that at the end of July, 1848, more than a quarter, and at the end of August nearly a fifth of the population of Connaught were supported either by poor rates or by England. In many unions, of course, the number thus supported far exceeded this average. Thus, in Castlebar the proportion in July was 44 per cent.; in Ballinrobe 58, and in Clifden 63 per cent. The number supported by alms being about double that of those who maintained themselves.

Such have been the results of the Poor Law Extension Act, so far as they are expressed merely by figures. We now come to its moral effects.

Under the act of 1838, confining relief to the workhouse, a test, and as experience showed, a sufficient test of the applicants' destitution, was afforded by the terms on which relief was given. Though the food, the lodging, and the clothing of the workhouse are, and indeed must be, far superior to those of the cabin, or even of the cottage, yet such is the dislike among the Irish peasantry of cleanliness, of order, of confinement, and of regular work, however moderate, — such their love, to use Captain Wynne's expression, 'of a combination of dirt, smoke, and warmth,'* — that all but the really destitute avoided it, and none were willing to become destitute in order to be entitled to enter it. And as the inhabitant of the workhouse was powerless, — as he had no means of paying rent or giving labour, — relief in the workhouse was not likely to be made a matter of jobbing or abuse. But, of course, as soon as out-door relief became lawful, there was a general rush on the part of the peasantry to turn it into a means of support, and on the part of the smaller landlords and farmers to make it a source of rent or of underpaid labour.

The 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th volumes of correspondence on the relief of distress and state of the unions in Ireland, show these feelings in action.

One of the most instructive and earliest exhibitions took

* Fifth Series, p. 164.

place in the Newcastle Union, in the county of Limerick. It contains 171,862 acres, 60,000 persons, and the poor law valuation is 109,499 $\frac{1}{2}$. The total land under crops in 1847, exclusive of flax, meadow, and clover, was 24,298 acres. Including them it was 38,722. The horses and mules were 3569, and the cattle 25,308. Among its thirteen electoral divisions is Ballingarry, containing 8679 persons, and 17,735 acres, of which 5094 were under crops, exclusively of flax, meadow, and clover.

On the 3d of October a memorial from 'the starving poor of the parish of Ballingarry,' was presented to the guardians, of which we extract the conclusion.

'There is a God above all, and to his righteous judgment we appeal against your cruel and unnatural neglect of our interests and vested rights.

'We call upon you at once to relieve the class you are legally qualified to relieve, and to obtain, without a day's delay, the powers necessary to save from death those among the able-bodied who are in danger of dying of hunger. It may appear to you, gentlemen, that the able-bodied poor cannot be reduced to such dreadful extremity; but we appeal to our neighbours of the rate-paying classes, we appeal to our clergymen, we appeal to circumstances, to verify our assertions. There is no employment, no harvest work, no drainage, not a single acre in this parish, there are no potatoes; whence, then, are we to procure means to buy meal at 19d. the stone? Our circumstances, we solemnly tell you, are intolerable and desperate; but, even if it were otherwise, it would not justify you in the least. There are certain classes entitled at all times to out-door relief, because they are presumed, and truly presumed by the law, to be destitute; and have you given a single pound of meal to the hundreds in the union included in that unfortunate and peculiarly squalid and miserable class? We ask for right; we ask for justice; we ask for the law. We appeal to God, we appeal to public opinion, we appeal to the Government, to secure for us at your hands that which you justly owe us, and which, up to this hour, you have illegally and culpably, and at the expense of a frightful amount of human suffering, withheld from us.*

The result was, that the Commissioners issued an order under the Poor Law Extension Act, dated the 1st November, 1847, authorising out-door relief to the able-bodied in the Newcastle Union. The first order of the kind which was made.

The following extract from the minutes of the guardians of the 23d November, 1847, shows the effect of the order, and the degree of trust to which the Ballingarry manifesto was entitled: —

'Over 1000 able-bodied persons from Ballingarry, and other elec-

toral divisions, appeared in front of the workhouse, requiring out-door relief; 49 of whom only came into the workhouse, though there are still 60 vacancies.

‘The army and police were in attendance, information having been given to Sub-Inspector Coppinger, by the master, of the intended gathering of these persons.

‘Several able-bodied labourers came before the board, requiring out-door relief. Captain Maxwell, Poor Law Inspector, informed them that it was contrary to law to relieve them outside while there was room in the workhouse, and stated that they would be received at the present moment should they wish to come in; but they declined.’*

A few more extracts will show the progress of out-door relief:—

In November, 1847, Captain Maxwell informs the Commissioners, that in the village of Ballingarry alone there are 1690 inhabitants, and no less than 1519 are on the relief lists; of these, 126 are tradesmen.†

On the 22d November the Commissioners require Captain Maxwell to call upon each relieving officer to explain the course which he had pursued, and, if necessary, to take the evidence on oath on the same subject of intelligent individuals who have witnessed the relieving officer's proceedings. On the 24th he answers—

‘In obedience to your instruction, I examined each relieving officer, and I find that *none* of them have acted up to their instructions. They have but in very few instances visited the dwellings of the applicants for out-door relief. They have not made themselves personally acquainted with the circumstances of each case in their district. At first they contented themselves with admitting on their lists every person recommended to them by the rate-payers; but latterly, considerable reductions have been made. They plead “that their lives are not safe, if they strike off, or refuse applicants for “out-door relief.”’‡

On the 24th of December he says that a witness ‘accused the relieving officer of partiality, but he refused to give me any information on that head, or clue to get at the truth, and said, “he dare not do so: that his life would not be safe if he “did.” I regret to state that, in my opinion, this feeling is universal.’ The feeding of 40,000 persons, out of a population of 60,000 during last year, has been the cause of incredible mischief in this district.§

There is something remarkable in the early period at which

* Fourth Series, p. 187.

† Ibid. p. 209.

‡ Fifth Series, p. 219.

§ Ibid. p. 210.

out-door relief was endeavoured to be enforced by intimidation.

‘There are few gentlemen,’ says Captain Gilbert, the inspector of the Sligo Union, writing December 8, 1847, ‘throughout this hitherto peaceable union who have not received threatening notices; and those who have distinguished themselves most by benevolence and attention to the wants of the poor during the last distress have been particularly marked out.’*

‘There is a feeling,’ says Mr. D’Arcy, inspector of the Ballyshannon Union, writing in Nov. 1847, ‘of general insecurity abroad: some of the *ex-officio* guardians left the Board-room early, not wishing to be out after dark; Captain Johnston mentioned that a report that he was shot had been very general in Sligo; and that it was ominous, as there were frequent instances where murders have been committed of such rumours preceding them: Mr. Dickson stated to me that as he drove into the town, one man remarked to another, alluding to him, “that is the man who is not afraid to drive alone,” which showed that the minds of the people were occupied with such subjects.’†

The Kilrush Union is a sample, and, we are inclined to think a fair sample, of the general state of the County of Clare. The Poor Law valuation is 59,459*l.*; the population in 1841 was 82,353, the area 168,021 acres; of which, in October, 1847, 42,627 were under crops. Flax, meadow, and clover took up 7870 of these, leaving 34,757 for food capable of human use — a proportion more favourable than the average of Connaught. The horses and mules in 1847 were 5545, the cattle 23,327.

We shall give its history for a few weeks at some length.

Captain Kennedy to the Commissioners, November 25, 1847.

‘I attended the weekly meeting of the Kilrush Board of Guardians yesterday.

‘There was a serious press of applicants (many of them removed from want), owing to some popular misapprehension about out-door relief. An offer of the workhouse dispersed them. There were several notoriously bad and turbulent characters among the crowd, whom I observed counselling and inciting the others to clamour for out-door relief and public works.

‘The north and west of the Union, including the divisions of Kilmurry, Kilmacduane, Killard, Kilkee, and a part of Moyarta, are in a most lamentable state. The parts on the coast are most densely populated, with a turf-digging, seaweed-gathering, fish-catching, amphibious population; as bad fishermen as they are agriculturists. They have no regular mode of gaining a livelihood. They are inert, improvident, and utterly without foresight. Lavish and constant expenditure may keep them from starvation, but it will require years of good management and well-devised measures to make them inde-

* Fourth Series, 95.

† Ibid. 103.

pendent or self-supporting. A few acres of reclaimed bog planted with potatoes has heretofore supplied their wants, and rendered them content on the lowest possible scale of existence.

'The district seems swept of food. The small farmers are realising their produce, which they are afraid to keep.

● In the district I have remarked upon, I believe one-third of the population will be utterly without food at Christmas, two-thirds starving before February, and the whole devoid of food or money before May.

'I cannot doubt that all holding over 10 acres (though a small class) are much better off than they appear or are willing to admit.* I have no fears for them. In many cases they have withheld both rent and produce from the landlord; living in a state of unwholesome expectancy of some great social or political change.

'Intimidation paralyses all from high to low.*

'Many of the habitations are no better than a fox earth, and the inmates, in their appearance, clothing, and mode of living, hardly human. This class are comparatively content and uncomplaining.

'Their mode of scratching the land does not deserve the name of cultivation. Their attempts are inferior to that I have seen among North American Indians.

'This division [Moyarta] contains upwards of 10,000 inhabitants upon 13,000 acres, and the net annual value under 5000*l*. Without potatoes, it is a permanent pauper colony; the swarms of children incredible.†

Captain Kennedy to the Commissioners, December 2, 1847.

'I have the honour to submit a report of the following occurrences for the information of the Commissioners. On my arrival at the workhouse at 11 o'clock, a.m. yesterday, I found about 1000 persons assembled in the neighbourhood, and evidently bent upon some general move. I was not long kept in suspense. A few minutes only elapsed when a general cry for out-door relief was set up, accompanied by unmistakable symptoms of turbulence and riot; a plentiful crop of blackthorn sticks appearing above the heads of all.

'At this time a continuous stream of people was observed approaching from the Kilkee district. Colonel Vandeleur, the chairman of the Guardians, and the sub-inspector of police, had gone to Kilkee on magisterial business, but meeting such crowds heading to Kilrush, and learning their object, he prudently returned with the sub-inspector. Seeing the complexion of matters at the workhouse, where the mob had increased to about 3000, he ordered up the police, and subsequently the detachment of troops quartered here.

* Fifth Series, p. 383.

† Ibid. p. 385. According to the agricultural returns, Moyarta contains 8597 persons, and 15,642 acres, of which 4086 are under crops. It appears, therefore, to have been in a better state than the average of Connaught.

‘The leaders of the mob seeing that measures were taken to repress any attempt at violence, left the miserable and really destitute to gain admission, after being nearly trampled to death. The sufferings of the aged and infirm women and infants, trampled upon and trodden down, were really heartrending. About 300 were subsequently admitted.

‘The fact that only about 300 out of 3000 applied to come into the house, denotes the object of the demonstration.’*

‘December 16, 1847.

‘There is an utter absence of employment of any kind, and the idea seems to be abandoned by the poor themselves. A few days since a large number of spades were required for the paupers trenching the workhouse ground; and on inquiry I ascertained that any number up to some hundreds, could be obtained second hand (but good as new) from pawnbrokers and others in the town for 7*d.* each. Sold or pawned by their indolent or despairing owners.

‘A great breadth of the land is in stubble, and this they have no capital or manure to crop, and, worse still, no energy.’†

On the 23d December Captain Kennedy again writes to the Commissioners.

‘On the 20th instant, when I visited the workhouse, I found about 200 men congregated in the day-room with a blazing fire. I inquired why they were not at work, and was answered by a universal clamour, that they were unable. I sent for the medical officer, and had them individually inspected: about thirteen only of the whole number were passed by him as infirm. The remainder I ordered to be put to work in the yard, breaking stones, under gangsmen; remaining till I saw it in operation; at the same time, explaining that their rations would be stopped, if a fair amount of work were not done. The result was, that of these men and their families, to the number of 100, demanded their discharge that evening, and 121 more on the following day.

‘I fully ascertained that these persons came into the house without any necessity or intention of staying, but in the expectation of being discharged on “out-door relief.” When the house became crowded many of them candidly avowed it.

‘I have no doubt that an organised plan to swamp the house in this manner has been suggested to the people, and was for the first time attempted on the 5th instant (*vide* my report of that date), and was only defeated by the energetic measures adopted.

‘Many come into the house, who, on being searched, possess sums of money varying from 1*s.* to 8*s.* and 10*s.*; and one inmate of the workhouse, not many days ago, laid a complaint of having been robbed of 25*s.* in the house.’‡

And again, on the 30th December—

‘About twenty able-bodied paupers, with their families, have

* Fifth Series, p. 386.

† Ibid. p. 387.

‡ Ibid. p. 391.

claimed their discharge this day, which will reduce the number about eighty.

‘These persons came in for the purpose of qualifying for out-door relief, and finding no immediate probability of succeeding in their object, left the house voluntarily, without it. A large number have quitted during the week from the same causes and on the same conditions. The being put to work, and obliged to observe personal cleanliness, are conditions they will not submit to, unless they are absolutely destitute.

‘Every day’s experience convinces me of the danger of giving out-door relief to any of this class, and the necessity of resisting to the utmost limit which prudence or humanity will justify.

‘I had difficulty in inducing the Guardians to adopt this system: trouble to the officers, irregularity, danger of infection, &c., were urged against it.

‘They receive relief in food only, and are quite content with their allowance of meat. Their habitually wretched scale of existence renders them content with anything, and fuel costs them nothing.’

Verbatim copy of a notice posted on Colonel Vandeleur’s gate on the evening of 31st December, 1847.

‘Take Notice Crofton Vandeleure if you dont change your mind and give Relive to the Young as well as the Old, and not to put a stop to the Publicke Worke as you are, and also Captin Kenidy if ye dont be said by this Notice believe me I will do with you as I did with Pirce Carriage, so have your Wills made in time.’

Captain Kennedy writes again to the Commissioners, Jan. 4, 1848.

‘Four persons were this day committed to Ennis gaol to take their trial for posting a threatening notice, and conspiring to shoot C. M. Vandeleur, Esq., and myself. The evidence against them is a man named Curtin.

‘They communicated to him their intention of shooting Mr. Vandeleur, if public work were not immediately given, as they believed he had stopped it; and also to shoot me if I did not give relief to young (*i.e.* able-bodied) as well as old.

‘I went into the Bridewell this morning and immediately recognised all four as persons who had applied for out-door relief; two of whom made themselves remarkable by being unusually importunate, and one, if not two, had left the workhouse voluntarily. They were all of the able-bodied class.

‘The fact of some neighbouring unions giving out-door relief to able-bodied makes our position here more difficult. One sturdy vagabond applied to me the other day. Explained the law, and offered him the workhouse; he replied, “They all get the government relief at Ennis, and if we had Father Sheehan (Roman Catholic curate, Ennis), we would all soon have it here.”

' I may remark that no proper object has been refused relief either in or out of the workhouse.'*

We now come to the Scariff Union, partly in Clare and partly in Galway. The population is 53,563; the valuation 44,609*l.*, the acreage 168,048. Only 23,461 acres were, in October 1847, under crops, of which 6699 were in flax, meadow, and clover, leaving 16,762 for food consumable by man. The horses and mules, in 1847, were 3146, the cattle 15,833.

Captain Hart to the Commissioners, December 11, 1847

' The state of things here is difficult to be dealt with, owing to a large admixture of turbulent able-bodied single men, and others not in distressed circumstances, who evidently entertain the notion that it needs but a due exhibition of physical force to induce an indiscriminate issue of out-door relief, seeing that the workhouse, which was constructed for 600, now contains nearly 800 inmates.

' On Tuesday last, I had to seize a turbulent fellow (a single man) who had forced his way with others into the house; and on my having his name registered, as a warning to others, and ordering that no relief should ever be given to him except inside the house, he insolently replied, that he would "*rob and steal sooner than come into the work-house,*" and that "*all the people had a right to get the out-door relief.*"

' I should not have deemed such matters as these worthy of mention, were it not that they abundantly exemplify what must inevitably be the demoralising effects of out-door relief to able-bodied men, should such an expedient unhappily ever have to be resorted to—a crisis which I can view in no other light than as an unmingled and dire calamity, which will speedily extinguish in the breasts of its recipients every principle of self-reliance, and swallow up the property of the country; for, judging from past experience, it is utterly futile to expect that any adequate check can be interposed, especially at this early stage of the administration of the new laws for the relief of the poor, to prevent an almost indiscriminate issue of relief; as when once it is believed that the destitution has extended beyond the power of being met by local taxation, every barrier to abuse will, I fear, be at once levelled, and the same general rush made for the "Government relief" as took place under the system of relief by Public Works, and subsequently by the issue of rations, when the detection of the most shameless imposition was usually met by the reply, that "one man had as good a right as another to get a share of the Government relief."*

Cahiriveen Union. — Colonel Clarke to the Commissioners, December 10, 1847.

' There is no possibility of finding accommodation sufficient to give the workhouse test a full and fair operation. It is computed

* Fifth Series, p. 395.

† Ibid. p. 447.

that there are 10,500 destitute individuals in the Union, being able-bodied labourers, not possessing land, and their families. How these persons existed in former years, is one of those Irish problems most difficult of solution; but I believe that to relieve one of them, and not another, would be a positive injustice; all being equally destitute. I am perfectly convinced that, even supposing the Guardians were in possession of sufficient funds, they are totally incapable of carrying out any measures of relief to any such extent; and, though I might lecture on the subject daily and hourly, and every word be most fully acquiesced in, there would be no practical result.*

‘Unfortunately, in this country, charitable or local funds are looked upon as common property, of which every man is entitled to a share, without reference to his circumstances. Parents, however well off, will have their adult children placed on the poor lists, and use every deception as to the ages of the younger children, which is now daily practised at the workhouse, in order to obtain a higher scale of diet. I am, therefore, induced to believe that there will be at least 6000 persons on the out-door relief lists; the cost of these for 25 weeks, at the most moderate calculation, will be 8000*l.*; to raise this sum from the Union, would require a rate of nearly 7*s.* in the pound. I have before had the honour of submitting to you my opinion that the levy of any rate, in addition to that now in course of collection, would be hopeless. If the Guardians can carry on the workhouse, with the auxiliary building, it will be the extent of their powers.’†

Mohill Union. — Major Halliday to the Commissioners, January 21, 1848.*

‘The number of names now on the out-door relief list exceeds 3000, and must be expected largely to increase for several weeks; but the relieving officers have been able hitherto to avoid taking on it any able-bodied males, by offering to applicants of this class admission to the workhouse, *which is almost invariably declined.*

‘They all concur in stating, that if any of these shall be relieved out of doors, *they will universally throw themselves on the list, and abandon such employment as they at present can at times obtain from the farmers or otherwise.*’†

The opinion reported by Major Halliday in the last sentence, is remarkably confirmed by a circumstance which has come to our knowledge while these pages are passing through the press. A great proprietor in Kerry has directed a considerable sum to be employed there in drainage. He finds, however, the pauperism undiminished, and the explanation is, that those who have once received relief are spoilt for work. They are absolutely valueless as day labourers, and if employed on task work, throw up their little contracts, candidly confessing that they

* Fifth Series, p. 575.

† Ibid. p. 585.

‡ Ibid. p. 195.

prefer their chance of Union support. A friend of ours near Limerick, a few days ago, ordered four pair of shoes. His shoemaker refused the order, as it might interfere with his relief.

Of course we could extend almost indefinitely these pictures of sloth, fraud, violence, and misery : for long as these extracts are, they form a very minute portion of the vast Relief library before us. Enough, however, perhaps more than enough, has been produced to show the wisdom of Mr. Twistleton's prophecy — ' that it would be a fatal step to introduce any system of outdoor relief for the unemployed population of Ireland.' * Those who believe that a population in the state which now appears to be that of the southern and western Irish can safely be told that the fundamental law of human society has been repealed in their favour, and that, though they do not work, they yet shall eat ; who believe that a people, such as the evidence now shows those of Munster and Connaught to be, will fight the anxious battle which man has to wage for subsistence, though they are told that it is the duty of the rate-payers, and, in default of them, of that being of inexhaustible resources, the British Government, to assist them when they make inadequate efforts, and supply their place when they make none — those who can believe all this, are beyond the reach of any arguments drawn from theory, or even from experience.

We may be asked, however—for it is a question which we have often heard put—what else would you have done—what do you propose to substitute? We are not sure that this is a question which an objector to out-door relief for such a population is bound to answer. If we saw a man with a wound in his leg, busily employed in tearing it wider and deeper, we might be allowed to advise him to desist, without being required to direct his further proceedings. If he asked us what else he should do, we might be permitted to answer, ' All that we know is, that what you are doing is wrong ; that every time you tear that wound you inflame it. What you ought to do, or whether you ought to do any thing, we will not venture to say ; but, for heaven's sake, stop your hands in what you are about !'

Some answers, however, we will endeavour to give to this question ; some measures we will venture to suggest.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that any remedies for the social diseases of Ireland must, like those diseases themselves, be divided into two classes, the moral and the physical. The most striking and the most important moral disease of Ire-

* House of Lords Evidence on Destitute Poor in Ireland, 1846, p. 780.

land is insecurity.* The remedies against insecurity are supplied partly by law and partly by education. Of these, perhaps, education is the more important. It is not, indeed, independent of law. However excellent the instruction, however wide its diffusion, still in every large society there are some persons whom it does not affect. Their intellects are not strong enough to understand it, or the violence of their passions prevents their heeding it, or they have not sufficient self-control to obey it. Such persons must be restrained by fear, and where fear is insufficient, by force; and force and fear are the weapons only of law. But law, though it represses violence and fraud, does not even attempt to diminish the rapacity and ferocity which occasion them. This it leaves to education; and where education has not, at least to some extent, performed its duty, where it has not trained up a considerable portion of the community to be the enemies of crime, where it has not created a public opinion to aid the law, both legislator and administrator become feeble.

No employment of fear or of force can permanently prevent the prevalence of outrage and robbery in an uneducated community. Nowhere are these instruments more powerful, nowhere is their use more unscrupulous than in slave countries, and nowhere is there less security of person or of property. In the first place punishment is a comparatively remote evil, and depends on detection: but neither distant nor contingent motives much affect an uneducated man. To obey, or even to appreciate them, requires much cultivation. And, in the second place, no law can be vigorously executed unless the mass of the people assist in its execution; and they never will assist in repressing crime unless they are sufficiently educated to perceive its mischief.

The principal educators of every Christian country must be its clergy. The amount of their influence, and the direction in which it is exercised, of course depend much on the purity of their doctrine and their own intellectual and moral cultivation. They depend, perhaps, still more on the relation in which the priest stands to his flock. If he belong to the mass of the people by birth, by connexions, and by early education,—if his only experience in life has been the cabin, the village school, the ecclesiastical seminary, and the parochial cure,—if he be dependent on his flock for society, for sympathy, and for income, how can we expect him to teach any opinions except those which that flock approves? This, as we have often said before, is an important part of the long explanation of the insecurity of Ireland. The legal instruments for the suppression of outrage are actually more powerful in Ireland than in England. The law is more stringent;

there is a much larger army, and a much stronger police. But in England every thing tends to attach the great body of the instructors of the people to the side of order and law. By birth, by manners, and by education, they belong to the class which is supposed to have most to lose by disorder, and which certainly is most conscious of the advantages of tranquillity. With that class alone can they associate familiarly; and that class contributes the small portion of their incomes which is not derived from a national fund. The whole influence, therefore, of the Church of England is conservative.

The same train of reasoning would lead us to expect the whole influence of the Irish Roman Catholic priests to be destructive. This, however, it certainly is not. The Irish Roman Catholic clergy, whatever be their other deficiencies, are sincere in their faith. They cannot believe in the Gospels and preach assassination or rebellion. The events of the last six months show that their influence, so far as it was exerted at all, was exerted against the insurrection. But though they have very seldom been the active enemies of authority, they have very seldom been more than its lukewarm friends. In many cases, perhaps in most, they have not ventured to be more than neutral. Those who have been prominent in the repression of sedition have encountered dangers, and indeed sufferings, to confront which required the self-devotion of a martyr. We know one case, in which a priest was murdered for having denounced outrage and rebellion. Others have had their chapel doors nailed up; and almost all the rest have found their incomes cease. They have had to choose between rebellion and starvation.

On other social questions, where they were less tied down by the express words of Scripture, their dependence on their flocks has forced them to take the dangerous side. They have been the great supporters of repeal, — the most mischievous delusion that ever infected the Irish nation. They have always encouraged early marriages, and their consequence, the subdivision of the land into occupancies incapable of affording rent or even decent subsistence. They are the natural enemies of good poor-law administration. If relief be given in the workhouse the priest gets nothing, and accordingly he always exerts himself in favour of out-door relief. We know one case, and believe that there are hundreds, in which a priest cursed from the altar all who should enter the workhouse. ‘Rather,’ he said, ‘die in your cabins or by the road-side. Your deaths will be upon the heads of those who refused you out-door relief.’ But in proportion as out-door relief is profuse, or is

given to those who have other means of support, something will overflow in dues. Again, the priest, as he is scarcely ever an owner, and often is not an occupier, of land, is seldom, and then very lightly, rated to the poor. While out-door relief is swallowing up the landlords' rents and the tenants' profits, the priest can indulge his sympathy for his neighbour or for his relation without making any real sacrifice himself.

It is true that these evils are not completely remediable. The bulk of a Roman Catholic clergy cannot be gentlemen; for men who belong by birth or by habits to the higher classes will rarely submit to the perpetual celibacy and to the laborious duties of a Roman Catholic parochial clergyman. The education which is given by society, which is gained from equals and rivals in the public school, the university and the world, is denied to them. But we can give to them what, though far inferior, is next best,—a good literary education; though we cannot make them independent of their flocks for sympathy and for society, we can relieve them from pecuniary dependence. And the more exposed they are to bad influences, which are inevitable, the more important it is that we should extricate them from those which are removable.

The least expensive, and, supposing it once carried, the easiest in application of the remedies required by Ireland, is the endowment of the Catholic clergy; and we earnestly recommend that the salaries of the priests of every electoral division be rated, just as the tithe rent of the Protestant clergyman is, to the relief of the poor of that district, and the poundage paid over to the guardians.

To talk of the expense as a real objection, is puerile. It would not cost half what we spend on the African squadron, with no ascertainable results except the loss of officers and men, the interruption of the commerce of the world, the suspicion or hatred excited against us among all foreign nations, and the aggravation of the horrors of the slave trade. It would not cost half the expense of the armed force that it would enable us to reduce in Ireland. It would not cost one-tenth of the additional revenue which Ireland, in a merely tolerable state of security, would pour into our Exchequer: and, above all, it would not, like a Caffre war, or a Canadian fortification, be a new expenditure. It would only be shifting an existing load from the shoulders of the poorest, to those of the richest population in the world. It would be only relieving the Irish poor from a tax which must be paid either by them or by us, and which is now paid by them only because we have taken from them and appropriated,—and

continue to appropriate—to purposes of our own the fund which originally supplied it.

Some additional provisions for security, such as the increase of the number of stipendiary magistrates, and the abolition of that monstrous relic of barbarism, the requiring unanimity from juries, are advisable, but less urgent.

But moral remedies must here again be supported by physical ones. No country can be tranquil or industrious in which the proportion of people to the land and capital which employ and support it, is so excessive as to leave them unemployed and destitute, or even unemployed without being destitute, during a considerable portion of every year. This is well illustrated in the excellent evidence given by Mr. Aubrey de Vere, before the committee of the House of Lords, on Colonisation, on the 19th July, 1847. (P. 513. and *post.*)

‘It must be remembered,’ says Mr. De Vere, ‘that the immediate effect of over-population, when excessive, is to interfere with the ordinary relations of society, and still more with the processes of agriculture, in such a manner as to make it almost impossible that money can be laid out productively. The farmer builds his sheds for his cattle; in the spring he has one or two calves; four or five armed men come up to him, and make him swear that he will kill his calves because his poorer neighbours require the milk. The effect of such outrages on improved cultivation is obvious.

‘4729. Have not there been many instances during the present year in which a species of tariff has been established by the disturbers of the peace under which a large farmer is allowed to rear not exceeding two calves, another is allowed to rear one, and a third is prohibited from rearing any?—Yes; that is perhaps a more dangerous symptom than those occasional outbreaks of lawlessness which occur at other times. It illustrates the tendency of a very great amount of over-population to abolish the very idea of property,—making the people believe that the produce of the land belongs virtually to all on the land, and that they have a right to legislate as they think best as to the mode of its distribution.

‘4731. Do the same interferences take place with respect to the sale and price of potatoes?—Yes. A farmer receives notice that his potatoes are required to be sold at such a price, or that he must be prepared to undergo whatever penalty the people choose to inflict upon him. This has frequently occurred.

‘Then supposing the labourer to be perfectly desirous to give honest labour in return for the wages he receives, he is almost as unable to do this, as the farmer is unable to cultivate the crops which he prefers. He is one of a certain number of people, all of whom require employment. If the employment is only sufficient for fifty men, and a hundred require employment, the remaining fifty will of course induce or compel the fifty who have received the employment to give such inefficient work as to render the employment of the hun-

dred men necessary. If the hundred men should be all employed, but if the work be calculated to last only for six months, whereas the hundred labourers require subsistence for the whole year, they will naturally make the work last for the year, and any particular individual amongst them who wishes to make himself what is called better than his neighbour, is a man very injurious, as they think, to the community, and gets a hint to that effect. All the relations of society are thus embittered, and the impatience of the disease resists the measures necessary for the cure. Every part is sore, and shrinks from the touch; every part is armed, and stings the hand that would heal it.

‘ The failure of the recent attempt to support the people of Ireland by means of work on the public roads, is but an illustration on a large scale of a difficulty which besets all attempts to give employment where the pressure of population is such as to paralyse that employment which a less excessive pressure would have stimulated. The labour required was met by a combination. That is a fact that speaks for itself; every body knows it; no person ought to have been surprised at seeing it occur. Those who were well acquainted with Ireland knew that the circumstance was certain to occur, because the same principle of combination has long since prevailed amongst our labourers, although in an occult shape, and has, in an indirect manner, produced the same results; that is to say, by a kind of understood convention amongst the labourers, work has been done badly, and done slowly. While in England you have paid 1*s.* 6*d.* for labour, and have got 1*s.* 6*d.* worth of work, in Ireland we have paid 8*d.* for labour, and got 6*d.* worth of work; combination supplanting competition, and making labour expensive where the labourers were numerous.

‘ 4743. Does this pressure of a population in excess act dangerously upon the peace of the country? — It renders it impossible to maintain the peace in many of those districts in which the pressure is very much felt, because it reduces us to a state in which you may say that every one is in every one else’s way. In England every one is socially dependent upon his neighbour; the intertexture of society is so finely wrought that every man is the better for his neighbour, and so far has a sort of vested interest in his life; but in Ireland the people are competitors and rivals, and angry feelings are thus necessarily engendered. For this reason it has been found hitherto very difficult to preserve the peace in Ireland, even in times of comparative abundance. We have now met with a calamity which has very much the same effect as if some two millions of people had been added in one year to our population, a proportionate amount of food having been withdrawn. Under these circumstances the insecurity of property and the difficulty of maintaining the peace must proportionately increase.

‘ 4759. With respect to the general interests of your electoral division, how do you find that the state of the neighbouring less improved electoral divisions acts upon you? — Very injuriously. That is one of our great difficulties. In a neighbouring electoral division, a large

proportion of the holdings consist of about three acres each. If each of those farms supports the person who possesses it, even supposing that no rent is paid, it is probably the very-most that we can expect. A rate certainly cannot be levied upon such farms.

‘There are a very considerable number of acres in that electoral division which have remained altogether unsown and waste. Adjoining us is the electoral division of Kildimo; in it, no considerable proprietor resides, and there is no chance of employment on a large scale. Supposing that in the two adjoining electoral divisions the people are destitute, and that a very inconsiderable rate is the utmost that can be raised for their support, we shall be in the difficult position of supporting our own people in the midst of a starving multitude on each side of us, and the question is, whether that multitude will be content to starve and see their neighbours provided for. As soon as we set 200 men at work, 200 more men will probably, if not otherwise provided for, march down with their spades on their shoulders, and demand a share in that work.’

The degree in which Ireland is over-populous, may perhaps be best understood by comparing her to England.

Unfortunately the agricultural statistics of England are very defective. We are not acquainted with any estimate later than that furnished by Mr. Couling to the Emigration Committee in 1827, and published (p. 361.) in the appendix to the third Report, ordered to be printed on the 29th June, 1827. It has been adopted, however, by Mr. Porter, and with a slight variation, by Mr. M'Culloch, and so far as it differs from the truth, must obviously err in leading us to under estimate the *present* amount of agricultural improvement.

According to that estimate, the 32,342,400 acres of England, comprised 25,532,000 in cultivation, of which 10,252,600 were arable and garden, and 15,379,400 meadows and pastures. The number of agricultural families appears, by the census of 1831, to have been then 761,348.

The surface of Ireland, according to the census of 1841, (p. 453.) contains 20,808,271 statute acres, of which only 13,464,300 were then cultivated. Of these, in 1847, only 5,238,575 were under crops, thus subdivided: cerealia 3,313,579, green crops, 727,738, flax, 58,312, and hay, 1,138,946.* The agricultural families were returned by that census as 974,188. So that more than one fourth more families were employed in cultivating about half the extent of cultivated land.

The disproportion is still more striking when we look at the details. The arable and garden ground in England, consisted, as we have seen, of 10,252,000 acres. In Ireland, in 1847, only

* Agricultural Return, pp. 6. 8.

5,238,575 acres were under crops, of which 1,138,946 produced hay, so that only 4,099,629 remain for arable and green crops, or less than four acres and a half to an agricultural family. In England the proportion of arable and garden ground is rather more than thirteen acres and a half to an agricultural family. Just three times as much. Of course when we come to the distressed provinces, the disproportion increases. In Leinster and Ulster the agricultural families were 483,845. In Munster and Connaught they were 492,343. The cultivated land in Leinster and Ulster was 7,368,727 acres, in Munster and Connaught, 6,095,573. The land under crop in Leinster and Ulster was 3,284,259, or, deducting 714,488 of meadow and clover, 2,469,771 acres. That in Munster and Connaught, was 1,950,316, or, deducting meadow and clover, 1,526,658 acres,—not three acres and a rood to an agricultural family, or more than four times as many agricultural families to a hundred acres under crop as in England.

Now in 1831, the agricultural population of England in proportion to the land under cultivation, and to the capital employed on it, was in excess. It was the time when agricultural labourers were driven from farm to farm as roundsmen, were sold by auction at 2*d.* per head per day, were harnessed on the roads to gravel carts, were sent ten miles to carry a barley straw and bring back a wheat straw, were imprisoned in the gravel pit, or kept standing morning after morning in the parish pound. It was the time when farmers could not safely use machinery, when labour rates were sanctioned by law, when Wilmot Horton lectured on redundant population, and emigration was as vehemently demanded for England as it now is for Ireland. What then is to be done with an agricultural population more than four times as excessive in proportion to the demand for its labour as one which itself was excessive? How are we to remedy a disproportion between cultivators and cultivated land, the greatest that has ever pervaded a civilised country?

The remedies applied to the excessive population of England were, a much stricter administration of the Poor Laws; the withdrawing, as far as the inveterate abuses of the country and the inveterate prejudices of London would allow it, all out-door relief from the able-bodied; and a great extension of cultivation. And the evil has been much mitigated. Were it not for the Irish immigration it would probably be cured. The evil to be contended with in Ireland is, as we have seen, more than four times as great.

When we last considered this subject, we remarked, 'that from an early period of the present distress two modes of

‘meeting the calamity presented themselves; which have since acquired greater distinctness in people’s minds, and have been acted upon in a more and more systematic manner. The first of these was to stimulate the industry of the people, to augment the productive powers of the soil, and to promote the establishment of new industrial occupations, so as to cause the land once more to support its population, and to substitute a higher standard of subsistence and a higher tone of popular character for those which prevailed before. The other plan was to relieve the mother country by transferring large masses of people to the colonies; and great efforts were made to obtain the command of public funds to assist in paying the expense of this emigration.’*

We attached then, and we attach now, great importance to the first of these remedies. We still think that much may be done, and therefore ought to be done, to stimulate the industry of the people, and to augment the productive powers of the soil. And the figures with which we have filled the last few pages show that there are great materials for the purpose. While, of the whole land of Ireland, not much more than one half is cultivated; while, of that under cultivation, not one half is under crops; while all the corn and beans, green crops, flax, and hay, of Ireland are raised from only 5,238,575 acres, out of 20,808,271, it is obvious that a large portion of the means of profitable and permanent employment which Ireland offers to her agricultural population is still wasted.

The neglected means of profitable, but temporary employment, are still greater. It is generally admitted that of the 6,290,000 acres now utterly waste, 1,425,000 might, with profit, be made fit for tillage, and 2,330,000 for pasture. And that by far the greater portion of the 13,464,300 acres now called cultivated, might return to the application of an enormous amount of labour employed in drainage and other permanent improvements, not merely an agricultural, but a mercantile, almost an usurious, rate of profit.

Still, however, it must be recollected that the reclamation of every portion of Ireland that is not utterly impracticable mountain or bog, would give a cultivatable surface of only 17,219,300 acres, to be cultivated by 974,188 agricultural families. We have seen that in England, in 1831, on 25,532,000 cultivated acres, 761,348 families appeared to be an excessive agricultural population. What reason have we then for hoping that

17,219,300 acres would afford sufficient employment to 974,188 families?

It must further be recollected that this number, 974,188, is not unsusceptible of increase: up to the present time every relaxation of the iron pressure which keeps down Irish population, has been instantly followed by a proportionate, or by a more than proportionate expansion. No one can doubt that if Ireland had been originally one third larger than it is, the only consequence would have been one third more of misery. No one can doubt that if the 8,755,000 acres which it is now proposed to reclaim had been reclaimed sixty years ago, the only consequence would have been, that we should now have 1,300,000 agricultural families instead of 974,188; 10,500,000 Irish instead of 8,000,000; 1,200,000 paupers instead of 900,000. The remedies which are intended to act by diminution of population, if they fail, do no harm; and if they succeed, must be beneficial. Those which increase the field over which population can spread may effect their immediate purpose; and yet ultimately produce calamities worse than those which they were employed to palliate. The evidence of Mr. Blacker, of Arnagh, the justly celebrated writer on small farms and green crops, given to the Committee of the House of Lords on Emigration in 1847, is very instructive. He begs the committee to remember that unless the habits of the people can be changed, no enlargement of farms will be permanent. The farms, he says, fifty years ago were larger than any that can now be hoped for, and yet they were subdivided; and so will be any that we can now create, unless the tenants have sufficient wealth, enterprise, and knowledge, to look beyond their land for a provision for their children.

He is asked,

‘ 2199. At that former period to which you refer was there not a disposition rather to subdivide land, and is there not at the present moment a strong disposition to guard against such subdivision?—I do not think there is any feeling upon that subject, be it ever so strong, that will prevent the subdividing of land by will by the original possessor, particularly on large estates, in order to provide for his descendants, where the father has no other means of doing so. The subdivision takes place without any outward or visible sign; the family may all continue to live together, and the land may be held apparently without being allotted to any particular member of the family; but it is not the less real upon that account, and at the end of the lease there may be found three or four families under the same roof holding different portions of the original holding.

‘ 2200. The question alludes not to what a person might wish to do for his own descendants, but is there not, on the part of inheritors

of lands, a strong disposition now to prevent such subdivision? — There is, certainly, *and there always has been*; but you cannot avoid it.

‘2201. Was there that disposition formerly? — In almost all cases.

‘2202. Was there not formerly a great tendency to increase the subdivision for political purposes? — That is a point that has been often urged. I have no doubt that there may have been different instances of landlords being so reckless as to divide their property for that object, but I do assert that it was more taking advantage of a subdivision they could not help, to make a vote, than making the subdivision for the sake of the vote; and I will state the grounds which I have for that opinion: that is, that the glebes of clergymen and the lands of the church could not by any subdivision have given a vote, yet the glebes of clergymen are more subdivided than any other lands in Ireland.

‘2204. Do not you think that the middle-man had a stronger interest in subletting than the proprietor would have? — The fact is, that the subdivision of land rather arises from dividing it by will than from any other cause. Suppose a man has twenty acres, and he dies, he has not a farthing to leave to his younger children, and he leaves them five or six acres of his land.

‘2208. Middle-men have no interest in the reversion of the land, and the proprietors of land have? — Undoubtedly that is the case; but under the circumstances I have alluded to it will be very difficult to prevent subdivision.’ *

Passing by, however, for the present, these eventual dangers, let us consider what are the immediate obstacles to an extensive amelioration of the soil of Munster and Connaught. If we suppose a man to be the sole proprietor of an electoral division — that is to say, of an estate equal in extent to more than three average English parishes; that his tenants hold at will, or for short terms; that the proportion of population to the land is so moderate, that freedom of action is not circumscribed by the tyranny described by Mr. de Vere, but the landlord is allowed to improve, the farmer to manage, and the labourer to work without being under the orders and the terrors of a secret tribunal; that the surrounding electoral divisions are also so favourably circumstanced, that their inhabitants will not invade any new oasis of prosperity, derange the proportions of population and employment, and prescribe the amount of industry that is to be exerted, and the manner of its application — if we suppose all these favourable accidents to coincide, such a proprietor would do wisely, if out of his own resources, or by the assistance of the Land Improvement Act, he expended on his lands perhaps half, perhaps

* Evidence, p. 228.

the whole value of their fee simple in their present state. But where, in Munster and Connaught, shall we find such a coincidence?—in 200 cases?—in 100?—in 50? If all these conditions can rarely co-exist, which of them can be dispensed with? Can the proprietor of a portion of an electoral division prudently improve? If he do so, what is he doing but providing a fund to be eaten away by the spreading sore of his neighbour's pauperism? Can he do so when his land is in the hands of middle-men, or tenants for terms, who for years must reap the whole profit of his expenditure? Can he do so when pressed on by an excessive, and therefore idle, and therefore demoralised population in his own electoral division, or in those around him, which impedes, or forbids, or dictates his own operations and those of his farmers and of his labourers?

This is not mere theory; we will illustrate it by an example.

We have given some details as to the state of the Belmullet and Binghamstown electoral divisions, part of the Barony of Erris, in the Ballina Union.* On the 15th of February, 1848, Mr. Hamilton, the Inspector, writes to say that one of the principal landlords, Mr. Carter, has applied for, and obtained, 5000*l.* under the Improvement Act.*

On the 30th of March Mr. Carter writes thus to the Commissioners:—

‘I have the honour to enclose you a copy of a letter I this morning received from Mr. Crampton, the agent of my estate, in Erris, county Mayo. I am most anxious to lay out the money applied for and granted, but the contents of this letter certainly cause me to pause before I take up 5000*l.* to be expended in increasing the burdens of the land in Erris, without a prospect of redemption.

‘*Enclosure.*—Mr. Crampton to Mr. Carter, March 28, 1848.

‘I learn at the Custom House that your application under the Land Improvement Act for the drainage of your Erris estates has been approved of to the extent of 5000*l.*, and that you will very shortly be placed in possession of an instalment of this sum. However, as it would interfere with the spring work, and so tend to destroy the very slender prospect of any harvest this year in that country, if you now commence operations, they must necessarily be postponed till summer.

‘Previous, however, to your embarking in this expenditure, I wish to lay before you as clearly as I can the present state and prospects of Erris generally, that you may judge for yourself whether by this expenditure you would improve your estate there, or whether, on the contrary, by adding so much to its incumbrances, you will only be accelerating its ruin.

* Sixth Series, p. 221.

'The valuation of the two electoral divisions, Belmullet and Binghamstown, in which your estate lies, under the Poor Law, is under 12,000*l.* a-year; this sum is not very much less than the amount of rent which was paid (before 1846), by the occupying tenants to their immediate landlords; at present small holders (who occupy more than nine-tenths of the country), are able to pay no rent whatever.

'The population of these two electoral divisions, which, before 1846, was considerably over 20,000, is now (as well as an estimate can be made) under 20,000; about one sixth of this population are resident on those parts of your estate which are not leased against you in perpetuity, and about another sixth on those townlands which are.

'Out of this population upwards of 10,000 are now receiving relief daily under the Poor Law, at the expense of upwards of 250*l.* a-week; that is, at the rate of upwards of 13,000*l.* a-year (more than the entire rental of the two divisions even in flourishing times). This relief is administered with the utmost vigilance, and the utmost care taken that none except those actually starving shall be relieved, so that there is no hope that the expense will be diminished; on the contrary, it is certain that it will considerably increase: destitution among the population yet off the lists increasing more rapidly than deaths occur among the paupers who are on; deaths among the paupers being the only circumstance by which the numbers receiving relief are or can be diminished.

'As might be imagined, the proceeds of the poor-rate are by no means equal to this enormous expenditure; the British Association are supplying the funds, and will probably do so till next harvest; however, they cannot and will not continue to do so, and as the people are supported in what is as bad as idleness, and the arable land is suffered to lie waste, *there is no hope that the country can support itself when the British Association shall cease to give assistance.*

'It is for you to consider whether, under these circumstances, the 5000*l.* granted to your application under the Land Improvement Act, will not (if laid out in Erris) be utterly lost, while you will remain personally liable to 650*l.* a-year for interest.

'If the Government will do nothing, and at the same time insist that proprietors must support the destitute on their estates (that is, on your paying 2000*l.* a-year for poor-rate for your Erris estate, which would be about your proportion, while you at the same time get nothing out of it), I would say the sooner you got rid of that property the better, and that your laying out money on it, with these facts clearly before you, would be an act of deliberate folly.'

The Commissioners refer Mr. Crampton's statement to their inspector. He answers —

'April 4, 1848.

'I think Mr. Crampton's letter is not by any means an exaggerated statement.

'The present expenditure is about 250*l.* a-week, and a considerable

portion of the persons now receiving relief are permanently pauperised, unless some unexpected demand for labour should arise.

The correspondence closes by a letter from the Commissioners to Mr. Carter, in which they state their opinion that—

‘It is only by the adoption of means to encourage agricultural undertakings, independently of the poor-rates, that any progress can be made in ameliorating the condition of the labouring population, and lessening the pressure on the resources of the rate-payers. The Commissioners would be gratified to know that such means were applied by the owners of the lands heretofore cultivated, but now waste; and were all to adopt your proposition of giving the land rent free, at first, there would, it is presumed, be found persons of the requisite skill and capital, to migrate to that district.’*

We are not informed as to the result. We presume that Mr. Carter declined the proposed loan. The reader will judge whether it is equally probable that the plan alluded to by the Commissioners, ‘that the landlords should give their lands rent free, and that persons of skill and capital should migrate to Erris in order to cultivate them,’ has been adopted.

What is impossible, however, to private enterprise may, it has been supposed, be effected by the Government; and several proposals have lately been made for the reclamation of the waste lands of Ireland at the expense of the state. In support of these views, the high authority of the Irish Commissioners of Poor Law Inquiry has often been cited; but it appears to us erroneously. What the Commissioners proposed as respects Irish wastes, was merely a general enclosure act. They recommended the establishment of a board of improvement and a court of review. The duty of the board was to make a survey, valuation, and partition of the waste lands of Ireland. It was further to make the roads and main drains, and to receive an allotment by the sale of which the expense was to be defrayed. The rest was to be allotted to the proprietors of the waste, each owner being allowed to let his allotment or any portion for sixty years to a tenant undertaking to enclose and cultivate it to the approbation of the board; and also, with the like approbation, to alienate in fee a portion to a person or company undertaking to enclose and cultivate the remainder. The Court of Review was to solve all legal difficulties, with an appeal to the House of Lords.

This was a simple plan, well adapted to the wants of the year 1836, when the obstacle to the cultivation of the waste arose merely from intricacy of title; but does not attempt to meet the present difficulty, which, indeed, did not then exist;

when the obstacle is, that in the face of the poor-rate it is not worth cultivating.

Then came Mr. Thornton, writing in 1845, before the potato had failed, and believing (p. 430.) that two or three acres furnish plentiful subsistence to a family. He proposes that the poor should have free access to the waste lands*, or at least to 600,000 acres of them; the distribution of which among 200,000 pauper families, would, he thinks, remedy the pauperism of Ireland.† The proprietors, of course, must be compensated, but he says, with truth, that the value of the fee-simple of an acre of Irish waste is generally small.

Mr. Mill adopted Mr. Thornton's views, but writing in 1848, estimated more adequately the evil and the necessary extent of the remedy.

Instead of 600,000 acres of waste, he proposes to take all that are arable, which he supposes to be 1,500,000; and instead of 200,000 he proposes to place on them 300,000 families, five acres to a family. 'Suppose,' he says, 'such a number drafted off to independence and comfort, together with a very moderate additional relief by emigration, the introduction of English farming over the remainder of Ireland would at once cease to be chimerical.'‡

Lastly, we have a further and amended proposal of Mr. Thornton's, contained in his 'Plea for Peasant Proprietors,' published in 1848. He now supposes the available waste lands to be 1,600,000 acres; and he proposes to colonise them with 200,000 pauper families, allotting 8 acres to a family. He estimates the expense at 24,000,000*l.*, or 120*l.* per family, a sum considerably exceeding the cost of the most expensive emigrations ever made; more than three times the cost at which the Crown, not the best of managers, removed to America the surplus population of its estate at Ballykilcline.§

To meet the obvious objection that, with Irish habits, the 200,000 families would soon swell into 400,000, and the farms from 8 acres diminish to 4, he adopts a suggestion of Mr. Mill's, that the colonists should receive their farms not as tenants, but as owners; the ownership of land being in his opinion and in that of Mr. Mill, the best preservative against the undue multiplication of a peasantry. And as a further precaution, he proposes that subdivision be prohibited by law.

* Over-population, p. 432. † Ibid. p. 430. ‡ Vol. i. p. 393.

§ This was 1,550*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.* for 236 persons, or about 6*l.* 11*s.* a head. Evidence to First Report of the House of Lords on Colonisation, 1848, 2959.

Now we admit most fully the beneficial moral influence of property, especially of landed property. We bitterly regret that our execrable system of tenures, by making the legal forms attending the sale and purchase of a small piece of ground cost more than the value of the thing which they convey, and our execrable poor-law system, by denying employment to a man who is supposed to be able to exist without it, have destroyed the small properties of England. We believe that if we could recall into existence the English yeoman, we should add to our social system a most valuable member. We believe that the remnants of that race, the Cumberland and Westmoreland statesmen, are the best agricultural population in Great Britain. But when we are told that such a peasantry will not multiply and subdivide, we must consider what are the means by which these results are to be prevented. They seem to be only three: — 1st, limiting the number of children to a marriage; 2d, deferring marriage; and 3d, sending out the younger children to get their bread by some other means than cultivating the father's land. The first of these means is that adopted in France and Switzerland. The number of children to a marriage is much smaller among the peasantry of those countries than in any other part of Europe. The second is that adopted in Germany, Denmark, Norway, and generally in the Protestant portions of the Continent. The government almost universally interferes and prohibits the marriage of those who cannot show that they possess considerable property or a residence, or that they have performed their military services. The third is the resource of the English farmer. If he is rich and careful, he saves enough to portion his daughters and to enable his sons to hire and stock farms of their own. If he cannot afford this, his children go out to service or are apprenticed to trades. Now which of these lines of conduct is likely to be adopted by the colonist on the Irish wastes? He will be a pauper taken from the worst part of the worst provinces of Ireland — from a population, to use Capt. Kennedy's words, 'ignorant of the use of land, labour, or capital; in their appearance, clothing, and mode of living 'hardly human, and' — what is perhaps the worst symptom — 'uncomplaining; quite content with their allowance of meal.' Will such a people, having by their side the priest living on marriage dues and christenings, defer marriage, or restrict the number of children in their families? Will they save to set up their children in other farms or in other businesses? Remove them to a better social atmosphere, let them see all around them instances of thrift and success; put a new continent at their disposal, where they may multiply their numbers and yet extend

their possessions, and they will participate in the general prosperity. Keep them in Ireland, and in a generation or two, probably much sooner, they will be in the state in which they are now, only doubled in numbers.

As for the legal prohibition of subdivision, it would be an absolute nullity. Even in the case of a leaseholder or a tenant at will, where there is a landlord who knows that the security of his rent and the value of his reversion depend on his preventing subdivision, we see that it goes on, in spite of a repression which is often complained of as too severe. How is a *proprietor* to be checked? By whom is the law to be enforced? By public officers, we suppose. And will men performing a mere public duty exercise a vigilance and severity, and incur a degree of odium and of danger (for in Ireland unpopularity is often death), which his own interest and that of his descendants will not tempt the reversioner to exert and to undergo?

The decisive objections to this scheme, however, have not yet been mentioned.

Unhappily, as the able compiler of the digest of the evidence taken under Lord Devon's Commission, has remarked, 'all the evidence on the subject of reclaiming waste lands, has reference to the times and circumstances prior to the failure of the 'potato crop.' That failure has destroyed much of what was best established in Irish rural economy; and, above all, it has destroyed three acre, or five acre, or even eight acre farms.

Among the witnesses examined by the House of Lords' Committee on Colonisation in 1847, were Col. Robinson, the well known managing director of the Irish Waste Lands Improvement Company, and, as we have seen, Mr. Blacker.

'2122. I think,' says Mr. Blacker*, 'that with five or six acres the farmer cannot now support himself upon his land. It is a physical impossibility to grow so much grain upon a five or six acre farm as will support a family consisting of six to seven persons. It would be necessary to sow part of the land with a grain crop twice in succession, which cannot be carried on; it could not be continued for any course of seasons.

'2125. Do you not conceive that you possess in Armagh much greater facilities for meeting the state of things, as altered by the potato failure, by your knowledge of agriculture, and by your power of substituting other means of culture?—Certainly; and not only that, but likewise by having a portion of manufactures going on.

'2126. Even with those advantages, do you conceive that if the potato failure proves permanent you will have the means of supporting your present extent of population?—I do not think that we

* Evidence, p. 219. and *post*.

shall. If we lose the potato crop, all the five and six acre men who depend entirely upon their small holdings must go.

‘2156. Were not your opinions strongly expressed upon the question of emigration? — Yes. I have written two essays upon the management of property in Ireland; in both those I expressed my doubts of the propriety of emigration; and, under the same circumstances, I should be still of the same opinion; but I look upon it that the destruction of the food of a great proportion of the people alters the circumstances altogether. A five or six acre farmer, with potato diet, could pay his rent, and keep his one or two cows, and his pigs, and live in comparative comfort; but I do not think that he can do so if the potato failure continues; therefore there must in that case be a change in the measures adopted.

‘2157. Supposing in any particular district the five acre farm system to continue subject to the failure of the potato crop, what do you conceive would be the consequences upon rents? — There is just this consequence: rent can only be paid by the sale of the produce. If a man sells the produce to pay his rent, he must starve or become a mendicant; and if he lives upon the produce, and does not pay his rent, then the landlord must starve or become a mendicant.

‘There are numbers of farms not exceeding five and six acres; I look upon it that in all those farms the produce of the land would be insufficient. To give an instance, take a farm of six acres; if it requires three acres of oats to supply the place of one acre of potatoes, and a family require an acre and a half of potatoes, it would require four or five acres of oats to supply that; how can you grow four or five acres of oats out of six acres?

‘There are many people whom I have heard dilating upon the advantage to Ireland of the failure of the potato crop, and the blessing it would be to the people to have cereal food substituted. It seems to me, however, that those who thus express themselves are not aware that it is absolutely impossible all at once to increase the growth of cereal crops to the extent required to feed the present population upon that diet. Before this can be done, there must be an increased quantity of land in a state fit to yield corn crops; this can only be done by an increased growth of green crops; and this again requires an increased stock of manure; so that if it can be accomplished at all, it must be a work of time. And what is in the meanwhile to become of the hundreds of thousands who have hitherto depended on the Conacre potatoes? It is fearful to contemplate the misery that must take place before any good can arise from the failure of the potato.’

Colonel Robinson states that the average holdings of the peasantry on the estates reclaimed by the society, are fourteen plantation acres, or about twenty statute acres each.*

He is asked what amount of capital is required for a tenant

to become a settler on a waste land holding, according to the system of the society.

He answers—

‘It would depend on the size of the farm, the nature of the locality, and the resumption or not of the potato culture; but, as a fair general average, I should deem that an industrious man with a family, entering upon a moderate-sized holding, in proportion to the amount of his capital, and the physical strength of his family, at the rate of from 1*l.* 10*s.* to 2*l.* per plantation acre of arable land, would do well. Thus, if a farmer of peaceable habits, inured to difficulties, of strong constitution, and with a healthy large family, possessed of 20*l.* or 30*l.* capital, being the description of persons who generally emigrate to the American colonies, took a holding of from ten to fifteen plantation acres, which is equal to from sixteen to twenty-three and a half statute acres, he would, by a fair amount of exertion and perseverance, be able to permanently provide for that family, without any extraneous aid from public works or workhouses, or other parties, excepting occasional employment for the first two years, and the stipulated allowances from the improving landlord.’*

This evidence decisively shows how inadequate is the immediate resource afforded by the waste lands. Supposing their extent ample, and all difficulties of title and expense removed, from two to three years must elapse before they would give any assistance at all. Colonel Robinson often repeats that for the first two years the settlers must be fed from other sources. And, secondly, supposing them now ready for use, their extent, great as it seems positively, is comparatively small. 1,400,000 acres divided into 10 acre farms, and that seems to be the minimum, will remove only 140,000 agricultural families out of 974,188, leaving still 824,188 families to cultivate the existing 13,464,300 acres, being about double the English proportion in 1831. Nor is it true that the whole of the 1,425,000 of cultivable waste is really available for the purposes in question. 269,000 belong to Ulster; exclusively of Donegal. They belong to a well administered prosperous province, which supports its own poor without English assistance, indeed, with rare exceptions, without out-door relief. What more right have we to require an Antrim landlord, whose union and whose electoral division are perfectly solvent, who has so well preserved the proper proportion of population to capital, that instead of one person in five as in Connaught, or one person in ten as in England, only one person in a hundred is an applicant for relief,—what more right have we to require him to give up his waste lands as a colony for Southern and Western paupers, than we have to require the

* Evidence, p. 507.

proprietors of Dartmoor or of Salisbury plain? What right have we to transport the hordes of Clare and Mayo into the heart of Down and Armagh? What more right have we to inoculate with them the laborious, orderly, Protestant population of Ulster, than that of Yorkshire or Kent? What we have said of Ulster applies to many portions of Leinster; it applies even to many parts of the South and the West. Even in Donegal there are unions, such as Dunfanaghy and Letterkenny, in Cork, such as Bandon, Kinsale, and Mallow, where the pauperism is less than in even the well-administered English districts. To grind them down to the common level of Munster and Connaught by forcibly introducing into their waste lands a surplus population of strangers, would be a strong instance of the injustice and cruelty of which those who most loudly proclaim their humanity are not the least frequently guilty. The same remark applies not merely between province and province, but between county and county, between union and union, between electoral division and electoral division, even between townland and townland. It is bad enough,—we should think it intolerable,—to inflict on one parish the support of the paupers of another. To bring those paupers bodily into its bounds, to force its inhabitants to dwell among such associates, and to become responsible for such inmates, would be absolutely Mezentian.

‘Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis
Complexu in misero, et longâ sic morte nocabat.’

From these premises a practical conclusion seems to follow, more certainly than is usually the case in political reasoning. If the agricultural population of the greater part of Ireland is three times as large as can be profitably employed in cultivating, with the existing amount of capital, the quantity of land now in cultivation,—if in the districts where that surplus population is found, no one, except under circumstances so peculiar and so rare that they may be said to be non-existent, can profitably or even safely reclaim land now waste, or apply fresh capital to the land already in cultivation,—if the reclamation of the waste lands by the government would afford only a slow and very partial relief, and by rendering possible a still further increase of population, might in its ultimate results act as a poison instead of a medicine,—if under the pressure of poor-rates every month more and more tenancies are abandoned, and more and more fields lie waste, leaving the burden more and more concentrated on the occupiers and the landlords who still stand their ground,—if under the double operation of increased pauperism and diminished employment, the population which last year was

only three times, may next year be four times, and the year after be five times as great as is wanted, what possible resource can there be except to diminish the number of people, since while that number continues, to increase the demand for their labour is impossible?

If to do this to the requisite extent be really impracticable; if the whole resources of the British empire, European, American, Asiatic, and African, do not enable us to remove from Ireland every year, for four or five years to come, 400,000 persons; let all those who have the means prepare against the evil that is coming. Let them sell their properties while they retain value; let them invest their savings in securities beyond the grasp of the collector; let them seek out some country which does not support a standing army of 2,700,000 paupers.* And let us all, to use Mr. Mill's words, extract from the world, with Epicurean indifference, the pleasures which it may afford, without making useless struggles for its improvement. For we may be sure that if we allow the cancer of pauperism to complete the destruction of Ireland, and then to throw fresh venom into the already predisposed body of England, the ruin of all that makes England worth living in is a question only of time.

ART. IX.—*Biographical Notices of Lord Melbourne.* London: 1848.

THERE are some men, of whom, if we value their memory, it is important to produce, as soon as possible after the world has heard that they are no more, a just appreciation. We mean men in whose characters the lights and shadows were in a certain degree vague and unsettled, and whose manner was frequently confounded with a nature or mind of which it was but a false and superficial index.

Certain gentlemen in the House of Commons who get up early, who have always their watch in their hand, who rush from committee room to committee room, and rarely miss any division on any subject, are generally considered by their family, and sometimes by their acquaintances, and even ordinary

* England -	-	-	- 1,800,000
• Ireland -	-	-	- 900,000
Total -	-	-	- 2,700,000

What are the Ateliers Nationaux to this?

lookers-on, as men of business and activity. The Peer whom we are now mourning, was not a man of this class: his external habits were in appearance those of indolence; he went into society in the evening; he had the air of a loungeur in the morning; he attended indifferently to things of small importance; and consequently he was called idle, and for many years of his life decried as idle, by a vast variety of persons who were far less usefully employed than himself. During this time, he read more, and thought more, than perhaps any person of his own station and standing. His knowledge of the classical languages rendered their most difficult authors as familiar to him as if they had written in French or in English; and his mind was imbued with, and constantly brooding over those writings which best record the eloquence and wisdom of antiquity. In modern history and literature there was hardly any work with which he was not acquainted; and all the nice points and dogmas of theology were perpetually turned over by his inquisitive and speculative mind. His morning's ride, indeed, was often as serious an occupation to him, as were, to Pliny, the two hours which he passed in a dark room, and which he considered, though he was *merely* thinking, the most important portion of his day's labours. By this quiet process of study and thought he gradually brought his mind to an elevated level, all beneath which he considered mean and worthless; all above, visionary and extravagant. Popular clamour and aristocratic pretension were alike distasteful to him; mere honours he despised; 'the grand 'simple' which the famous Duke of Queensberry, then Earl of March, gave to George Selwyn as the *beau-idéal* of taste, was the characteristic of his understanding.

Such was the statesman, whose career and character we are now about to sketch, — a statesman whom it was almost impossible for the public to understand from afar, and whom it was even difficult for those who had only casual opportunities of approaching him, to judge with correctness.

The late Viscount Melbourne was born on the 18th of March, 1779; being at this time the second son of the first Lord Melbourne, a nobleman not particularly remarkable himself, but married to a lady celebrated in her day for the charm of her manners and the strength of her understanding. The eldest son, Mr. Peniston Lamb, lived much in the world, but took little interest in politics. Mr. William Lamb, intended for a profession, was sent in the meantime to Eton, Glasgow, and Cambridge; and so distinguished himself at these places by his abilities, that in 1802 Mr. Fox, ever the gracious and politic patron of rising merit, drew the attention of Parliament to the

youthful scholar, by quoting a passage from one of his university compositions.*

In 1805 Mr. Peniston Lamb died, and Mr. William Lamb having thus become the representative of his family, was brought into the House of Commons. His talents, as we have seen, were already known there, and as he took his seat on the ministerial benches, he was selected by the Grenville Administration to move the address to the Crown at the opening of the session of 1806. With an appearance strikingly handsome, a delivery bold and energetic, and a style evidently formed with care, but not (as is frequently the case with young orators) too studied and adorned, he made on this occasion a great impression; and if the Whigs had remained in power, he would have been named to an important situation under them. As it was, he followed the party into Opposition; and there remained for some time—the bitter and not undistinguished antagonist of the men who had ridden into authority on the old King's prejudices.†

Many years did not, however, elapse without producing great changes in the state of affairs. The illness of King George III., the appointment of the Prince of Wales as Regent, the assassination of Mr. Perceval, and the various attempts which were then made to form a mixed administration, gave a new colour to questions and a new position to persons. Great military successes abroad—serious disturbances at home followed.

Amidst these events Mr. Lamb gradually ceased to act as a party man, and he and Mr. Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley, became conspicuous, for standing, as it were, on the verge of

* Mr. Fox, March 16, 1802. Character of the Duke of Bedford. The passage is one taken from an essay on the 'Progressive Improvements of Mankind,' an oration delivered by Mr. Lamb in the chapel of Trinity College, on the 17th December, 1798. Mr. Fox says,—"I will conclude with applying to the present occasion a beautiful passage from the speech of a very young orator. It may be thought, perhaps, to savour too much of the sanguine views of youth to stand the test of a rigid philosophical inquiry; but it is at least cheering and consolatory, and that in this instance it may be so exemplified, is, 'I am confident, the sincere wish of every man who hears me. "Crime," says he, "is a curse only to the period in which it is successful; but virtue, whether fortunate or otherwise, blesses not only its own age, but remotest posterity, and is as beneficial by its example, as by its immediate effects."' "

† In 1807, he seconded Mr. Brand's motion relative to the late change of ministry. In 1810. See Mr. Fuller's motion for the abolition of sinecure offices.

the two contending factions. The latter sat with the Tories, but frequently spoke for the Whigs; the former sat with the Whigs, but spoke frequently for the Tories. Both, then young, were listened to with great attention, and held a high position in the House of Commons, where they were frequently complimented for their great respectability, talents, and independence.* Their principles were the same—an inclination rather to support the prerogatives of Government than to give any great extension to popular power; but a strong conviction that the Government as constituted should be conducted with justice and intelligence; that all monopolies, whether in trade or religion, ought to be modified or abolished, and that the general policy of our civil administration at home, and of our affairs abroad, should be in accordance with the character of a great Empire, eminently commercial, and under the sway of free, but not of democratic institutions.†

These opinions, though not precisely Whig nor Tory, were in reality becoming about this time, the opinions of the day; and already in men's minds was shadowed out the idea of a new party, as the centre at which the Liberal Conservative and Conservative Liberal were at last to meet. In 1827 such a party was formed, and in power. Mr. Canning was its first leader; Mr. Huskinson its second; and Mr. Lamb, who had accepted the office of secretary for Ireland under the one‡, held it as long as the other continued to serve in the Duke of Wellington's administration—that is, until the vote on the question of East Redford in 1828.§ All the circumstances attending the rupture

* See the debates on the Indemnity Bill, 11th March, 1818, and Lord Brougham's speech, of which the following is an extract:— 'It was a matter of much regret to him, and to those with whom his honourable friend was generally in the habit of acting, that a person of his (Mr. Lamb's) great respectability,—that a person of so much weight in that House and in the country, from his accomplishments, his talents, and his character, should have lent himself to the support of such a measure as that which was now under consideration.'

† See Parliamentary Debates, 1816, 1817, 1818.

‡ This offer of Mr. Canning's was the more flattering, since Mr. Lamb, who had just retired from the representation of Staffordshire, for which he had been elected member in 1819, was not at the time in Parliament, and had to be returned for a Government borough.

§ We may mention as a fact that comes within our own personal knowledge, that when Mr. Lamb's resignation was pending, he received a message from a very high authority, stating that the king

which then took place, have been so much before the public, that it would be superfluous here to dilate upon them; but we do think it worth while to mention a fact not generally known — viz., that, in the summer of 1830, Mr. Huskinson was asked whether he and his friends would accept office, and returned for answer a declaration that the support thus solicited could not be given to any ministry which did not include Lord Grey and Lord Lansdowne. This declaration is notable, inasmuch as it ranged a body of eminent political men, who had of late years stood between the Whigs and the Tories, frankly by the side of the acknowledged Whig leaders. It was also timely. The death of George IV. took place at this moment. It occasioned new elections, whilst the angry feelings created by the bill for granting Roman Catholic emancipation, were still at their height. The Tory candidates had their old committees disorganised, and their old speeches thrown in their teeth. A more than usual number of Whigs, but especially a more than usual number of persons neither exclusively Whig nor Tory, and therefore open to the impression of passing events, appeared on the hustings, and were successful.*

It was when these elections were actually going on, that there arrived the startling news of the revolution in Paris; a revolution made in opposition to a deliberate attempt to put down the constituted liberties of France; and which, being achieved with a heroism and concluded with a moderation rare in history, created, even among the most mild and temperate men, such an enthusiasm, in favour of reforms calculated to extend the principle of self-government, as, since the great revolution of 1688, had not been felt within these realms.

Parliament met amidst the fall on all sides of governments which had abused or over-stretched their authority, and amidst the almost universal rise of constitutions or the extension of constitutional privileges. Nowhere was the cause of the people lost amidst the excesses of the mob. The heart of England swelled with a generous emulation; ‘Why,’ said Englishmen, ‘when men throughout the world are asserting their rights and amending their institutions; why should we not improve and reno-

was very anxious that Mr. Lamb should remain in office, and observing, that in this case he would of course be elevated to a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Lamb had not voted with Mr. Huskinson on the question of the East Retford franchise, but he declined at once listening to the suggestion.

* A pamphlet by Lord Dover in 1830, gives a very accurate account of these elections.

‘vate ours?’ That a ruined house or a decayed tree or a green mound should have a representative in Parliament, and that Birmingham and Manchester should not, was, in sooth, an inconsistency which, in a moment of general change, might seem well worthy of correction. Our country, it is true, had won its way to wealth and to greatness in spite of such defects or singularities in its form of government. For, in fact, if you establish a public assembly and give to that assembly the free right of discussion; in whatever way it is created, out of whatever elements it is composed, the heart and mind of the nation in which it resides will become visible in it; and such assembly will assume, in moments of excitement, a popular character, and become, upon the whole, the advocate of popular rights. The council of Castille, the parliament of Paris, the early assemblies of our own warlike barons, are proofs of this general principle. But a great and civilised nation requires not only to have its wants supplied but its reason satisfied; and when a moment comes in which some absurdity in its condition is made manifest, and there appears a probability that that absurdity can safely be removed, no argument drawn from the past will withstand the instant cry for its abolition. Thus, when the new parliament met, the demand for parliamentary reform was overwhelming. The Duke of Wellington felt that his government was not the government which ought to grant such a reform, and he retired. Lord Grey was entrusted with the formation of a new administration. The noble earl desired, at this critical moment, to construct his cabinet on the broadest basis.

Mr. Poulett Thompson, as representative of the Radical party; was made Vice President of the Board of Trade; Mr. Wynn, as representative of the once powerful Grenville party, became Secretary at War; the Whigs of eminence, as a matter of course, had stations allotted to them. Mr. Huskinson*, unfortunately, had no longer to be provided for: a melancholy accident had not long since deprived England of one of the most illustrious statesmen of the nineteenth century; but Lord Palmerston took the Foreign Office; Mr. Charles Grant the India Board; and Lord Melbourne, who had assumed this title since the demise of his father two years before, became Secretary of State for the Home Department. At this moment, the country was ravaged with mysterious fires; and there seemed all the

* Lord Dudley, whose health was at this time already affected, was the only important member of Mr. Huskinson's party omitted in this distribution of office.

symptoms of a general agrarian insurrection. The state of the metropolis itself was so alarming, that the late premier—a man not given to unnecessary fears—had considered it unsafe, a few days previous to his quitting the government, for the king to attend the lord mayor's dinner in the city. Lord Grey could not safely have chosen an incapable man to guide the course of internal administration at such a time; and the wisdom of his selection soon became apparent. During the eventful period of which we have been speaking, and during the periods, as eventful, which shortly afterwards succeeded, the peace of the country was steadily preserved.

In 1830 and 1831, the agricultural disturbances were suppressed. In 1832, the political unions in towns disappeared.

But where excitement has once existed, it does not easily or immediately subside. The trade-unions followed the political unions, and in 1834 a petition from these societies was escorted through London by an assemblage of about 100,000 persons. But on its being carried to the Home Office, the petition was calmly refused acceptance, on account of the numbers by which it was accompanied; and the leaders of the procession, who had borne it triumphantly in by the front door of the department, had to beg permission to convey it out again by a back door into a hackney coach. On this occasion, the resolute indifference of the Government, and the quiet composure of the Home Secretary, who was looking out of the window of his office at Whitehall upon the scene beneath,—the very absence from the streets of the soldiery and police, who were known to be prepared though invisible, awed the multitude into a sense of their insignificance; and if among the immense masses of men that were suffered to pass quietly through our tranquil and well guarded city, there were any who had hoped to work out from this demonstration any objects of violence, they went back to their homes and remained there for years under a full conviction of their impotence, and of the absurdity of the schemes they had meditated.

The conduct of Lord Melbourne at the time of which we are speaking, was the theme of universal praise: indeed, we have dwelt upon it at some length, since we know that it weighed considerably with King William when he had subsequently to select a new prime minister.

We return from this digression.

Lord Grey had not been many weeks in office, when his famous Reform Bill was introduced to parliament. In him this act was one of singular consistency, it closed a long

political life, with a proposition almost identical with that with which his distinguished public career may be said to have opened. With many, however, in his administration, the case was different. Neither Lord Melbourne, nor those with whom he was most connected, had ever been parliamentary reformers. Lord Melbourne especially had distinguished himself in more than one contest with Sir Francis Burdett on this very subject. Many were curious to see the course that he would now take. It was bold and statesman-like. 'I have been against reform*,' was his argument, 'when it was a question of theory; and 'speculative men were for unsettling the public mind, as to the merits of a constitution, which, however defective, was a noble work, under the benefit of which we have grown to a great eminence among nations; but when I find what was formerly a question of doctrine among a few theorists, has become the prevailing idea among great masses of the English people; when I know that, no longer satisfied with the general results of our form of government, there is a determination to deal with the particular abuses in it, — I cannot deny that those abuses exist. The dangers I apprehended were not from this form of government or that, but from men being dissatisfied with the form of government under which they lived. This evil has now come to pass; and we must deal with it, not as constitutional scholiasts, but as practical statesmen. For the same reason then, that I would have done nothing formerly, I would do nothing small or inefficient now; on the same grounds that I would not, some years back, have encouraged dissatisfied faction — on these grounds, I would now satisfy.'

Hardly had the Reform Bill passed, when Lord Grey, weakened by declining years, mortified by the loss of Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, and annoyed and vexed by small disputes and calals among his personal friends, came to the wise resolution of leaving, unblemished by future chances, the great monument he had raised to his reputation. Lord Melbourne succeeded to the Premiership. Some who saw public affairs from a distance might be surprised; but nearer spectators had their expectations realised. We ourselves remember conversing about a year previously with Lord Durham on the possibility of Lord Grey's demise or retirement, and, on inquiring from him, — who, in such a case, he thought would be named First Lord of the Treasury? Lord Durham, remarkable for his acute and instinctive judgment, said at once, 'Lord Melbourne!'

* We have not space to quote his language, but we give its meaning.

A great change, however, had by this time taken place in the mind of the Sovereign. His reign had commenced amidst appalling events; he had seen a king whose arms had been just crowned by victory, and whose pretensions were upheld by the clergy and nobility of the land, placing himself across the path of political improvement, and borne down by the onward march of his people; and he had witnessed that people after their triumph; — not raising up new edifices in politics and morals, of Babel-like height and fanciful construction, but deepening and strengthening the old and recognised foundations of government and society. There was much in all this to excite fear as to resistance, and to soothe apprehension as to concession.

King William, therefore, had allowed the Reform Bill to be brought forward without opposition on his part, and had even sanctioned the dissolution of parliament which ensured its being carried. This monarch, however, whilst meaning well to his country; whilst wishing his people to be free and powerful, had no distinct conceptions of his own, as to the wants of the nation he had to govern, nor as to the state of that public opinion by which he had to be governed. His royal consort, and many of those in his personal intimacy, were beset by the most gloomy fears. The conduct of the Peers could not but influence his mind. As early as 1832 he had misgivings. For a moment there was even then a question of a new administration. The patriotic prudence of the great leaders of the Opposition, as well as the resolute determination of those in power, saved the country from this crisis; but the feeling that had nearly provoked it remained; and, after the retirement of Lord Grey, whose dignity of character and lofty bearing had always exercised great influence over his contemporaries, it very much increased. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that on Lord Althorp's removal from the leadership of the House of Commons, caused in 1834 by Lord Spencer's death, the Sovereign thought he saw an occasion to change the government, in an event which had so much weakened it. At a first glance, the time for this attempt seemed well selected. The spirit of 1830 no longer moved upon the great waters; the storm which, at that period agitated Europe, had subsided; the enthusiasm in favour of Reform in England — what enthusiasm has lasted? — had calmed down. The liberal party in England was also, in a certain degree, broken up; some of its most eminent members had seceded from it. But though popular feeling had begun to ebb, the tide of reaction had not yet fully set in; and the short-lived administration then formed, only served to show the great temper, extraordinary skill, and

indefatigable industry of Sir R. Peel as a parliamentary leader. In a few months Sir R. Peel resigned office; and Lord Melbourne, who, on quitting power, had refused the Garter and a higher place in the peerage, now once more became First Lord of the Treasury.

The circumstances under which Lord Melbourne re-assumed this position were very difficult and adverse. In the House of Lords, there was against the Government a powerful majority, supported by one of the most formidable masters of dignified argument and biting sarcasm that ever shone in that assembly. In the House of Commons there was a powerful minority, led by the most skilful and accomplished debater of modern times, and which had always at its command the fiery genius of Lord Stanley, — the well-considered and impressive eloquence of Sir James Graham. Nor was this all: the difficulties in the legislative assemblies, were increased by difficulties at court, and by difficulties yet more serious in the government of Ireland, where Mr. O'Connell was at this period supreme. To great abilities, marvellous activity and energy, and an extraordinary gift of popular eloquence — his eloquence, in our opinion, was not adapted to any other audience than an excited or easily excitable mob, — this singular man united a thorough knowledge of, and identification with, the Irish character. By these qualities and by long service in behalf of the rights of his Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, he had obtained an almost supernatural power over the great body of the Irish people. Almost alone of all demagogues known in history, he was able to re-collect and confine within his Æolian cell the tempest and the hurricane, which anon he could let loose over the minds of his imaginative countrymen.

The time has not yet arrived to judge Mr. O'Connell with impartiality. We believe him to have been a patriot at heart, and to have had noble and wise desires for his country's welfare; but we believe him also to have been careless as to the means for accomplishing his ends. His political life was tinged with the policy of that distinguished but dangerous Order in which his religion has found, at times, her ablest but most unscrupulous champions. The truth of his doctrines, we firmly believe, he weighed and confided in; but the truth of his words and sayings, he never for one moment considered. His language, moreover, was as coarse and virulent as that of the early disputants in theological controversy; and his manner cringing or overbearing, according as it suited his momentary objects. Such a character was peculiarly distasteful to an English gentleman, but it was to be turned to good purposes, if possible, by an English

statesman. Resistance to 'the great Agitator' had been tried by his ablest opponents; but with no other effect than to have ended by his complete triumph in the act of 1829. Conciliation was now essayed; and its evident effects in the sister kingdom were, undoubtedly, the decrease of our army, the increased strength and popularity of our authority, and the diminished importance of the powerful individual whom we, for the first time, treated with consideration. Party spirit and religious prejudice, however, look little at results; and King William died at the moment when the force of the Government was almost expended. A new reign gave it new strength; but it also devolved on its leader a more difficult and responsible duty than any with which he had hitherto been charged.

A young and female Sovereign inherited the throne; a Princess whose education had been carefully attended to, but whose understanding could not yet have been formed to the science of government. Lord Melbourne had to gain authority over the mind of his young Sovereign, and to exercise that authority in such a manner as should at once satisfy the popular party of which he was the leader, and maintain the rights of the Crown, which he was bound in duty to protect. It was in this new sphere, for which Providence seemed to have created and educated him, that his various qualities, talents, and acquirements were most usefully exercised, and most eminently displayed. Had he been merely a dry matter-of-fact man of business, or a mere man of book-acquired knowledge, he would probably have wearied instead of gaining the attention of his royal scholar; had he been a mere man of pleasure, he might have amused and captivated, but he could not have instructed one on whose knowledge of her duties depended in no small degree the fate of millions; had he been a violent party man, he would have entered upon his task with a warped and partial judgment. With democratical tendencies he would have lowered the just influence of the monarchy; with monarchical tendencies he might have instilled dangerous doctrines into the breast of the sovereign. But with a lofty equanimity of judgment, he happily combined great charm of manner, great experience of the world, great knowledge acquired from reading and reflection. It was these various endowments,—each of which was required for his office, and all of which united, fitted him so peculiarly for it,—that made him at once a minister and a guide so well suited to the beginning of what we trust will be the long, as well as glorious, reign of our present Queen. Indeed, he devoted almost entirely the latter years of his official career to the task of instructing his Royal Mistress in the exercise of her important

functions. Well able to bear other responsibilities, the responsibility of this office pressed with great weight upon him; more especially as his devotion to the Crown was rendered more intense by a daily increasing admiration for the growing virtues and abilities of the Sovereign. Nevertheless, though his attention to the palace engrossed so much of his time and consideration, he sustained with spirit the leadership of the Lords, and kept down the various differences which were perpetually breaking out in his, as they are in every, cabinet. But the genius of representative government is against the long administration of one party: the nation was getting tired of that in power; and Lord Melbourne's government in 1839 had only, on an important question, a majority of four. He resigned his situation.

A misunderstanding, however, respecting the appointment of the ladies of the bedchamber, caused her Majesty to desist from the idea of forming a new administration under Sir R. Peel, and to command Lord Melbourne's services anew. His return to office, under these circumstances, was a sacrifice as a politician, though a duty as a subject.

To retain it long was impossible; and that he did so for two years was a singular proof of the tact, temper, and judgment with which the leaders of the two Houses of Parliament carried on the public business.

In 1841, after a strenuous but vain effort to effect some modification in the Corn Laws, Lord Melbourne finally retired from his high post, — predicting* that his adversaries would be obliged to claim as an inheritance, the measure they had successfully opposed; — a prophecy these adversaries ere long fulfilled at the expense of their consistency as politicians, but to their honour and glory as true patriots.

In the following year he was first attacked by a partial paralysis, arising from disorder of the vital functions, and especially from fatigue of the brain; a melancholy proof that he had not been the lazy indifferent person that some have idly supposed. From this attack he rallied to a considerable degree; and though his spirits in the morning sometimes drooped, and his faculties shrank from their accustomed exercise, — in the evening, among friends, his former brilliant gaiety, and happy and ready memory, usually returned to him. Up to the very last, he continued, when he could no longer read with facility, to have every new work of importance read to him, — never

* Lord Melbourne himself had, in proposing this measure, yielded to what he considered the necessity of the times, — acting in opposition to his previous opinions.

ceasing to feel warmly for the well-being of his country, and testifying pleasure at the visits of his old friends, though he could not always sustain a conversation with them. For some time death had been visibly preparing its approach: he died at his family seat, at Bocket Hall, on the 24th of November, 1848.

As a minister — though not endowed with that determined will and spirit, which gave the two Pitts almost unlimited control over their colleagues and the country — he had still many qualities of a first-rate kind, and which are very rarely seen combined: a temperament cool and courageous; a mind dispassionate and unprejudiced; a manner remarkably good-humoured and conciliatory; an intellect of a high order, and which had been improved by incessant, though not forced cultivation. But we can rarely have qualities to an eminent degree, which do not verge towards defects. Accordingly, the extent of Lord Melbourne's acquirements, and the comprehensiveness of his understanding, stood in one sense in his way. They made him so well acquainted with all that could be said on one side or the other of every argument; they presented him so clearly, at the same time, the dark and bright side of every question, — that the tendency of his judgment was to underrate distinctions; and to deem differences between opinions less wide and less important than they really were. It is remarkable, however, that this habit of mind, while it gave moderation to his judgment, did not infuse irresolution into his conduct. Aware that if one course is to be pursued in preference to another, it must, whether only a little better or much better than the opposite one, be pursued with energy, he never, after having once adopted a policy, faltered in the execution of it.

Great credit is due to him for the appointments he made of able men to offices. When Home Secretary, the New Poor Law Bill, the Municipal Bill, and that of Commissioners of Inquiry into Public Charities, were introduced; and his appointments under them — free from all bias of party — were directed entirely by views of public interest. In the same manner, when Prime Minister, he was also remarkable for his disinterested use of the patronage of the Crown, taking no honours for himself, nor giving offices to family connexions.

As an orator, Lord Melbourne wanted the abundance of expression, the *copia fandi*, the power and fulness of diction which so eminently distinguish his friend and contemporary, Lord Brougham; and which are rarely acquired, except by the continual study and practice of the forensic art. His character and mode of life interfered with his being a rhetorician: he had

hardly ever spoken but when he thought it absolutely necessary for his own character or the public interest. His speeches consisted for the most part of short and striking sentences, expressing philosophical views, appealing with energy to the instincts of common sense, and retorting with haughty boldness and gaiety upon an adversary's attack.

In the House of Commons (though this seems now partly forgotten), he was, as we have said, though a very rare, a very effective speaker; and, as he had seldom concluded one of his phrases in that assembly before the pause was covered with cheers, a sort of hesitation which sometimes interfered between one phrase and the other was little noted. In the cold and silent audience of the House of Lords this defect was more visible, especially as Lord Melbourne succeeded to a position which Lord Grey had just adorned with a remarkably continuous and stately flow of eloquence. He soon, however, displayed some of the most useful and shining qualities of a debater;—a thorough knowledge of his audience; a frankness and good-nature which disarmed animosity; a ready wit which was always at hand to encounter an obstinate antagonist; and such sound and statesmanlike views on all important subjects, as gave the tone of wisdom to his raillery, and the air of dignity to his ease.

In the Cabinet, his equable disposition and conciliatory address soothed down all angry discussions; and as he understood all opinions, and could see into all personal motives, he was ever ready to suggest the compromise or offer the satisfaction that was desired.

In society he was perhaps the most graceful and agreeable gentleman that the present generation can remember.

Everything with every body, he was still always himself. He could meet the politician, the man of letters, the man of the world, each on his own ground, and did so naturally and without effort. His mirth was constant and sparkling, and his wit of that best kind which Dr. Johnson so aptly designates by saying, 'We have never enough of it, if we have not too much.'

His first impulse in ordinary conversation, was to treat things lightly; he had no idea of wasting seriousness; but when business really presented itself, his elastic mind recoiled immediately to the form required by the occasion. At such times he drew himself up; his head became erect; his eye earnest; his lip compressed; no frivolous word broke in upon what he had to hear or to say; his attitude and manner, a moment before good-humoured, easy and arch, became at once sober and impressive.

His person and countenance were always noble and manly ; and with the advance of years the latter gained in dignity. In some parts of his habits and character, he resembled the jovial, good-humoured, practical Sir R. Walpole ; in others, the studious, the speculative, and refining Bolingbroke : — there was a great deal, indeed, in him which took one back to the days of Queen Ann and the ministers of a time when politics and letters were intermingled.

Some peculiarities in his character it is here the moment to notice. His antipathy to all exaggeration and affectation, and the keen glance that he was able to give into the motives of others ; his aptitude to detect hypocrisy and to discount false sentimentality, established in his own mind a desire to control or to conceal the real kindness of his disposition ; and to smile, — as if with the incredulity of a man who is ignorant of the feelings he derides, — at enthusiasm or disinterestedness.

Yet, Lord Melbourne's view of mankind was not really a harsh one. In Mr. Wilberforce's memoir, there is an anecdote of this gentleman having once asked Mr. Pitt whether his experience as Minister had induced him to think well or ill of his fellow-men. Mr. Pitt answered, ' Well ; ' and Lord Melbourne, when told this anecdote by a friend, and asked his own opinion, replied, — ' My opinion is the same as Mr. Pitt's.' Nor was he inactive and unambitious, as we have heard it stated, from a feeling that nothing was worthy of action or ambition. The fact is, that many of the ordinary motives which stimulate men, did not stimulate him : he was so utterly without vanity, that he could not even comprehend its influence upon others. He was not, consequently, likely to talk or to act merely for the sake of making a figure. For everything in action which did not seem to him to present a possible, practical, and quick result — for everything in ambition which did not seem to him to hold out a solid and prompt reward — his understanding had no sympathy. The business of office, of government, of carrying on society ; pleased him in action and satisfied him in ambition.

For office, therefore, though this was not generally known, he *was* an ambitious man ; and in office, though he still wore the easy and careless manner which had marked him in private life, those who knew him well, knew that his mind was constantly active in considering how its duties were best to be discharged. This point in his character is worth noticing, because it gives more merit to his impartial course in politics to his many refusals of employment ; and shows that he was firm in his principles, though they were adopted without enthusiasm.

Upon the whole, without wishing to give this article the air

